

September 28, 1960

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COVER
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CONTEST

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Famous London artist Bill Sawyer, who created Sandra, our new comic-strip (see Family Comic, centre of magazine), got his first big break by losing a parcel of his paintings.

THEY were sent to the wrong address—fortunately, because the artists' agent to whom they were delivered immediately recognised their real talent. He got in touch with Bill right away, and since then Mr. Sawyer has not looked back.

Now he has many magazines in England demanding his services as an illustrator, when he is not busy drawing Sandra.

Tall and distinguished looking, and a bachelor, Bill loves to wander round antique shops searching for treasures for his flat in London.

RIVETS, that romping, lovable dog, making his entrance in Family Comic, is the creation of George Sixta. Both are veterans of World War II. Sixta got his idea for Rivets from seeing many ships' mascots and patterned him after a family pet.

He called his cartoon creation Rivets, because, he says, the Navy's dogs seemed as much part of the ships as the very rivets which held them together.

And how did Chris Welkin, that intrepid traveller into outer space, on page 3 of the Family Comic, get his name?

The name Chris Welkin literally means "traveller of the heavens," from St. Christopher, patron saint of travellers, and the English poetic word "welkin," meaning "sky."

Next Week: "The Well-Dressed Man"—a 24-page booklet which gives a complete guide to how men should dress for all occasions. New season's fashions are also shown.

FLOWER SHOW

● Early history of Sydney will be the main theme of the show of the Royal Horticultural Society of N.S.W. in the Lower Town Hall, Sydney, on October 7 and 8, during the Waratah Festival.

The Australian Women's Weekly is giving prizes for a decorative floral competition open to all affiliated societies of the Society.

The prizes will be presented at the Festival opening on October 7.

In competing for them, societies may choose six decorative units from these nine classes of arrangements:

1, For a foyer; 2, foliage; 3, roses; 4, basket of roses (stems to be in water); 5, informal; 6, mixed flowers; 7, for a dining-table (stems to be in water); 8, showing Eastern influence; 9, depicting a New South Wales historic event.

Any embellishments are permissible.

Prizes will be increased this year. First prize in the section, 50 guineas and a gold plaque.

Second prize, 25 guineas and a silver plaque.

Third prize, 12 guineas and a bronze plaque.

Fourth prize, 10 guineas and a gunmetal plaque.

The Australian Women's Weekly will also give 20 guineas for the best individual decorative piece among the group entries.

Each entry will be allotted space 10ft. by 2ft. 6in., with a limit in height of 4ft. 6in. (This replaces the "no limit in height" previously announced by the Society.)

Entries should be sent to Mr. G. Parkes (WW1156), secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, 508 Twin Road, North Ryde, by September 23.

Our Cover



● The delectable spring hat—fourth cover in our £3000 Cover Contest (details page 15)—was designed specially for us by famous London milliner Simone Vernier. Picture by Maurice Wilcott. A pattern and complete sewing instructions for the hat are on page 29.

The princesses go shopping

CAROLINE
*wanted a
playsuit but*
GRACE *had
other ideas*

From CYNTHIA STRACHAN, on Capri

● It was on the Isle of Capri that we met the Rainier family, who had come all the way from Monaco to buy clothes for junior members of the household.

HIGH-SPIRITED Princess Caroline and Prince Albert were keeping their parents occupied as they walked along Capri's colorful cobbled streets.

Though it was a strictly informal visit it didn't take long for the word to spread that Princess Grace and Prince Rainier and their two children were there.

Suddenly, from its balmy holiday casualness, Capri bustled into action.

People appeared as miraculously as if they had been buried under cobblestones.

All had one hell-bent purpose—to see Grace Kelly and her royal family.

Photographer Maurice Wil-mott and I—enjoying a few hours' respite from Rome's Olympic bustle—have honey-mooners Jon and Bonnie Henricks to thank for our meeting with the glamorous Rainiers.

We were waiting on the patio of the fashionable Quisisana Hotel to have lunch with the Australian swimmer and his American heiress bride, when a tourist literally came tripping across the square towards a group of friends.

"It's Grace"

As she picked herself and a broken sandal up from the cobbled road she hadn't stopped beaming enthusiastically.

"She's down there shopping. They're all there. Come on, come on!" she added in a breathless Texan drawl.

"Just who are you talking about?" asked one friend in a rather off-hand way.

"Why, Grace Kelly, you fool," called her friend, who had already removed the other sandal and scampered half-way down the steep Via Vittoria Emanuele.

Within seconds the cobbled street looked like the cinder track at the main Olympic Stadium as the entire group

had rallied speed good enough to crack a gold medal.

Maurice and I—the luncheon date temporarily forgotten—gave them a good race for their money.

The finishing line was at the window of Nina's boutique, a tiny children's wear shop which, like each of the maze of boutiques on Capri, is a world-pace-setter in exciting fashions.

Inside the boutique a battle royal was going on between Grace and Caroline over a frilly coral playsuit which Caroline had possessively snatched from the showcase, but which her mother, sitting solemn-faced, wasn't buying.

Apparently Caroline realised her mother wasn't buying her behaviour, either, and she soon handed the suit meekly back to the salesgirl.

After more than half an hour of choosing and fitting clothes, Grace Rainier left the shop with the children and her entourage.

Outside the shop they were mobbed by a colorful brigade of tourists and locals, who responded to the Monaco Royals as children did to the Pied Piper.

They followed them up and down the winding streets, peering at them, clicking cameras furiously, and shouting greetings.

A donkey even joined the procession at one stage, for the owner of a donkey string—one of Capri's galaxy of tourist treats—had decided seeing the Rainiers at close range was a bigger deal than selling rides.

At first the Rainiers looked unconcerned at the crowd, but, as the numbers grew and they began crowding in on the party, the Prince—dressed casually in slacks, T-shirt, and casual alpaca jacket—began to scowl.

But his face softened noticeably as they began to call to Grace: "Bella, bella, molto bella."

(Continued overleaf)



"WHAT WOULD you like, honey? Would you like some candy?" asks Princess Grace of daughter Princess Caroline.

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Continuing: *The princesses go shopping* From page 3

TO see the greying Rainier for the first time is pleasantly surprising.

From his pictures I had imagined him rather short and dumpy, but in person he looks taller, trimmer, and decidedly more handsome.

But it's no wonder Grace stole the show. No one could possibly look more beautiful.

Though the children had been climbing over her in the boutique, and though she walked most of the way carrying Caroline, she looked as though she had just stepped from a Fifth Avenue window in her tapered white slacks, gold shirt, smart Capri straw handbag, and flat sandals.

The royal procession proceeded about a quarter of a mile to another square, where the Rainiers boarded an open car covered with a white-fringed red canopy, and drove to the yacht, Costa del Sole.

Snowy-haired Albert, the image of his mother, but quite obviously father's boy, stayed on his feet all the way, occasionally breaking away from his father's handgrip and peering curiously at the

crowd from behind a straw hat he held against his face.

Caroline, whose coloring duplicates her father's, decided she wanted to be carried most of the way. And she wasn't having anyone other than her mother do the job.

When other members of the party tried to take over the task she yelled, "Non, non, non."

Along the way Grace, who spoke to everyone in fluent French, stopped at a food-store window with Caroline.

Suddenly breaking into English, she said: "What would you like, honey? Would you like some candy?"

But Caroline had decided to indulge in thumb-sucking instead of speaking.

And when she was admonished for this, she cried out for Grace to carry her again.

After the Rainiers had driven off I wandered back to Nina's to ask what Grace had bought.

The tiny boutique was in an uproar, for it had been Grace's first visit and, while all the tourists were busy being inquisitive, all the neighboring boutique keepers were busy congratulating the two young

Italian girls who run the shop. They were so excited they could hardly speak.

However, they did show me four outfits which they had been instructed to send to the royal yacht.

Two were playsuits for Caroline. One was a beautifully cut salad-green, cotton shorts and matching shirt, while the other was a romper-suit with enormous white spots on vivid orange cotton.

More striking were two outfits for Albert. One had long royal-blue knitted pants and blue and red vertical-striped jacket, double-breasted with brass buttons.

The other, in stretch jersey, had long pants in grape-green. Its green-and-white-striped top was trimmed with a white leather yoke and half belt.

Total cost for the four outfits was about £10 Australian.

They were magnificent children's fashions, but I couldn't help wondering if they should ever take up wardrobe space in the pink palace of Monaco.

So many people were still crowding the boutique two hours after the royal visit that I couldn't see how the two girls would have time to get the clothes to the yacht.

Caroline toured the easy way



A CASUALLY DRESSED Prince Rainier has his hands full with the restive two-year-old Prince Albert (lower left) during the family's Capri shopping tour. Princess Caroline has apparently decided to resume her thumb-sucking.



THE MONACO royal couple and their children had a constant retinue of sightseers as they made their way through the winding streets of Capri.

Pictures by Maurice Wilmott.



AFTER the shopping had been done, Princess Caroline, 3, insisted on being carried most of the way—and wouldn't allow anybody but her mother to do the carrying. Still, Grace's poise and beauty remained unruffled.



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Elsa — professional pepper-upper

From CYNTHIA STRACHAN, in Rome

● "You could describe me as a professional pepper-upper of people," said international party-thrower Elsa Maxwell as she sat in the ornate bedroom of Rome's Brazilian Embassy, a former Pope's palace, where she had been a guest for the Olympic Games.



INTERNATIONAL hostess Elsa Maxwell being interviewed by Cynthia Strachan at the Brazilian Embassy in Rome, where Elsa was a guest.

MISS Maxwell had just been telling me in her throaty voice that the night before she had met the Crown Prince of Sweden at one of the many lavish Games parties.

The Prince had said to her, "When are you coming to stay with us in Sweden? We need you to pep up our people."

She gave a wrinkled but winning grin.

"You see I can stay in all the best palaces of the world and mix with all the great people of the world," she said.

"But what makes me happiest is that people on the other side of the palace walls—average people—still like me because they know I'm democratic; I'm their friend."

I was a little amazed to be sitting in what was a former Pope's bedroom talking with the dynamic Elsa.

I'd had a noon appointment with her, but when I arrived her secretary was in a panic.

"Miss Maxwell's had a frightful morning," said the secretary. "She's running so late she's had to cancel her luncheon appointment—a thing Miss Maxwell never does."

"Then we've all the packing to finish before we go to Paris tonight."

"And Miss Maxwell is still in her bath."

"And the Maharajah is waiting to take her to see the equestrians."

"But I'll see what I can do."

Seconds later she re-appeared to say Miss Maxwell was waiting for me.

In these circumstances I expected to have a few seconds only with her.

I was forgetting the fact that Miss Maxwell is the greatest ham in the world.

She loves an audience—particularly when the audience plans to write things some of her public might read.

As maids feverishly packed clothes strewn round the room, Elsa, who is surprisingly short and not nearly as fat as you'd imagine, sat down to settle in for a lengthy chat.

"So gay"

Everything Elsa says is said with a breathless enthusiasm and great wit, so there's never a dull moment in the conversation.

She said she had chosen to be in Rome for the Games "half for fun, half for the society, half for everything."

"And what a party it's been," she said. "It's probably been the greatest party the world has even seen. It's all been so gay and there have been so many wonderful people here."

Rome didn't only mean parties for Elsa. She really did go to the Games, and loved them.

"I saw Murray Rose win," she said. "I think he is a magnificent young man, and we were all rooting for him."

She also visited the Olympic village several times, once opening a Brazilian coffee-shop there as a gesture to her old friend and host, Brazilian Ambassador Hugo Gouthier.

Then, because she didn't want her Olympic effort entirely devoted to Brazil, she posed for newspaper pictures gingerly holding a 3lb. bar-bell above her head as though it weighed a ton and offered her services to the American weight-lifting team.

She jumped up to find a magazine containing one of the photographs.

"There, that's funny, isn't it? How do you think I'd win a medal?"

At this point the secretary rushed in, showing greater panic than ever.

"The Maharajah's still waiting," she said. "He wants to know how long you will be."

"How do I know?" said Elsa. "Tell him please to wait. Tell him I'm in the middle of a very important engagement."

I asked Elsa if she had ever thought of visiting Australia.

"Oh, yes, I've thought of it, but I don't know that I'll ever have the time," she said. "I've been invited there many times by your Mr. Menzies and lots of other people."

"But you've no idea how many demands I have on my time or how well known I am."

I told Miss Maxwell I thought Australians knew quite a lot about her activi-

ties as an international party-thrower.

"But you wouldn't know to what extent it goes," she said, waving at a wall covered in gilt-printed invitations.

"Here I am trying to write two more books—I can't tell you what they're about yet—and all the time I'm attending three or four parties a day."

"It's fun"

"And the whole world knows me. People in the street speak and call out 'Elsa', even when I'm in Italy, where I wouldn't think they'd know me so well."

"It's fun. It makes me laugh to see the way people are impressed by an ugly old woman like me, and I laugh at myself."

"I mix with royalty, but my heart is with the people. They are my real friends, and they know I am okay."

"You know, my TV show in America is watched by 50 million people—people who are all my friends."

"I depend on them. After all, I wouldn't get much of a rating if only kings, queens, and princesses watched my show, would I?"

I asked Elsa if she got tired of going to, and throwing, parties.

"Oh, never, never," she said. "I always enjoy parties. I throw myself and many other people throw, too."

"If you don't get a lot of snobs together, parties are always great fun."

What does she think is the secret of her success?

"Being happy and giving happiness," she said.

Then in what seemed rather surprising words to come from Elsa Maxwell, she added: "And always remember to take nothing and ask nothing of anyone."

"Just give, give, give, and specially give happiness whenever you can."

Then, looking serious, she said, "All this is particularly important in the world today. Times have caught up with us."

"My advice to anyone trying to hold down a big job today—even when it involves running a nation or a kingdom—is that you can't be serious unless you are gay."

Enter once more the secretary—but this time really frantic.

"Miss Maxwell, you must come now," she said. "The Maharajah is really worried about when you will be ready."

But no one tells Miss Maxwell that she must do anything. She turned to me as I was about to beat a retreat and said, "My dear, you must see my bathroom. It's really wonderful."

"I could spend my life in the bath in this beautiful, beautiful old palace."

With that she led me into a marbled bathroom big enough to house half the Olympic Games organisers.

It really was something, with enormous solid gold taps and trimmings at every turn.

On the bathroom table was a mountainous collection of Miss Maxwell's make-up, including black eye-masks for sleeping.

Alongside was an equally mountainous collection of bottles of various pills and vitamin tablets.

After absorbing this atmosphere, I made my farewells and hurriedly said I would love to accept her invitation to attend one of her parties if, as she said, I'm anywhere round, any time, anywhere, she's throwing one.

Enthusiasm

I even more hurriedly shot past the Maharajah, who looked as though he were almost ready to break the door down just as it was opened for my departure after some three-quarters of an hour with the incorrigible Miss Maxwell.

As I walked down the elaborate marble hall from her suite I decided that even if it's hard to work out just what makes Elsa Maxwell tick, she's got a bubbling enthusiasm which makes you impressed with meeting her.

I think I liked her, and I know I'd rather have her on my side than against me.

Miss Maxwell talked—and the Maharajah waited



"AVERAGE people still like me because I'm democratic."



"THERE—how do you think I'd win an Olympic medal?"



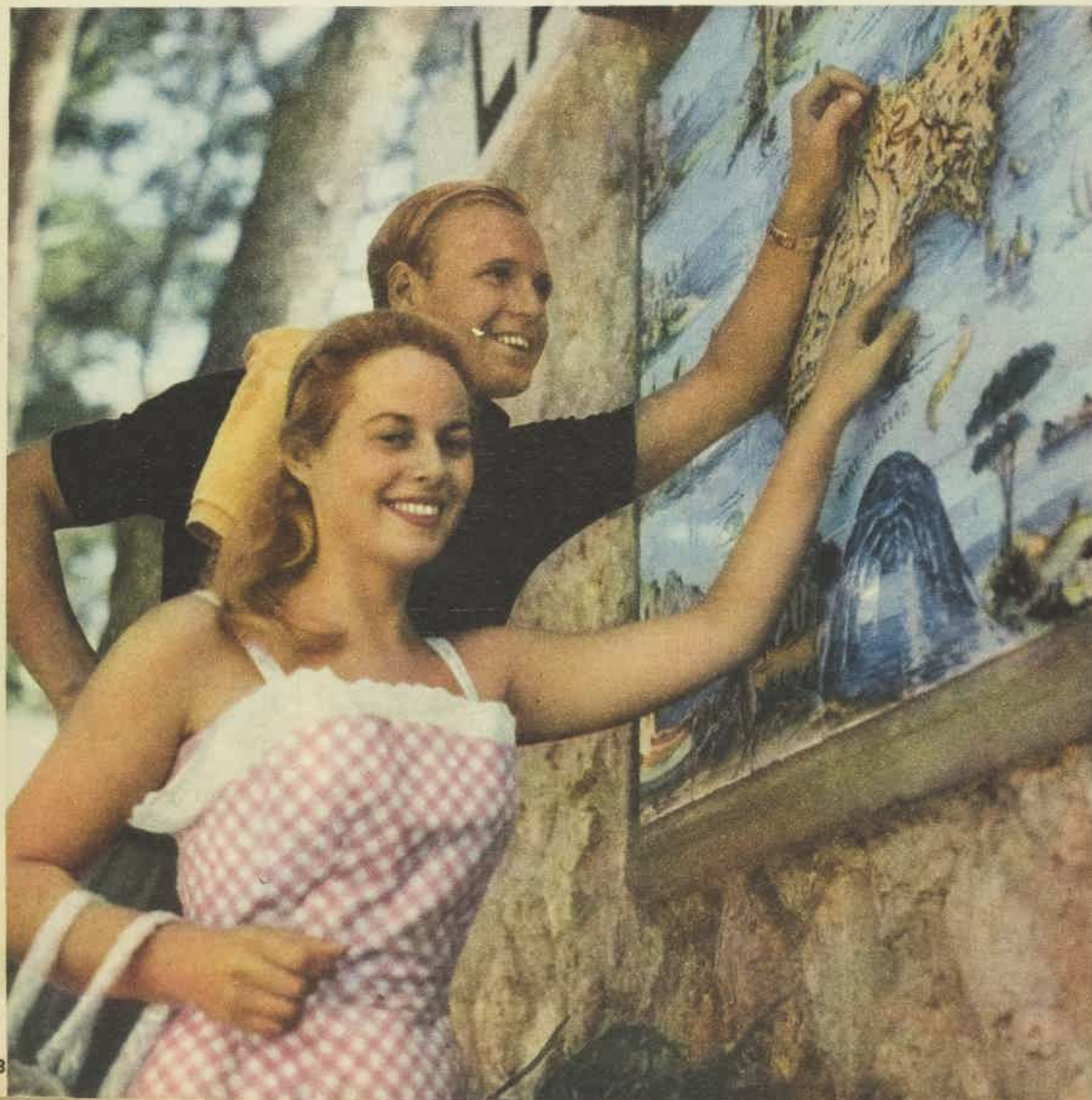
"PEOPLE in the street stop and call out 'Elsa'."



"PARTIES? I always enjoy parties I throw myself."



↑
AUSTRALIAN Olympic swimmer Jon Henricks and his American heiress bride, Bonnie Wilkie, look at the magnificent view from the balcony of their honeymoon hotel, the Villa La Pineta, high on the fabled island of Capri.



← **ON A SHOPPING** jaunt through the winding lanes of Capri, Jon and Bonnie study a colorful tourist map. The couple spent four days on Capri after their spectacular wedding in Rome.

→ **IN ONE** of Capri's picturesque little market squares the honeymooners interrupted their stroll while Bonnie kicked off her sandals and jumped on one of the donkeys which take visitors to Capri for rides.

The Jon
Henricks'

Honeymoon in Capri





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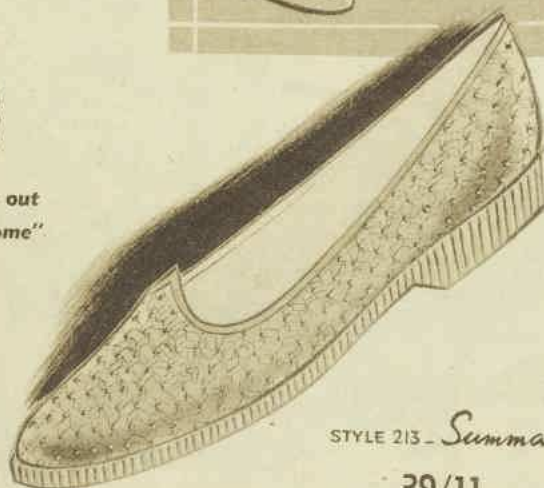
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FATHER



MOTHER

ELISABETH MACINTYRE

"There's no harm in just LOOK-
ING, is there?"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

BACK from a trip abroad, an executive of a big Sydney store says that "shopping at a mahogany counter will soon be as nostalgic as having afternoon tea in a thatched cottage."

He wasn't talking about groceries but about fashion goods.

Already many dress departments have been turned over to self-service, or as near self-service as doesn't matter.

It's not much use grizzling about the good old days, when a patient saleswoman would stand by for an hour and a half while you made up your mind between the red and the green.

Better to consider the advantages of the present system. The old way was fine when the saleswoman was on your side.

But it was terrible when a store insisted that no customer, once trapped, should be released.

There must be many sales lost under the present system. It is so easy, left to yourself in a fitting-room, to climb back into your own clothes, grab the armful belonging to the shop, and say to an indifferent checker, "I don't like any of them."

Doubtless the financial brains who work these things out have costed the sales lost that way against the wages of a persuader.

But the small shop with good, intelligent service should surely also be able to survive alongside the big ones which become clothes supermarkets.

PERHAPS the last goods (apart from diamond necklaces) to turn over to self-service will be shoes and gloves.

The confusion left by customers trying on their own shoes and gloves is alarming to imagine.

Still, there are solutions. One would be to have a row of sample gloves attached by elastic to a long rack. Likewise with shoes.

Meanwhile, thank goodness, there are still some chairs surviving in glove departments and some nice comfortable seats in shoe stores to remind us of the old days.

TWENTY-FOUR castles are being offered for sale in West Germany including one described as "badly ruined, suitable for adaptation, as a holiday camp."

It is pleasing to see that nations, however they may vary in some viewpoints, share the same outlook on holiday accommodation.

A SENSIBLE, crisp piece of advice on almond-blanching comes from Mrs. Eileen Thompson, of Peterborough, South Australia:

"Try putting your almonds in a deep bowl. Then when 'pinched' they will not pop farther than the sides of the bowl."

MY mention of little black ants a couple of weeks ago attracted the attention of a friend who combines a mild interest in nature study with a strong imagination.

"You probably think those ants you threw out the window are Black House Ants," she said, adding with a triumphant look, "Iridomyrmex rufoniger."

"I don't think anything of the sort," I protested.

"If you took the trouble to look up a book," she said,

"that's what you'd think. But I know better. I think they are a sub-species which ought to be called the Black Flat Ant."

Her theory is that ants which inhabit densely populated areas have evolved a sixth sense enabling them to know which flats to visit on what days.

"It stands to reason," she explained. "In some bachelor flats ants would starve all the time. In others—like yours—they would get a square meal only occasionally."

"Ants, as you know, are highly organised creatures. But the Flat Ant probably has an extra-special intelligence service."

"I suppose a scout says to the workers, 'Saw the tenant in 67 carrying two shopping bags this morning. I'll make a reconnaissance. And the head scout interrupts, 'Don't waste your time. In 106 they were singing till 3 a.m. They won't be up for hours, and not a chance they've done the washing up. All hands to the tenth floor!'"

Yesterday my friend rang with a postscript. "I've been thinking some more about the Black Flat Ant," she said. "Perhaps it could be called Iridomyrmex bohemiaana."

FORECASTING maribou stoles as a fashion for autumn, an English writer says: "If you have only a budget boy-friend who is never likely to present you with mink or ermine, he might well be able to afford this maribou stole."

Do be careful, youthful reader,
Noting what the lady says,
Please remember when she's writing,
That she likes to coin a phrase.
"Budget boy-friends" — do not scorn them

In your search for game that's rare.
Many a man whose start was modest
Ended up a millionaire.
He whose youth is wild and reckless,
Splashing money, seeing life,
Might become a budget husband,
And his girl a budget wife.
If, of course, you should encounter
One who's rich both now and then,
Please accept congratulations
On your splendid taste in men.

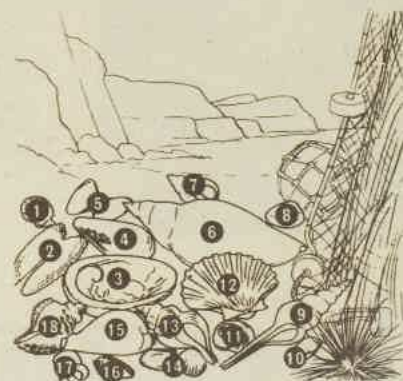


A reproduction of this R. Malcolm Warner painting, suitable for framing, is available free of charge from Shell Service Stations throughout Australia.

THE SHELLS OF VICTORIA

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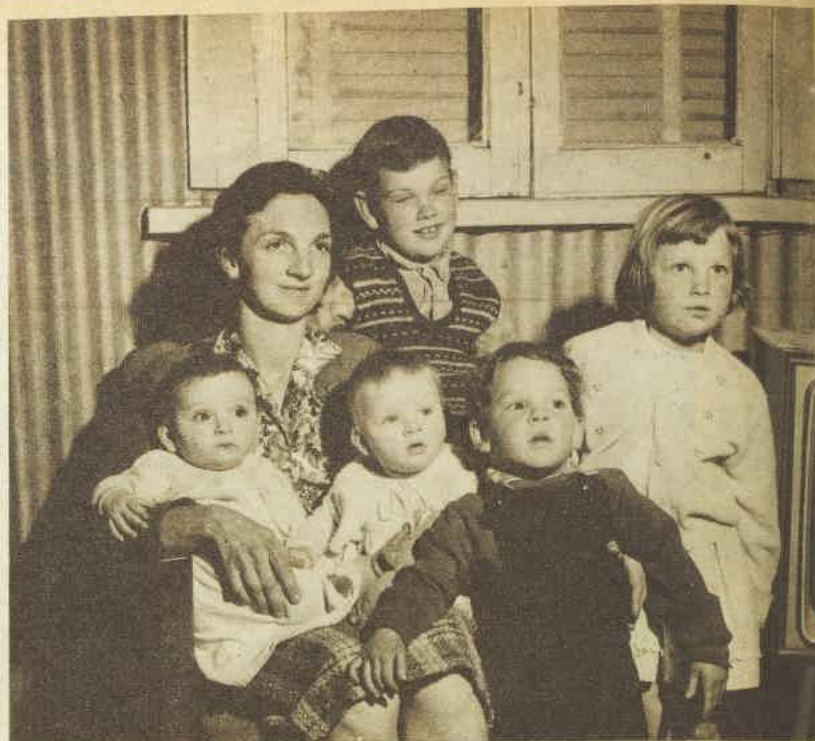
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Seven gorgeous shades!

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TF(05,14)



MINER'S WIDOW Mrs. June Rogan, who lost her husband, Gordon, in a mine accident, with her five children—the nine-month-old twins, Paul and Patricia, and Trevor, 8, Debbie, 5, and Katherine 3.

WOMEN ...

● All the miners in South Clifton Colliery, Scarborough, on the N.S.W. South Coast, know the three eldest Rogan children.

THEY had been accustomed, as they came out into the sunshine from the pitch blackness of the mine, to seeing handsome eight-year-old Trevor, and the two pretty little girls, Debbie, 5, and Katherine, 3, playing on the grassy bank above the dusty mine entrance.

Every payday the children would be waiting for Dad. They were waiting at their usual spot on the black Tuesday when their father, 33-year-old Gordon Rogan, was trapped and killed by a roof fall in the mine.

His mate, John Warrington, was also killed. Twenty-seven hours elapsed before the rescue team brought Gordon's body to the pit head.

And it was Jim Saywell, secretary of the Scarborough Miners' Lodge, who had the job which every miner dreads—breaking the news to Gordon's widow.

June Rogan, at home with her nine-month-old twins, Patricia and Paul, took the news calmly.

A miner's wife and a miner's daughter, she has lived, every day of her life, with the dread that haunts the womenfolk in every mining community—that any minute, any hour, the knock will come that will end all hope for the future.

A disaster like the one which robbed the Rogan children of a father makes headline news. But in mines throughout the country accidents happen which don't

make news—crushed pelvises, broken legs, torn-off fingers.

The women won't talk to their husbands about their fears, but I found they were only too willing to talk to me.

Ask any of the women in the scattered fibro cottages on the slopes of Wombarra Heights, Clifton, or South Bulli and there is scarcely one

Most of the men in their 30s and 40s started mining during the depression, and say they are too old now to consider anything else.

Mrs. Es Cram, wife of the Southern District Miners' Federation vice-president, is treasurer of the Women's Auxiliary.

"Every time there is a serious accident in a mine on this coast," she told me, "there is a fresh wave of fear among the wives, and men leave the mines."

"All we can do is to send resolutions to the chairman of the Coal Board, and the Minister for Mines, asking for increased safety regulations."

"But I don't know a miner's wife who doesn't dread the sight of an ambulance. All my life I've watched ambulances coming down the hill from the mine with terror in my heart, and every woman feels the same when she sees one turn her street corner."

I told her of a story circulating around South Clifton that, a few days before he was killed, Gordon Rogan gave one of his mates a black tie and said jokingly: "Here you are, wear that at my funeral." Did she think the belief that miners possessed a sixth sense about impending disaster was true?

"Indeed I do," she said. "One night my husband woke up in an awful state. He dreamed there had been a roof fall in his pit and he was pinned under debris. A week later the accident happened just as his nightmare foretold."

By

**WINIFRED
MUNDAY,**
Staff reporter

who has not lost a father, a husband, a brother, or an uncle in the mines ... either in an accident or through the painful, lingering miners' disease—pneumoconiosis.

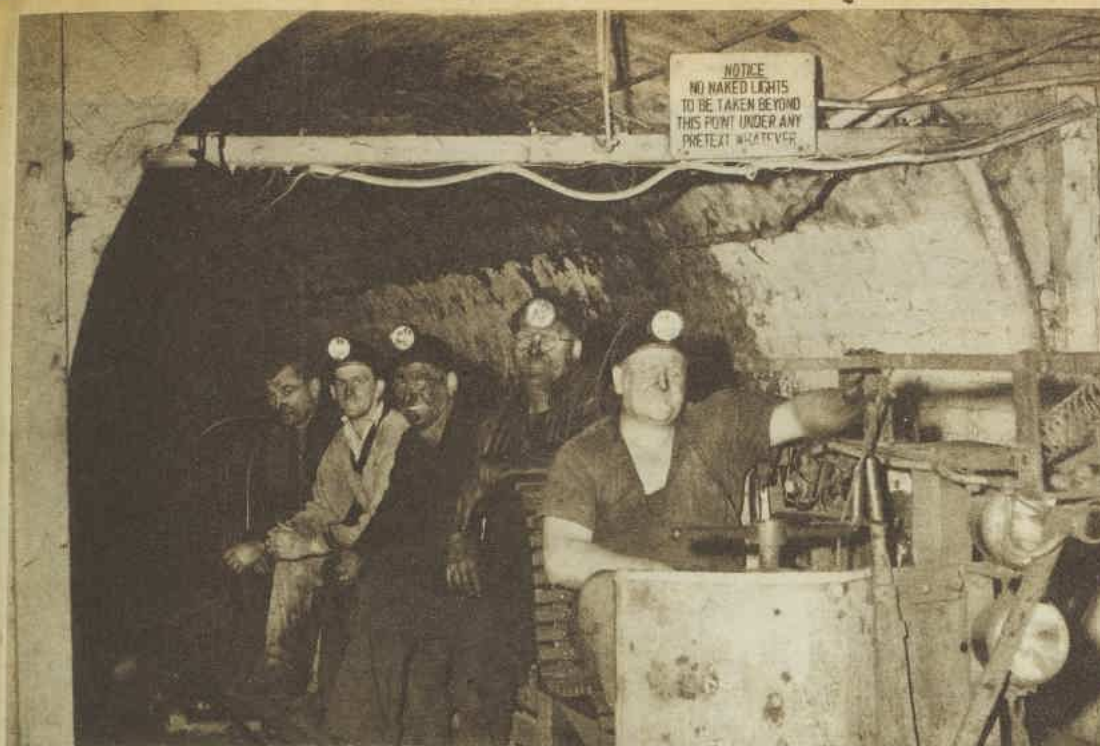
They all live in fear.

Like Mrs. Roni Peary. She and her husband, Mick, went to school with June and Gordon Rogan. Mick was in the rescue team which brought Gordon out of the mine.

"Mick is working in a safe part now, but I am worried to death whenever I know he is working in dangerous spots," Mrs. Peary said.

Like every parent I talked to, the Pearys are determined that neither of their two sons, aged 12 and 9, will go into the mines.

Said Mrs. Peary: "Mick went to high school, but when he left at 16, in the depression years, the mine was the only place he could get work."



WORK-GRIMED MINERS leaving South Bulli mine at the end of a shift. The basic pay for most mineworkers is £21 a week.

... WHO WAIT

He was in hospital for months with a broken leg."

Clock-watching becomes a habit among miners' wives around knocking-off time.

Mrs. Fanie Flanagan, whose husband works in the Kerneira Mine, Balgownie, had a father, grandfather, uncles, and brothers in the mines.

Her uncle was killed in a mine accident, and two of her brothers are "dusted" (the miners' expression for workers on full compensation for pneumoconiosis).

"You'd think I'd be used to the tension now, but I'm not," she said.

"I begin to worry as soon as Fred is a little late.

"My fear seems to affect my oldest son, Colin. He gets so irate with his father because he won't leave the coalmines, but what else can miners do? It is the only job they know, but I'm glad Colin is apprenticed to a carpenter, and won't be going down the mines."

Don't complain

I asked Mrs. Flanagan if the men talked much about accidents.

"Most of them are afraid to talk to their wives, because of worrying them," she said. "But I always know when there has been an accident, even a minor one, when Fred comes home. He sits very quiet and doesn't talk much, and usually can't eat his tea."

"I don't ask questions, but wait until he tells me as much as he wants to. Sometimes our pay-packets are a few shillings short because the men have had to pay a levy for somebody's accident."

"But Fred and the other men never complain. As he says, it could be his turn next."

Like almost every wife I talked to, Mrs. Flanagan has

never been down a coalmine. "I'd rather not know what it's like down there," she says.

The wives have another pretty good idea that something unpleasant has occurred, or that a dangerous job is on, when the men, after a silent meal, retire in the evening to a nearby bar.

"Rather than upset their wives the men meet and talk it over over a few beers," said Mrs. Flanagan.

Confirmation of this came from Jim Saywell, secretary of the Scarborough Miners' Lodge. Many of their members retire to the Scarborough Bowling Club, 80 per cent. of whose membership is made up from the mining community.

"We laugh and joke about the job, and discuss ways and means of escape if our turn comes," he said. "Better than worrying our wives about it."

A common danger cements the miners and their wives into a fiercely loyal community, and, even when direct contact with the mines ceases, the women continue to work for the miners.

A case in point: Mrs. Elva Morrison, whose husband died of a heart attack.

He was secretary of South Bulli Lodge for 15 years before his death, and, although Mrs. Morrison has no sons in the pit (her only daughter is a trainee teacher), she still continues to work for the miners' interests.

All her family were in the mines, and she remembers the time when a whole street of eight or nine houses had all the menfolk in the families "dusted."

We sat talking in her lounge-room with another miner's wife, Mrs. Joyce Potter.

"My husband works on the

afternoon shift," Mrs. Potter said, "and when I know he's due to finish work I give him 20 minutes to get home. After that I keep going to the door. I'm so thankful when I hear his car turning the corner of the street."

Dusty coal

Down at the South Coast branch of the Miners' Federation at Wollongong, Walter Smart and Bob Cram, president and vice-president of the branch, took me into a room filled from floor to ceiling with shelves of yellowing papers. Each batch was tied with red tape.

Said Mr. Smart: "These are all case histories of our members who have been 'dusted.' Eight hundred of our 3000 membership are represented there. South Coast coal is the dustiest in Australia, and

we're fighting all the time for new and improved safety measures."

Every woman I talked to was more concerned with increased safety measures than in a fatter wage packet.

Basic wage of most mine workers is £21 (plus an extra day's attendance pay if he works a full 10 days out of 14).

A death in the mine similar to the accident to Gordon Rogan brings a compensation payment of £4000 to the widow, plus £2 a week for each child under 16.

But no amount of money — either in wages or compensation — can make up for the ever-present fear of that dreaded knock on the door that will tell a fearful family that another ton of coal has been paid for . . . with a human life.



MINER Mick Peary waves goodbye to his wife, Roni, on his way to the pit. Mick was in the rescue team which brought Gordon Rogan from the mine after his death.

MINER'S WIFE Mrs. Fanie Flanagan and daughter Wendy, 4. Mrs. Flanagan's uncle was killed in a mine accident.



THREE miners' wives get together over a cup of tea. From left: Mrs. Elva Morrison, Mrs. Joyce Potter, and Mrs. Es Cram.

Modern hairdos and Gossamer were made for each other. From the time fashion started giving hair a build-up Gossamer has been indispensable. It's the hairspray that high, smooth styles must have. "Hold it!" fashion says . . . and that is precisely what Gossamer does — without stickiness, or lacquer. Now two Gossamer sprays incorporate the newest refinements. Now you can choose the one 'tailored' to the special needs of **your** hairstyle and **your** hair!

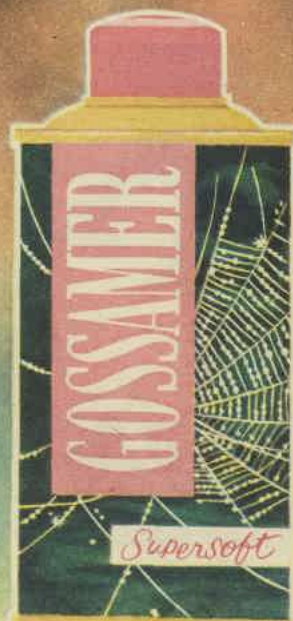
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Both completely free from stickiness or lacquer.

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£3000 prize in our Cover Contest

● The model-hat-to-make cover on this issue is the fourth for you to keep in our £3000 Cover Contest — in which already there is tremendous interest.

The contest is simple. You save our covers for 16 weeks and list the 16 covers in the order of your preference.

Each cover has an identifying letter on a little square—from "A" to "P"—for the 16 weeks. An entry coupon, on which to list your preferences, will be published at the end of the contest. You will not need to describe the covers—they will be identified on the coupon by their letters. The coupon will also include a space for a cover suggestion of your own.

The last cover of the contest will appear on our December 21 issue. The entry coupon will be in that issue with instructions and conditions.

The contest will be judged by a panel inclu-

ding, among others, an artist, a housewife, a business girl. Members of the panel will not be chosen until the contest closes, when their names will be announced.

The £3000 prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry places the 16 covers in the same order as the judges or is nearest to the judges' choice.

In the case of a tie, the £3000 prize will go to the tying entry in which the suggestion for a cover is judged best. If the cover suggestions are judged equal in value, the prize will be equally divided.

Ten additional awards of £10 will be made to the readers who submit the best ten suggestions for covers.

Tell us what you like!

● Once again we invite readers to tell us what they like or don't like in The Australian Women's Weekly. Our previous reader opinion polls proved a valuable guide to current tastes.

We want your criticism, comments, suggestions. Write us a letter if you have time, or fill in the coupon below with ticks in the appropriate columns. Or do both. We'd like that. Suggestions in earlier polls have led to new features and new ways of presentation. We'll be glad of your advice again. Address your ticked-off coupon and/or letter to Opinion Poll, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OPINION POLL COUPON

● Put a tick to show what you like, don't like, or don't read. Put plus or minus signs (+ or —) to show if you would like more or less of any feature.

CONTENTS	Like	Don't Like	Don't Read	+ or —	CONTENTS	Like	Don't Like	Don't Read	+ or —
REGULAR FEATURES					HOME AND FAMILY				
Covers					Australian Homes				
Contests					Child care advice				
Crossword					Cookery				
It Seems To Me (by Dorothy Drain)					Collectors' Corner				
Letter Box					Dressmaking				
Ross Campbell					Gardening				
Social Roundabout					Home Decoration				
Stars					Home Plans				
The Weekly Round					Knitting				
Worth Reporting					Mothercraft				
Your Bookshelf					Transfers				
ENTERTAINMENT					FICTION				
Television Parade					Serials				
TV color pages					Short Stories				
Film reviews					Illustrations				
Film color pages					TEENAGERS' WEEKLY				
FASHION					Beauty				
Dress Sense					Etiquette				
Fashion Frocks					Fashions				
Fashion Patterns					Here's Your Answer (by Louise Hunter)				
Overseas fashions in color					Letters				
NEWS COVERAGE					Listen Here (discs)				
Celebrity interviews					Other People's Jobs				
Human-interest stories					Pin-Ups				
Medical articles					Robin Adair				
New diets					OUR FAMILY COMIC				
Royalty stories					Chris Welkin				
Picture pages					Jackys Diary				
FAVORITE FEATURE:					Mandrake				
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THE
WORLD'S
BEST **CURRY**

THE principal trouble with being married is that being single never prepares you for it. The initiated members never tell you beforehand; no college course provides a proper introduction. A girl is encouraged to learn to be a girl, to lure and entice and charm, because marriages, she is told, are made of that. She is spun in the dream of it; the distant sounds she hears are serenades.

And if she does not marry her childhood sweetheart, and marry him early in life, there are men along the way to fashion her temporary dreams about and sing her first serenades.

They are highwaymen who come and stay awhile and disappear — and none of this is really real at all. But every girl who once has known them has certain days and certain moments, after she is a wife, when they return — all the old flames she can remember.

When the household accounts are settled, when the bank statement is spread across the desk, waiting to be balanced, on the morning of the cleaning of the stove, they enter the house silently and visit there — the uninvited guests.

The first snowfall that is winter bearing down finds them present; in a long rainy season they come and they go. And no matter how often they arrive or how long they linger, they never shed their quality of Shangri-La. They are out of the vanished, magic years of being absolutely young and carefree — the old flames, with the old reflected glory of the brightness of days that were new.

Dave Manners, for instance. I wonder if you remember him. Dave Manners was someone who came to our house, at all the appointed times. He came, and he stayed, and now he comes no more — and let me tell you why.

His last visit was on an evening in early autumn.

It had been a chameleon day — the late roses still were blooming, but so was the fire-thorn tree, and as darkness came the patio no longer looked so inviting as the lamplight in the living-room. Sometimes, on nights like that, there is a yearning in the wind for the summer drifting off, and a wistfulness, too, for the long, closed-in months to come.

That evening the yearning was there. It was a Saturday, and Jean and Harry Gower were coming over to play bridge.

At six o'clock Jack was sitting on the stool in the kitchen, attempting to fix the tilted leg of the bridge table. Saturday is our day for fixing and changing, altering and pruning. Saturday is the shoe-repair shop and the hardware store; Saturday is the culmination of all the practical plans of the week: Saturday is a very married day.

The Uninvited Guest

**By EILEEN
HERBERT
JORDAN**

"If you'd learn to open bridge tables properly, this would never happen," Jack said.

"I don't have a mechanical mind," I said, picking up a box of kitchen matches.

He reached across, took the matches, and lit the stove's pilot light.

"I know," he said. "You're subtly trying to asphyxiate us all with gas fumes, too. You've been reading the insurance policies again."

"There are twenty-five thousand things to do in a kitchen," I said. "It's not possible for one person to do them all."

"Thirty-one thousand. It's your clinical laboratory. Fascinating."

"Ugh," I said.

The telephone rang. "Allison," Jean Gower said, "may I ask a favor of you? A friend of Harry's dropped by — just out of the blue — and I can see he's going to linger on. His wife and children are away. Would you and

To page 26



Whenever I thought of
spring, the rustle of grass, and
the songs of summer, I
remembered Dave Manners.





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Take care of your hands — keep them soft and smooth with Softasilk Hand Cream or Lotion after every

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WORTH REPORTING

WHEN is a hat not a hat?

We've discovered an answer to this tantalising problem, thanks to English actress Ruth Gower.

Miss Gower flew out to Australia to star with Basil Rathbone in Melbourne's new comedy "Marriage - Go-Round."

She brought 12 hats, because "travelling by air limited my luggage and I felt I could ring the changes with hats."

Most of Miss Gower's hats



RUTH GOWER . . . the frothy "night-cap" hat covers the curlers.

are French models, and they're very pretty.

We specially admired a frothy tulle confection trimmed with a rose.

"A cocktail hat?" we asked. But no.

Miss Gower explained it was a "night-cap" to cover curlers at night.

THEREFORE: a hat is not a hat when it's a curler cover-all.

IF you're under 5ft. 4in. tall and you're tired of being called "short" or "petite" — take heart. We have news—

One of the glossy fashion magazines has coined a new word. Describing small-time fashions, it said the dresses were "for the woman who is UNTALL."

Wives will be help-mates

CAN women take the place of men in the business world?

That question has provoked a lot of arguments.

. . . but women can help, anyway.

Consider the Case of the Travel Agents' Wives.

The Australian Federation of Travel Agents is holding a convention at Sydney's Chevron Hotel on September 29, 30, and October 1.

Most of the agents are men. And they've planned a very busy three days — so busy that they don't have time for everything they want to do.

Phyllis Wingrove (who is the only woman on the convention's organising committee) told us how one of those not-enough-time problems was solved.

"We wanted to arrange a shipboard tour of the Monterey, which will be in port while the convention's on," she said.

No time. So the travel agents' wives are going to inspect the ship. And report back to the men.

Conclusion: Wives are helpful. Help-mates, in fact, in this seaworthy case.

She's a blue-ribbon baby

SHE'S blond, she's pretty, and she's extremely self-possessed. She is also a champion horse-rider . . . and she is just six years old.

We met Shayne Coghlan soon after she arrived home in Sydney after winning an equestrian blue ribbon at the Brisbane Show, competing against girls of 15.

"Shayne's had a pony since she was a baby," her mother told us, "so I guess you could say she was born to the saddle."

"She's been riding in gymkhanas for more than a year now, and we'll be going down to Tasmania soon to compete in the Royal Show in Hobart."

Shayne spends her afternoons after school riding around in the local park.

Or else she plays with her other pets—a lamb, a dachshund, birds, and fish. "I had a swan once," Shayne said, "but we didn't have enough room for him."



SHOW CHAMPION Shayne Coghlan . . . she calls her pony "Blue."

IN London's Westminster Abbey there is a memorial to Sir Isaac Newton, who discovered the law of gravity when an apple fell on him.

Recently, when workmen were renovating the Abbey roof, they hung one of their warning signs on the Newton memorial.

"Danger overhead," it said.

Alarums at a noble wedding

HER career as a top TV producer might suffer—but the new Duchess of Bedford says, "I must be beside the man I love."

Now, of course, the former Madame Nicole Milinair is chatelaine of fabulous Woburn Abbey. It's the most popular stately home in Britain, and "open house" to anyone with 3/6 to spend.

The Duke and Duchess were married in a highly publicised "secret" wedding early this month.

And, in a cabled report from London, Anne Matheson told us that it was "crisis-ridden from the moment everyone began to get ready."

"While visitors enjoyed the sideshows, roundabouts, and stateliness of Woburn, the family wing was throbbing with high drama," says Anne.

"Agnes Milinair, the bride's 14-year-old daughter, shampooed her hair with oil. The bride had to rinse it four times over with detergent."

"Then a wasp stung the bride on her left foot."

"When the Duke tried to 'vanish' with his Nicole in the direction of the registrar's office his car wouldn't start. He had to borrow Henrietta Tiarks' green sports coupe."

(Incidentally, soon afterwards, Henrietta announced her engagement to the Duke's son, the Marquis of Tavistock.)

"Finally, the Duke and Mme Milinair were married in a six-minute ceremony, watched by two of the Duke's sons and the bride's four children . . . who nearly missed the wedding when they lost their way."

Leave it to ALGY

He was their pride and joy . . . a hilarious short story

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE

IT was summer, and that popular resort Bramley-on-Sea had filled up with ozone-breathers till there was barely standing room. Henry Guthbert Purkiss, proprietor of the widely read journal for children "Wee Tots," was there with Mrs. Purkiss. Oofy Prosser, the Drones Club millionaire, was there, staying at the Hotel Magnifique and looking perfectly foul in a panama hat with a scarlet ribbon.

A distinguished visitor from the United States—Wally Judd the cartoonist, the man behind the Dauntless Desmond comic strip, which is syndicated in sixteen hundred American papers—was weekending there. And on the beach in front of the Magnifique Bingo Little, the able young editor of "Wee Tots," and his wife, Mrs. Bingo, better known as the novelist Rosie M. Banks, were watching their infant son, Algernon Aubrey, build a sand castle.

The day was a bright, beautiful, balmy day, but it too frequently occurs that when all nature smiles there are a whole lot of unfortunate roads beneath the harrow who cannot raise so much as a simper, and Bingo was one of them. The sun was shining, but there was no sunshine in his heart. The sky was blue, but he was bluer. It was not the fact that Mrs. Bingo was off to London to attend the annual dinner of the Pen and Ink Club that had caused melancholy to mark him for its own, sorely though he always missed her when she went away: what had so lowered his spirits was a remark that had just fallen from her lips.

Speaking of the mysterious disappearance of his gold cuff links on the previous day, she was convinced, she said, that a professional cuff-link thief must have been at work, and Bingo was to place the matter immediately in the hands of the police. "They will go round," she explained, "and make inquiries at all the pawnshops."

It was this that had blotted out the sunshine for Bingo and made him feel, warm though the day was, that centipedes with icy feet were walking up and down his spine. If there was one thing more than another which would be foreign to his policy, it was to have the police making inquiries at these establishments, particularly at the one in Seaview Road. For it was there that yesterday, in order to obtain five pounds with which to back a horse that had come in seventh, he had personally put those cuff links up the spout. And Mrs. Bingo's views on that sort of thing were rigid.

"You really think that would be advisable?" he faltered. "Throws a lot of extra work on the poor chaps."

"They are paid for it, and I think they really enjoy the excitement of the chase. Good gracious," said Mrs. Bingo, looking at her watch, "is that the time? I must be rushing. Goodbye, angel. Take care of Algy. Don't let him out of your sight for a minute. I'll be back tomorrow night. Goodbye, my precious."

"Goodbye, tree on which the fruit of my life hangs," said Bingo, and a moment later was alone with his thoughts.

He was still deep in sombre meditation when a voice at his side said, "Ah, Mr. Little. Good morning," and, emerging from his reverie with a start, he saw that he had with him the Purkiss', Mr. and Mrs.

"Kitchy, kitchy," observed the female Purkiss, addressing Algernon Aubrey.

The child treated the remark with silent disdain, and Mrs. Purkiss, discouraged, said she must be getting along to her hairdresser. As she withdrew, a stifled groan burst from Purkiss' lips, and Bingo saw that he was gazing with bulging eyes at the son and heir.

"Ugh!" said Purkiss, shuddering strongly.

"I beg your pardon?" said Bingo. He spoke coldly. He had no illusions about his first-born's appearance, being well-aware that though Time, the great healer, would eventually turn Algernon Aubrey into a suave boulevardier like his father, he presented to the eye as of even date, like so many infants of tender years, the aspect of a mass murderer suffering from an ingrowing toenail. Nevertheless he resented this exhibition of naked horror.

Purkiss hastened to explain. "I am sorry," he said, "I should not have let my feelings get the better of me. It is just that, situated as I am, the mere sight of the younger generation chills me to the marrow. Mr. Little," said Purkiss, "there is to be a Bonny Babies contest here tomorrow, and I have got to act as judge."

Bingo's hauteur vanished. He could understand the other's emotion, for he knew what an assignment like that involved. Freddie Widgeon of the Drones had once got let in for judging a similar competition in the South of France, and his story of what he had gone through on that occasion had held the club spellbound.

"Golly!" he said. "How did that happen?"

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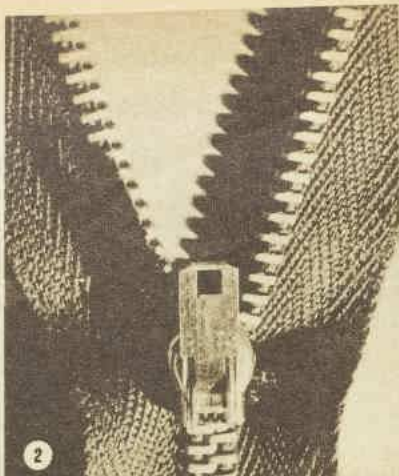


Illustrated by

Bingo rushed up to Judd.
"I'm frightfully sorry
Algy socked you," he
said politely.



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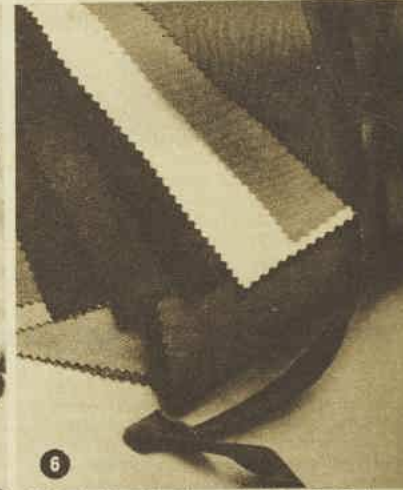


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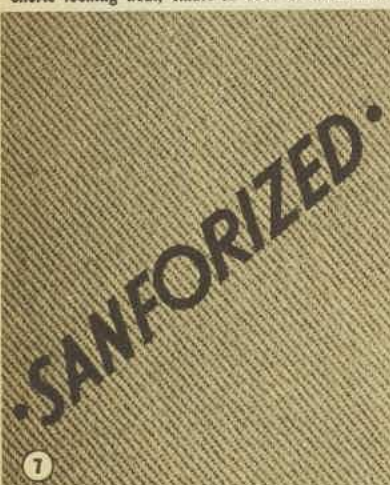


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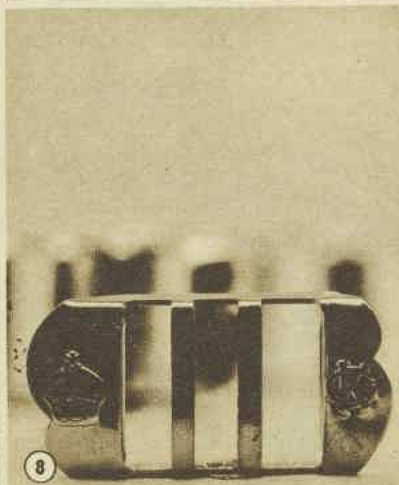
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to
10
and you'll agree



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Concluding instalment of
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Sweet Night for MURDER

By MARGOT NEVILLE

MR. TULLOCH presented a praiseworthy picture of industry as Grogan opened the gate packed in by the thick hedge. Lean, spare, almost athletic looking though seventy years of age, Mr. Tulloch was guiding an electric mower over the lawns of springy buffalo grass. His face wore an expression of portentous seriousness, as though the task in hand were of national importance and one which only he could perform.

At first, he pretended not to see the inspector standing in the gateway, but wheeled with the whining machine and made towards the house.

Unhurried, Grogan strolled up the path after him. "Good afternoon, Mr. Tulloch."

"Eh?" Mr. Tulloch turned. "Oh, it's you, Inspector." The frown on the leathery forehead deepened. He switched off the motor.

As the machine's whirring died to a close, the peace of the blue afternoon came stealing over the lawn. A black-and-white cat came stealing over, too, and made an affectionate assault on Grogan's trouser ends. He stooped and stroked it under the chin. Bettina's cat. It came, he noticed, to the stranger, not to the house's owner.

Pets, and such matters, were the subject of a few minutes' chat between Grogan and his host, a somewhat unwilling host whose finger was ever going back and forth to the switch of the mower.

These preliminaries over, Grogan discoursed for a moment on the difficulties of a policeman's job, on the reluctance folks seemed to have of being open with the police and helping them along with the task of maintaining law and order, when surely it was to everyone's advantage, wasn't it, to see that a crime like this was cleared up and the one that did it not let go free to do another, maybe?

Mr. Tulloch was of the opinion — taking a pipe out of his pocket, stuffing it full of tobacco, putting a match to it, and holding Grogan's eye over the down-drawn flame — that it wasn't that sort of crime at all, he meant not one committed by an unbalanced killer who would strike again. Stooping, he drove the match into the deep turf.

Grogan said cheerfully that he wished he had as good an idea as Mr. Tulloch seemed to have of what kind of killer it was! Anyhow, keeping back information of any kind didn't help matters.

"For instance, like you not happening to mention it was you that shared the ticket with her that won the car."

Except by a lengthy, stony silence, Mr. Tulloch showed no sign of shock at this sudden uncovering of his secret. Then he bent down and wound the long flex round and round the mower. "I didn't see in what way that could be connected with her death," he muttered. "It was nobody's business but mine."

"You made her promise, did you, not to tell anyone who had the other half share?"

"Yes." A trenchant yes.

"Why did you want to keep it all that secret? Most people when they have a win in a lottery, they get in all their friends to help celebrate."

Mr. Tulloch straightened up. "Do they?" The thin lips turned downwards, the eyes snapped. "Do they, indeed? Then they haven't got a son and daughter-in-law like mine."

"Oh, it was that way, was it?"

"Yes. And what do you think I'd be expected to do with a windfall of six or seven hundred pounds if they knew I had it?" He answered himself with prompt eloquence: "Buy a deep-freeze, wall-to-wall carpets, a telephone extension in their room, cream and poultry every day, long-playing records, television."

"Well, that would've been up to you."

"Would it? It's not so easy when you've got young people living with you. They're always wanting things. And in a quiet way somehow they're always getting them. Or making you feel that they ought to, that you're some sort of a freak if your hand isn't always in your pocket. Very unpleasant, it is. Very unpleasant, indeed. My son and I got on well enough till he married, but since then it has been—well, the house isn't my own. She's always under my feet."

He scuffed them discardingly on the grass. "I don't know what it is about the girl. I realised how little I liked the arrangement when she went up to stay for a couple of weekends with her friend Cathy Simpson. There was peace for the first time. And then, because of that, I had to let her ask



the girl here for a fortnight in return. Then take the extra expenses—"

When at last the flow stopped, Grogan said soothingly: "Yes, the young and the old shouldn't be living together, there's no two ways about that. It has been a source of trouble since the world began. But look, just what was the arrangement between you and the dead girl?"

"I told you. I told you. I don't suppose at the time either of us thought we were going to win anything, but if we did she was to pay me half the value of the car, or of the block of flats, or whatever it was. After she married, that was to be. She didn't have a red cent of her own, of course, but that fellow Clements is rolling."

"Did you and her have anything in writing?"

The old man gave him a sharp look. "No."

"But you confirmed the agreement with her verbally after you knew the ticket had won, did you?"

"Yes. But I might've known a girl like that would have had to go blabbing about it to someone. Even after all my hospitality she couldn't respect my confidence."

Grogan removed his hat and smoothed a snow-white handkerchief over his blue-black hair. His face as he replaced his hat and handkerchief was bland. "She never told anyone, so far as I know," he said.

"Eh? Then how—"

"No; it was what took place in the tobacconist shop the day the ticket was purchased. She was short of money. She put down seven shillings and asked you for the loan of three and sixpence, and instead of giving her just what she asked for you put down half the price of the ticket and handed her back one of her two-bob pieces. Now that gave me the idea that you meant to suggest sharing her luck — 'beginner's luck,' as the woman in the shop happened to say to her."

"So that," Mr. Tulloch began, "so that—" and left the sentence unfinished. A slowly mounting expression of annoyance on his face finished it for him. Bluffed! it said. A darn big bluff, making him admit what he need never have done!

Back in his office, Grogan sat hunched in his chair thumbing the notes on his desk. Nothing held his attention for long. The hand that flicked over the pages expressed his dissatisfaction. He stubbed his cigarette, dusted a speck of ash off his tie, yawned, finally threw down the pencil, and sat back.

The door opened and a constable came in with two cups of tea, placed them on the desk, and departed.

Grogan lifted his cup and sipped without enthusiasm. The trouble was, he grumbled to Manning, who was standing at the window sniffing the petrol-laden air from the street, the trouble was that everybody that crossed the path of that girl seemed to have a fairly good reason for finding her a real pest. But too many good reasons for finding her presence inconvenient were sometimes worse than none at all.

The various facts that had come to light about her neigh-

"Why didn't you mention you had shared the winning ticket with Cathy?" Grogan quietly asked Mr. Tulloch.

bors and close friends — well, it wouldn't surprise him if any highly respected set of folk would look pretty much like these under the microscope, no better, no worse. And trying to check up on the movements of folk round about had led just exactly nowhere.

He drained the cup and put it back on the saucer. For once he looked gloomy; in consequence of which, maybe, Manning, as he came over and gulped down his tea, appeared almost buoyant. Manning had no need to deflate his colleague since the facts of the case were doing that for him. Besides, he had a theory of his own and was only waiting to expound it.

He picked up the photograph of Cathy, looked at it, put it down, pinned it with a forefinger.

"Jealousy. That's what most women'd feel about her. And the one with the most reason to feel it was the Watson woman. You can see she's wrapped up in that husband of hers. It's the kind of love that's got all its eggs in the one basket. If she loses him she's lost her all. See? And the kid herself? She's fallen real hard for this bloke, too, and maybe she's out to be his second wife. Clements is all right, or was till she sights Watson."

"Watson's well-heeled, too, high up in his profession, plus a harbor home and a gay life in town. You bet she has done some hard thinkin' and made up her mind that town life's got it all over country life. How about she's out for a real showdown with the wife, provoke her to a divorce? She calls her into her bedroom in the morning to help search for this ring, then runs off to town leavin' the letter from the Melbourne hotel layin' around for the other to read."

"Ladies don't read other people's letters, Les."

"Don't they? Let one lady think another lady's tryin' to pinch the other lady's husband and see if she reads it!" Manning was striding between window and desk, liberally scattering ash as he warmed to his subject.

"Then after dinner," he visioned: "See 'em out there on the terrace. It's the first chance she'd had to have it out with her. Knowing the girl's out there alone, she leaves the phone and faces her with what she has learnt. In a minute it's a full-size battle: 'He's mine.' 'He's mine.' 'You shan't have him.' 'Stop me!' — 'I've got him — he's through with you.'"

Grogan was looking at him admiringly. "What don't you know, Les! And you a single man boarding with an old auntie!"

Manning was deaf to the gibe. "Before she knows what she's doing she strikes at her with the little knife, realises she has killed her, and rushes back to the phone."

To page 50

Page 21



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It was not curiosity
that prompted her
to ask him this
simple question...
a short short story

By
**MARY JANE
WALDO**

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Every Wife. Everywhere

THE winter had been endlessly wet and warm, so that the camellias bloomed ahead of the crocuses and a house at the end of the street slid from its moorings and caved in. Two of Emily's friends had new divorces instead of spring suits. You couldn't tell where you were; nothing was solid. So Emily shouldn't have been surprised when at a neighbor's buffet supper she asked Hollis Harper a simple question and the party fell in on her.

It was the question she usually asked her husband, Burt, when he got home from work. "What's new?" was all she said.

"That's a woman for you!" Hollis said. "What's new? What happened today?" Hollis' face was red, as always, and good-natured, but he was talking loudly, and some of the other guests moved closer. "Emily, my child, did you ever hear about the man who went to a colossal amount of trouble and expense to put a dead horse in the back seat of his car — just so he'd have something to say for once when his wife asked him what was new?"

"There, there," murmured Hollis' wife. "We're just trying to show an interest, like it says in the articles — aren't we, Emily?"

But Hollis was warming up now. "What's new? What happened today? I'll tell you what happened today. There was a sales-management meeting from nine forty-five to eleven forty-five. I had fish for lunch and talked about baseball with Ned Hargreaves. Miss Ferguson filed a letter under J for 'Jervis' instead of F for 'Futures' and I had the devil's own time finding it. Then I ran out of paper clips. That's what happened today. So then you come home and your wife says, 'What's new?' And you say, 'Nothing.'"

"And it just lies there," Burt said unexpectedly.

She hadn't known Burt was listening, or that he minded the question so much, or even noticed the faint embarrassment it left in its wake — the small, flat note of domestic dullness.

But how else can we find out anything? she wondered. The men are in the fight. We stay home with houses and children, out of it. We have to know.

She hadn't asked him for two days. And she was never going to ask him again, if she could help it. She concentrated somewhat fiercely on co-ordinating the meat loaf, cheese sauce, salad, and baked apples so they would be appropriately hot or cold when Burt got home. It was almost time now.

Burt came in, slamming the kitchen door. He was a big man, more square than tall, with bright blue eyes. Water dripped from his hatband.

"Whew!" he said. "It's wet." He gave Emily his usual hello kiss, brief but solid. He grabbed a wedge of the cheese she was using for sauce and ambled into the living-room, where Phil, their nine-year-old, a dedicated outer-space man, was communing with his real people via television and where Missy, aged eighteen months, sat doggedly working with unstringable beads and happily singing.

And she hadn't asked the question, Emily thought with a small sense of triumph as she put Missy into her high chair and the rest of the family finally sat down to dinner.

"Did you wash your hands, Phil?" she asked.

"Sure. And say, Mom—"

"You don't have to say 'say' every time you start a sentence, Phil." This was automatic.

"Yes, but say, Mom, you know that dog—"

"What dog?" asked Emily absently, passing the meat loaf.

"You know, Mom—the one they had up there in the Sputnik."

"We read the papers, son," said Burt.

"Yes, but sa— Yes, but you know something? Here he was dead for— for just forever, but I was talking with this fellow in high school that takes physics and he says he never decayed or anything."

"Who didn't?" said Burt. "This fellow?"

"Burt!" Emily said. "Phil."

"No, this dog," Phil said. "Old Sputnik. You know the way when something is dead it starts to rot and everything? But there isn't any oxygen up there, and this fellow says if there isn't any oxygen—"

"Philip!" Emily said. "Not at the table."

But the thought stayed in Emily's mind. Clearing the table, she thought of how somewhere, up there beyond the rain, the dog orbited unchanged. Or no, it was mice now, or monkeys, wasn't it? Maybe over this very house. . . .

At seven-thirty Emily bundled the baby off to her crib, gave her two choruses of "Missy go 'round the sun," and tucked her in with five ounces of milk.

A little later Emily went slowly downstairs. She stopped at the door of the living-room, caught up by its warmth of firelight, the pine rocker ruddy as an apple, the bright brass fender. She saw the Raggedy Ann doll and the teddy bear where Missy had lovingly entwined them, and Burt in his big chair with his perpetual stack of reports on his lap, and Phil hunched over the desk doing his homework, the back of his small neck exposed in the most vulnerable way.

Then the soft background music of Phil's portable radio gave way to a pompous, calamity-ridden voice: "And so the Middle East question remains critical. Tonight an uneasy world watches the little port of—"

"Oh, turn it off!" Emily cried. Then she turned her face away and walked quickly to the front door and out on to the porch. The rain had stopped for a minute, though water still gurgled and splashed from the porch gutter. The bare tree branches shone and the air was damp and smelled of earth and spring.

Burt had followed her out and stood behind her as she clasped her hands tight on the wet porch rail because she was afraid. As she looked, the yard and the far reaches of the town beyond it became a strange and desperate landscape—a beautiful, perilous world where everything could change too fast, where camellias could bloom crazily before crocuses and staunch houses could slide down hills, where babies grew up and lovers parted and the only things changeless were small and dead and orbiting through space.

She felt Burt's arms about her waist. "You didn't ask me your question tonight," he said. "You didn't ask me last night, either. Or the night before."

"What question is that?" she parried.

"I can't quite remember the phrasing," he said, "but I think I know what it means. I think it means 'Watchman, what of the night?'"

She was patient when he didn't understand her, but she was always devastated when he did. She turned in his arms to face him, hoping he would think the quick tears falling were only more rain.

"What's new?" asked Emily, and, "Not a thing," answered Burt. She took a deep, quieting breath, and together they walked back into the warmth of the lighted room.

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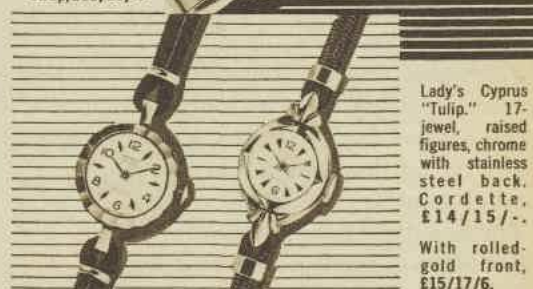
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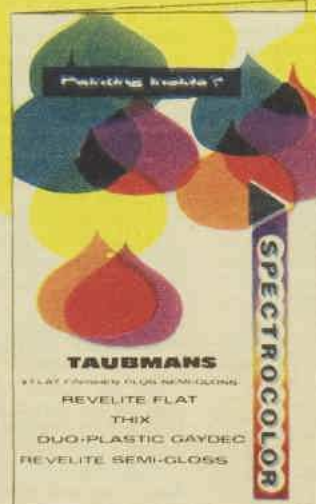
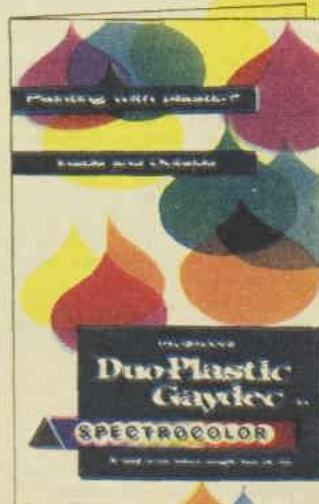
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Jack mind awfully if we brought him along? I know it spoils our bridge game, but—"Of course not," I said. "We'd love it."

"He's a pleasant guy," Jean said. "In fact, I think you knew him once. His name's Dave Manners."

And there, out of the yearning wind, it came. Dave Manners. A wisp of song in the air. A shooting star. High tide at night at the ocean's edge. A warm spring and a long summer.

"Yes," I said, "I did." "Well, fine, then," Jean said. "Honestly, I appreciate it. See you around eight-thirty."

I hung up and gazed out the window at the breeze ruffling an ivy leaf. I stood perfectly still for several minutes and simply watched it.

Jack looked at me. "What's the problem?" "The Gowers are coming at eight-thirty," I said.

"I'll unpack the red carpet. They're getting formal—confirming things."

I sat down and regarded my manicure. I wished I had some iridescent nail polish. Dave Manners. "We're not playing bridge," I said.

Jack dropped the pliers on the table. "What? After I spent an hour on this thing?"

"Oh, bridge," I said. "Bridge is so—married. They're bringing a friend." I picked up my recipe file and began going through the cards. "What can I make that's really superb and doesn't take too long?"

"Love," he said. "Why?" I pulled out several recipes. "Cheesecake takes too long," I said.

Continuing . . . THE UNINVITED GUEST

from page 17

Jack folded the bridge table and carried it to the hall closet. "If you ask me, Harry cooked up the whole thing," he said when he came back. "He knows he's out of his league at bridge. Who are they bringing?"

"His name," I said, "is Dave Manners." Flutes in the air. A string ensemble. "I knew him once—a long time ago." "What's he like?" Jack asked.

"What was he like?" "Oh," I said, "he's very tall and very quick and gay—and very breathtaking. The dashing kind. When I knew him he ran around with high-fashion models and he always drove convertibles."

"Two at a time?" Jack said. "He wore the only turtan dinner jacket I ever went to a formal dance with—one summer night. And he was—oh, you know what I mean. Extravagant and suave and—and it was a lovely dance."

Dave Manners was precisely, I could recall, a particular white chiffon evening frock that cost an outrageous price and a pair of emerald satin slippers that danced all one August night. And he was months of low-calorie dinners and waist-slipping exercises, while I tried to achieve the gauntness of his assorted fashion models. And he was a few very special telephone calls and always an array of little objects—scarves and gloves and combs, left in his car and his pocket, to bring him back again.

The man you marry doesn't

know those days in your life. You didn't exist for him then. Jack put the recipe file on the shelf. "Well," he said, "I suggest that you concentrate on grilling some lamb chops for your children, if you want to get them to bed and have an exciting evening with all this glitter in the house. Cheesecake you can buy. Personally, I wish we were playing bridge."

I trailed after him into the living-room and looked around with a feeling of dissociation, the way a stranger might. We had several pieces slip-covered in practical colors—chocolate and licorice and old lemon candy—to withstand the ravages of children. I wondered if it looked at all like a room that might belong to the me who used to be—a crystal-and-gold room I had imagined once.

"I wish the winter draperies were up," I said. "I wish the children hadn't broken the porcelain lamp." I lighted the low lamp beside the velvet love seat and sat down. My pale blue wool was back from the cleaner's, I remembered, and my pearls had been repaired. Jeremy trundled in from the study, brandishing a copper ashtray. I picked him up and watched the light play on the aureole of his golden hair; I ran a finger along the fourteen-month-old silk of his cheek.

I held him in his blue pyjamas in the circle of my arm. "Perhaps," I said thoughtfully, "I'll hold off on his bottle and get him up later—after they arrive." I settled back in the love seat. The Madonna, the hearth, the home, the first-born son. Dave Manners.

"What?" Jack said. "Him?" And he stared at Jeremy. Jeremy smiled. "Get him up? When you have him in bed? You are out of your mind." He regarded us quizzically. "Now, listen, Whistler's mother," he said, "if you want a job endorsing baby products, I'll get you one. But not tonight."

Brigid came down and beat a path to the cookie jar. I sighed and started for the kitchen. While the children ate I piled late roses in a silver bowl and took clusters of green grapes from the fruit dish and placed them in the freezer.

"Aren't you going to let the kids eat those?" Jack said.

"I'm going to frost them and put them on the mantelpiece with the roses. I saw it in a magazine."

"You'll have ants," Jack said. "Why not buy some plastic ones at the five-and-ten?"

"Plastic," I said. "It haunts me. Everything is washable and unbreakable and practical."

In the nursery Jack deftly adjusted the crib with the loose slat, held two small mouths open while I administered vitamin drops and distributed last glasses of water.

Later, as we were dressing for the evening, I studied in the mirror the face that belonged to me now. "I just wish it all were perfect," I said.

"Your profile? It is, of course," Jack opened a bureau drawer. "Do I have any navy-blue socks?"

"Everything," I said. "Like a beautiful picture in a magazine, or a movie in CinemaScope. I wish it all were that way and we didn't have to talk about oil for oil burners and twist carpeting, and you didn't make fun of me for losing socks and blowing fuses and—"

He crossed the room, picked me up, and tossed me lightly on the bed. The quilted coverlet billowed about me. "That," he said, "simply makes me feel masterful. Didn't you know?"

"I know," I said. "I read an article about it once. Like husbands in Victorian novels."

"You would," he said. "You

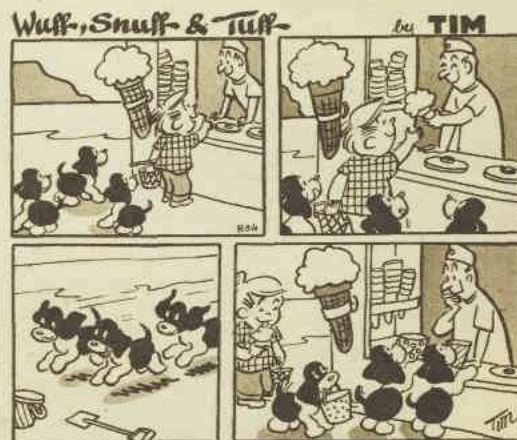
ought to see how masterful I am down there in the dark, looking for the fuse box." He bent over the bed. "But how can I extol your virtues? It has always seemed to me that your most devastating ones were never designed for casual conversation. We'd shock your friends. Come on, get dressed."

The Dave Manners I used to know had been—oh, six feet, four inches tall. That night as he stepped from the darkness outside into the light of our hall he was precisely the same height as my husband. He was some fifteen pounds heavier and his hairline was different—I suppose it had receded.

Only in the flash of a second was there a fleeting hint, a memory of the old, romantic coin profile. I remembered his suits as custom-tailored; but I knew, from shopping with Jack, the approximate cost of the one he was wearing and the shop that had sold it to him.

"Well, Allison!" he said (and hadn't his voice been deeper?).

FOR THE CHILDREN



"I can't remember when I saw you last."

I swallowed. It had been a spring afternoon at the Bronx Zoo—or was it the day of a sudden summer thunderstorm at the beach, when we ran across the parking lot in bare feet and bathing suits—or the evening of a party, given for his birthday? I didn't know.

I held out my hand, introductions were performed, and we sat around the coffee table.

Dave Manners leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs. "You know," he said, "you people will have to share the blame with me. I'm playing hooky tonight."

"Wait until Myrna finds out," Jean Gower said.

"I promised faithfully that I'd devote the entire weekend to painting the living-room," Dave said. "Scout's honor. I got the masking tape up at the windows and the furniture covered with dropcloths—and that's as far as I got. I have a couple of rollers and I have the paint samples here. All rubber base, you know."

Jack leaned forward and lighted a cigarette for me. "Of course," he said. "We never use anything else. Do we, Allison?"

The white chiffon gown still hung in a garment bag filled with old evening clothes. The perfume, called Andalusia, was gone, but while it had lasted it had haunted every room I entered. I stared at Dave Manners. Masking tape. Rubber-base paint.

Dave spread the samples on the coffee table. "This is ours—green. What do you think about a green living-room?"

"Jack is an artist," Jean Gower said. "Ask him."

"Green sounds fine," Jack said.

"An artist, eh?" Dave said.

"Commercial art," Jack said. Dave shrugged. "Listen, you're married, you've got children—it better be commercial. Last baby we had cost two hundred dollars in lost commissions alone." He launched into a vivid description of the birth of his third child, including the ride to the hospital in a storm.

Oh, the long, fast rides at night on the strip of road at the water's edge, and the car that was a new car every year, a convertible with the top down, and the music that floated in the air around it.

I stood up to get the coffee and cheesecake.

Jack patted me as I passed him. "Would you like to hear about ours?" he asked Dave.

"No," I said. "Nobody would."

We heard about the brass-and-copper business. Dave was a manufacturer's representative.

"Square pots," Dave said to me. "Do you have any?"

"Square pots?" I said. And the songs lost in the lost air, and the dances you danced only once.

"Myrna wouldn't be without them," Dave said. "Come

I picked up coffee cups and ashtrays and cake plates, stacked them on a tray, and carried it to the kitchen. When I came back I said, not looking at Jack, "He's—he's changed. He never used to be like that."

"Hmmm?" Jack said. "Manners? He's a nice guy."

"What?" I said.

"I said he's a nice guy."

I picked up a paint sample from the rug and tossed it into the fireplace. "But I didn't exaggerate," I said. "He was—he used to be—all the things I said." I watched him locking the front door, closing us in for the night, and the familiar feeling of safety spread like warmth through the rooms.

"Sure he was," he said. He followed me up the stairs and we undressed in silence.

"Mine had a mink coat," he said at last.

"What?" I said.

"I said mine had a mink coat. My lost romance. It was full length, ranch mink. And she was a natural blonde. I always considered that she would have been an excellent investment."

"What happened to her?" I said.

"Well, I imagine she's still a natural blonde," he said. "Her hair hasn't darkened and her skin hasn't roughened and she still wears the full-length mink. Mink doesn't date, does it?"

"Oh, yes it does," I said. "The lines change."

He stood before me and smiled. "Not these lines," he said. "You should have seen them. Of course, I suppose I haven't changed for her, either. I was ten pounds thinner and I was convinced I was going to be an abstractionist and I spent money wildly. It was nice to take her places and dazzle people, and money was only a commodity, anyway."

He opened the bedroom window and gazed out for a moment at the crystal night. There still was a yearning in the wind; he could hear it, too.

And he was right. Out there, lost in it somewhere, in the night and the wind and the year, was a girl who once had owned a mink coat; for her, he never changed. The two of us might never meet, but I could have told him about her.

I knew the days and the certain moments when he slipped inside her house—the uninvited guest, my husband. There, he was the romantic, improbable figure, with a touch of the old wildness and a profile designed for a coin. There, he never grew older and never grew everyday; it was a pretty dream. Shangri-La was designed for a woman.

"Anyway," Jack said finally, "I liked Manners. When his wife gets back, you ought to arrange an evening."

"I don't know her," I said. She was the one who lived with the dream; I didn't know her at all.

"That's all right. You know him." He raised the blind and tapped the screen at the window. "Storm-window weather is coming," he said. "I should start at that tomorrow."

As he came over to the bed I noticed that the legs of his pyjamas were shorter than they should have been. "Why does the laundry have to shrink everything?" I said.

Then we looked at each other and laughed. The old flames never had a chance, not really. Perfume that haunted and wisps of song and dazzling nights—that was all they ever knew. So little. How did they know what you would do with the raw materials you had?

Jack reached for the lamp on the night table, and the plastic, drip-dry, frozen, steam-heated, electronic world we had made together disappeared in the darkness. Then he climbed into bed beside me.

When you are single they tell you nothing. They couldn't, even if they tried.

(Copyright)



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M12

NEW PARIS HEADLINES

● *Today's hat and coiffure are literally made for each other. A hat can be worn high like a crown or pulled down to cover the ears.*

THE head and its hat has become the focus of fashion. Whether you wear a high-in-the-sky beehive, a long bob, or a short 'twenties coiffure, there's a piece of millinery to flatter you and your hairdo.

The hats are a delight—inventive and gay—and they bring a new balance to the silhouette.

The most popular millinery

color is pink in every shade, from dark to light. There is also lots of white, and brown tones from espresso coffee to creamy beige. Bows in all sizes are the most popular trim.

Shapes vary; but it's my guess the Theda Bara cloche from the 'twenties will be the hit shape of the season.

Paris does the new-again cloche

in every fabric from tulle to leather.

Francois Crahay, top designer at Ricci, caused a sensation in the Ricci autumn collection when he showed a tulle cloche—worn with a formal form gown.

—Betty Keep



● *Chic new depth is seen in the black patent-leather pill-box (above) from Svend of Paris.*



● *Spring fantasy (left), a pill-box made in printed silk organdie worn with a matching kerchief scarf.*



● *"Puffball" hat (above) from Lanvin is made in draped layers of shaded pink tulle.*

● *Velvet cloche from Jean Barthelet (left) has a black rose and ribbon band trim.*



● *Helmet cloche (right) from Pierre Cardin conceals wearer's hair and ears.*

Greatest Cleanser Discovery Ever!

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HANDY
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SUPER AJAX
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BLANCOPHEN
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For **CLEANER, WHITER**
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***MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

*Floats **DIRT, GREASE, STAIN** right down the drain!*



Buy 2 CANS
— ONE FOR YOUR KITCHEN
— ONE FOR YOUR BATHROOM

For a 'hatty' spring...

● The model hat on our cover was specially designed for us by famous London milliner Simone Vernier — and you can make it for about 15/-. Here are the ready-to-use pattern pieces and sewing instructions.

Materials required: 1yd. 18in. grosgrain material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. 1in. matching grosgrain ribbon for headband, $\frac{1}{4}$ yd. 36in. material for lining (optional).

The hat is made of seven "petal" sections joined to a circular crown.

Cut the patterns from this page. NOTE: The solid outer line is the cutting guide, the broken inside line is the stitching line.

Place the "petal" pattern on the bias of the grosgrain (arrowed line across pattern shows straight grain direction). Cut seven identical pieces.

Pin, and then machine the seven pieces together along curved seam edges. Trim seams.

Do not press seams. "Pinch" them between thumb and fingers so seam line has a sharp edge.

Cut one pattern piece from "crown" pattern, with notched FRONT section on bias of the material.

Turn joined-together "petal" sections inside out, and pin crown in at top edge. Machine crown into place.

"Pinch" seam of crown, and push it down into the "petals" — so there is a hollow about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. deep at the top.

Measure head, and make headband to size. Tack headband into bottom section of hat, easing it into place. Try hat on.

Machine headband to bottom section and turn headband up (out of sight) into the hat.

Lining: It is not necessary to line the hat. If a lining is required, follow the hat directions. The lining is attached to the hat only at the bottom edge.

There, treat lining and grosgrain as one piece of fabric.

Bow: Cut two strips of grosgrain (on the straight of material) 24in. by 2in. These measurements provide a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. seam.

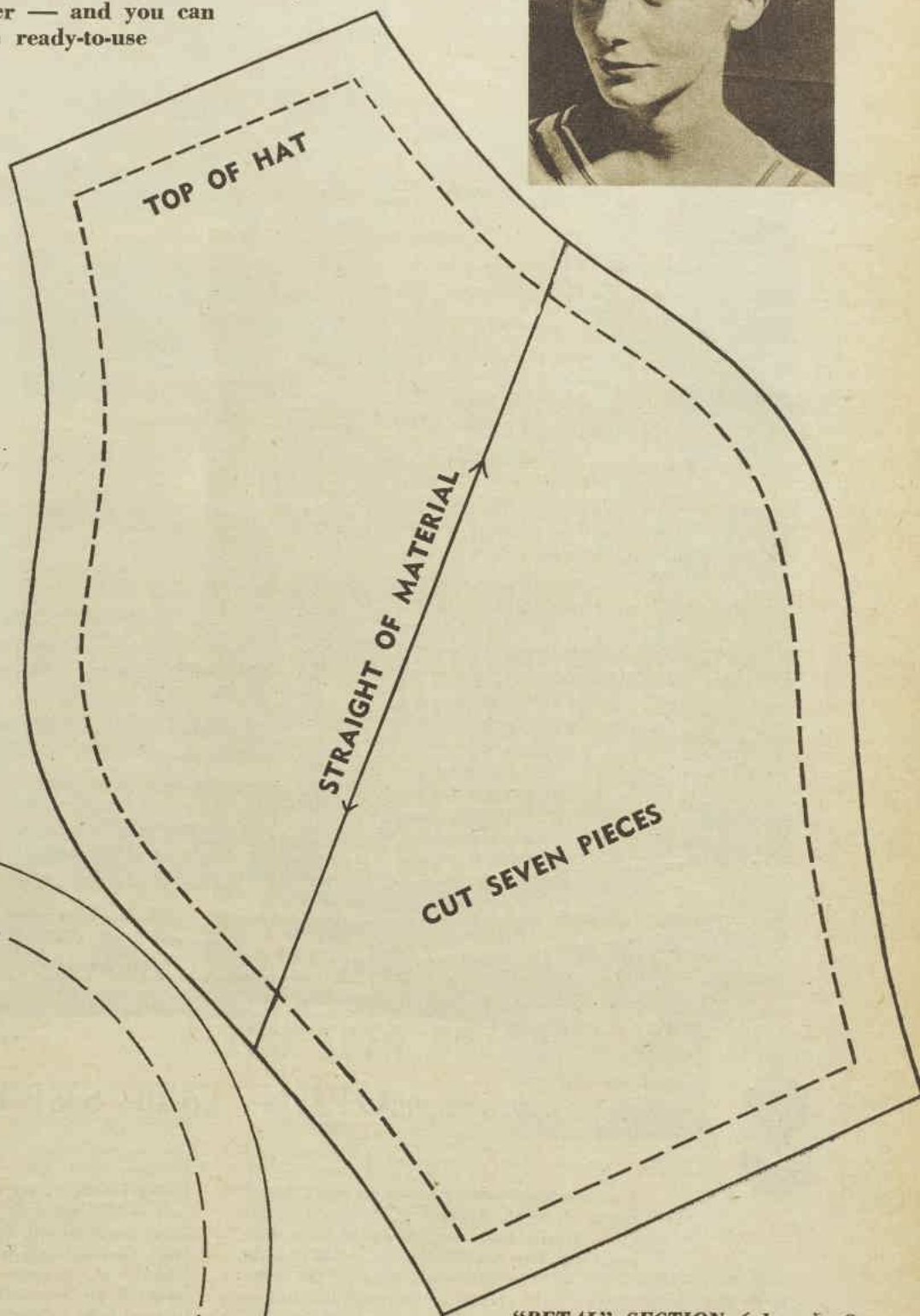
Machine the 24in. edges together and turn right-side out. Mitre the ends neatly by hand.

Fold strip into a tailored bow. The "looped" section should measure 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from edge to edge, with mitred edges extending about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. past that (to their furthest point).

Cut another piece of fabric 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 3in. Machine 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. edges together. Turn right-side out, press, and then sew by hand over the centre of the bow for the "knot."

Stitch bow on to hat at the front (marked by the notch).

For decoration: Tuck a couple of roses into the bow or pin a brooch over the bow's knot.



"PETAL" SECTION (above). Cut the pattern from the paper round the outer, solid line. The broken line is a stitching guide. Diagonal arrowed line must match material's straight grain when cutting out.

CUT ONE PIECE

FRONT OF HAT

"CROWN" PATTERN (left). Cut pattern from the paper round the outer, solid line. When cutting crown from material, make sure the front notch is on the bias of the material. Mark the notch.

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outward-facing to spectacular panoramic views, every room has radio and both closed-circuit and standard television, the entire building is fully air-conditioned, there is comprehensive 24-hour-a-day room service. Chevron-Hilton Sydney is at the hub of the glamorous and exciting night-life of cosmopolitan Kings Cross and is convenient for transport to anywhere. Chevron-Hilton hospitality assures you of a new experience in hotel living. Come and be very welcome to every service that this world-wide hotel organisation can provide.

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DRESS SENSE

By
Betty Keep



DS415. — Two-piece suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● White is high fashion for summer, and here it's chosen for a bare-armed two-piece suit. The design is made in heavy rayon linen.

THIS fashion item answers a reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"I am seeking your advice about a style for some heavy white rayon linen. If you think my material choice is suitable, I want a plain but smart design suitable to wear with or without a hat. Can I obtain a pattern for the frock in size 34in. bust? I am in my mid-twenties and have short dark hair."

Illustrated here is the design I have chosen for your white rayon linen. You could not have made a smarter color choice. White is really high fashion this summer. Notice I have chosen a bare-armed two-piece instead of a dress. I felt it was newer and more suitable for a heavy linen.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the illustration are details and how to order.

"AS I am expecting a babe in four months and have to attend my sister's wedding in three weeks, I would like your advice about a frock to wear to the reception. The wedding is formal and will take place at 3.30 p.m."

The high-waisted empire-line is still the prettiest silhouette I know for a maternity dress. Choose this line in a pastel to flatter your own coloring. Wear the dress with a wide-brimmed hat made in the same fabric you choose for the dress.

"QUITE often at weekends I stay overnight with some friends who have a weekend close to a beach. My problem is an outfit to wear when I am not swimming. I don't like slacks and shirts, just something neat and practical. I don't need a paper pattern."

Matched in color and material, separates of shorts, skirt, and blouse are just about the neatest and most practical by-the-sea fashions.

Have the blouse sleeveless, the shorts short, and the skirt front-buttoned and slim.

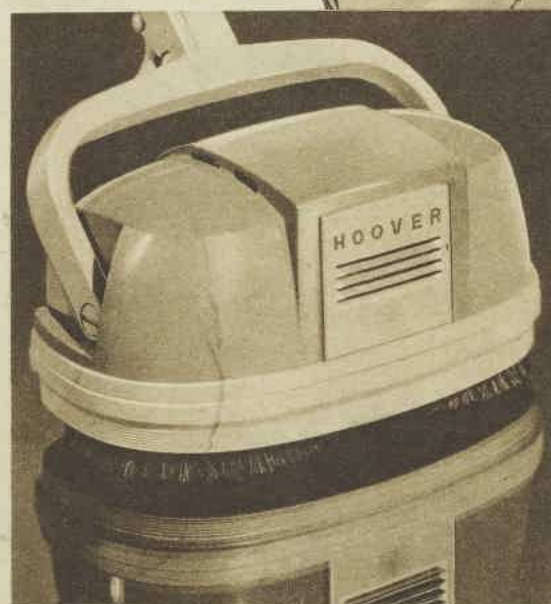
"IS it correct to wear an evening frock with a short skirt to a formal dance, or would it be better to wear a floor-length frock?"

Both are correct. Personally I think the choice depends on your age group. Girls look youthful and gay in short-skirted ball gowns, and an older woman looks prettier and more romantic in a floor-length ball gown.

"WOULD you be kind enough to suggest a style suitable for wearing to card evenings? I don't want a proper evening frock—I suppose a late-day frock is what I need. I am 34 but look younger."

A shirtwaist dress made in pastel chiffon would look new and pretty for the occasion. Have the skirt of the dress made with all-round unpressed pleats, and at the waistline a ribbon belt matched to the shade you choose for the dress.

Step into spring
on the
brightest floors
you've ever seen



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POLISH BRIGHTER THAN
YOU EVER DREAMED YOU COULD**



Scrubs faster, more thoroughly. Hoover scrubber-polisher's twin contra-action scrubbing brushes clean lino, tiles, timber—even concrete! You just sprinkle soap and water, and guide the scrubber into action.

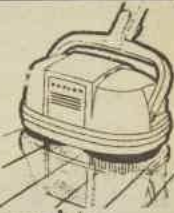


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HOOVER scrubber-polisher



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Wilson collection of Sanderson
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the WILSON collection of SANDERSON

fabrics and wallpapers

Continuing ... LEAVE IT TO ALGY

from page 19

"Mrs. Purkiss arranged it. She felt that the appearance of its proprietor in the public eye would stimulate the circulation of 'Wee Tots,' bringing in new subscribers."

"I don't want subscribers," said Parkiss. "All I want is to be allowed to enjoy a quiet and peaceful holiday completely free from bonny babies of every description. To be relieved of this hideous burden I would give untold gold."

It was as though an electric shock had passed through Bingo. He leaped perhaps six inches. "When you say untold gold, would you go as high as a fiver?"

"Certainly." "Then hand it over," said Bingo, "and in return I will take your place on the judge's rostrum."

As in a dream, Purkiss produced a five-pound note. As in a dream, he handed it over. As in a dream, Bingo took it.

Purkiss strode away humming a gay air, his hat on the side of his head. And Bingo was gazing lovingly at the banknote, when a nippy little breeze, springing up from the sea, blew it out of his hand, and it went fluttering away in the direction of the esplanade.

It was a situation well calculated to nonplus the keenest-witted. It nonplussed Bingo completely. His primary impulse, of course, was to follow his lost treasure as it flew, it taking the high road and himself the low road, but even as he braced his muscles for the quick cross-country run there flashed into his mind those parting words of Mrs. Bingo's about not letting Algernon Aubrey out of his sight.

He knew what had been the thought behind them. Let out of sight, the child might well wander into the sea and go down for the third time, or get on the wrong side of the law by hitting some holidaymaker on the head with his spade. None knew better than he how prone the little fellow was to cleave the casques of men, as the poet said, if you put a spade in his hands. There was a certain type of Homburg hat which had always proved irresistible to him.

It was borne in upon Bingo that he was on what is generally called the horns of a dilemma.

He stood there, like Hamlet, moody and irresolute, and while he hesitated the issue was taken out of his hands. The five-pound note fluttered down into a car which was on the point of starting, and its driver, gathering it up with a look on his face that suggested that the age of miracles was still with us, drove off.

It was some ten minutes later that Bingo tottered on the esplanade with Algernon Aubrey in his arms, and was passing the door of the Hotel Magnifique, when Oofy Prosser came out.

The poet Wordsworth has told us that his heart was accustomed to leap up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky, and this was how Bingo's heart behaved when he beheld Oofy Prosser. It was not that Oofy was a thing of beauty, but he had that quality which so many disgustingly rich men have of looking disgustingly rich. And in addition to being disgustingly rich, he was Algernon Aubrey's godfather. Hope dawning in his soul, Bingo bounded forward.

"Oofy, old man!"

Observing what it was that Bingo was carrying, Oofy backed hastily.

"Hey!" he exclaimed. "Don't point that thing at me!"

"It's only my baby."

"I dare say. But point it the other way."

"I think he wants to kiss you."

"Stand back!" cried Oofy, brandishing his panama hat. "I wonder if you have noticed, Oofy, that I am pale and haggard?" Bingo said.

"You look all right to me. At least," said Oofy, qualifying this statement, "as right as you ever do."

"Ah, then, it doesn't show. I'm surprised. I should have thought it would have done. For I am in desperate straits, Oofy. If I don't get hold of someone who will lend me a fiver—"

"Very hard to find, that type of man. Why do you want a fiver?"

Bingo was only too ready to explain. He knew Oofy Prosser to be a man allergic to sharing the wealth, but his, he felt, was a story calculated to break down the toughest sales resistance. In accents broken with emotion he told of the ghastly tragedy that had befallen him. Oofy remained plunged in thought. Then his eyes lit up.

"You say you're judging this Bonny Babies thing?"

"Yes, but that doesn't get me anywhere. I can't ask Purkiss for another fiver."

"You don't have to. As I see it, the matter is quite simple. Your primary object is to divert your wife's mind from gold cuff links and pawn shops—to give her, in other words, something else to think about."

"Enter that little gargoyle of yours and award him the first prize, and she will be so delighted that gold cuff links will fade out of her mind. I guarantee this. I am not a mother myself, but I understand a mother's heart. In her pride at the young plugger's triumph everything else will be forgotten."

BINGO stared. "But, Oofy, old man," reflect. If I judge a Bonny Babies contest and raise the hand of my personal baby with the words 'The winnah!' I shall be roughly handled, if not lynched. These mothers are tough stuff. You were there when Freddie Widgeon was telling us about what happened to him at Cannes."

Oofy clicked his tongue impatiently.

"Naturally I had not overlooked an obvious point like that. The child will not be entered as whatever-its-ghastly-name-is Little, but as whatever-its-ghastly-name-is Prosser. Putting it in words of one syllable, I will bring the young thug to the trysting place, affecting to be its uncle. You will then, after careful consideration, award it the first prize. And if you're worrying about whether such a scheme is strictly honest, forget it. The prize will only be an all-day sucker or a woolly muffler or something. It isn't as if money were involved."

"Something in that."

"There is everything in that. If money entered into it I would never dream of suggesting such a ruse," said Oofy virtuously. "But who cares who wins a woolly muffler? Well, there it is. Take it or leave it. I'm simply trying to do the friendly thing and keep your home from being in the melting pot. I would certainly advise you to adopt my plan. You will? Fine. Excuse me a moment," said Oofy. "I have to make a telephone call."

He went into the hotel, rang up his bookmaker in London, and the following conversation ensued.

"Mr. McAlpin?"

"Speaking."

"This is Mr. Prosser."

"Oh, yes?"

"Listen, Mr. McAlpine, I'm down at Bramley-on-Sea, and they are having a Bonny Babies

contest tomorrow. I'm entering my little nephew."

"Oh, yes?"

"And I thought it would add to the interest of the proceedings if I had a small bet on. Do your activities as a turf accountant extend to accepting wagers on seaside Bonny Babies competitions?"

"Certainly. We cover all sporting events."

"What odds will you give against the Prosser colt?"

"Your nephew, you say?"

"That's right."

"Does he look like you?"

"There is quite a resemblance."

"Then you can have fifty to one."

"Right. In tenners."

Oofy returned to Bingo.

"The only thing I'm afraid of," he said, "is that when it comes to the acid test, you may lose your nerve."

"Oh, I won't."

"You might, if there were no added inducement. So I'll tell you what I'll do. The moment you have given your decision, I will slip you five pounds and you will be able to take the cuff links out of pawn, thus avoiding all unpleasantness in the unlikely event of your wife continuing to bear them in mind despite her child's triumph. May as well be on the safe side."

Bingo could not speak. His heart was too full for words.

Nevertheless, as he made his way to the arena on the following afternoon, he was conscious of distinct qualms. And his apprehensions were not relieved by the sight of the assembled competitors.

True, the great majority of the entrants had that indefinable something in their appearance that suggested that if the police were not spreading dragnets for them, they were being very negligent in their duties, but fully a dozen were so comparatively human that he could see that it was going to cause comment when he passed them over in favor of Algernon Aubrey. Questions would be asked, investigations made. Quite possibly he would be had up before the Jockey Club and warned off the turf.

However, with the vast issues at stake there was nothing to do but stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood and have a go at it, so proceeding to the platform he bowed to the applause of what looked to him like about three hundred and forty-seven mothers, all ferocious, raised a hand to check — if possible — the howling of their offspring, and embarked on the speech which he had been at pains to prepare in the watches of the night.

He spoke of England's future, which, he pointed out, must rest on these babies and others like them. He spoke of "Wee Tots," putting in a powerful build-up for the dear old sheet and urging one and all to take advantage of the easy subscription terms now in operation.

He spoke — and here his manner took on a new earnestness — of the good, clean spirit of fair play which has made England what it is — the spirit which, he was confident, would lead all the mothers present to accept the judge's decision, even should it go against their own nominees, with that quiet British sportsmanship which other nations envy so much.

He had a friend, he said, who, acting as judge of a baby contest in the South of France, had been chased for a quarter of a mile along the waterfront by indignant mothers of Hon. Mentions armed with knives and hats. That sort of thing could never happen at Bramley-on-Sea. No, no, English

To page 36



Our Man from the four corners

The man from Sanderson flies in to London. With him, a new batch of designs for wallpapers and fabrics and a headful of original ideas in home decoration. Some of them will soon be on their way to you. He has gathered them from the four corners of the earth—and if there were a fifth

corner, Our Man would have been there too. His job, and the job of others like him, is to keep a prophetic eye on the latest style trends; then to go wherever the most suitable designs are to be found and to bring them back alive. The more he travels, the wider and the more exciting the Sanderson range

becomes. Believe us, he travels a great deal.

Sanderson wallpapers and fabrics include the finest that Britain and the world can offer. They're reasonably priced and wonderful value. Call in at your Sanderson stockist's and see for yourself.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 28, 1960

Page 33

**Safe First Aid
hangs by this
thread!**



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ADHESIVE STRIPS

Only BAND-AID Adhesive Strips with "zip-open thread" have all these features:

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PATCHES AND SPOTS

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

FREE MOTHERCRAFT LEAFLET

• Be frank with your children, especially about the facts of life. When the toddler begins asking questions about the new baby kitten, answer him simply and truthfully, but only the questions he asks.

A leaflet giving guidance, and with a list of helpful books for young parents, is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped addressed envelope is required.



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Leap Year winner

MANY people laugh at Leap Year, saying it doesn't help a girl at all. Don't you believe it. I proposed to my husband and he replied—"Yes, I'd like to, Vera, but I've never been game to ask." That was many years and several children ago.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

Where help is needed

IF only the Government would do something for the wives and families of alcoholics, who have a tremendous burden to bear. Not only does the greater part of an alcoholic's salary go on drink, but he's robbed by the unscrupulous and he will give money—which his family sorely needs—to total strangers with abandon. I suggest all alcoholics should be put to work on farms or in workshops while undergoing medical and psychological treatment. Their wives could be paid a living allowance until the patient is cured.

£1/1/- to "U. K. Lyptus," (named supplied), Tully, Nth. Qld.

Matter of taste

"FLOWER LOVER" (N.S.W.), who asked whether using artificial flowers showed bad taste, can only claim the right to her pen-name if she retains the idea that artificial flowers are not the thing. No imitation can give the joy and beauty of real flowers.

£1/1/- to Miss N. Dow, Maryborough, Qld.

THERE are so many life-like artificial flowers on the market now. The old idea that they are in bad taste is out. But do change them each season so they do not look out of place—as a bowl of daffodils in mid-summer.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. M. Othams, Ascot Park, S.A.

WHEN I cannot have real flowers, I, too, use artificial ones. But I go one step further—I put a few drops of perfume on them each day.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Scott, Yagoona, N.S.W.

IT'S better to spend a little money on real flowers than have artificial ones. A few shillings spent on some small pots and potting mixture can give one a great deal of pleasure. I have quite a lot of successful indoor plants.

£1/1/- to "Cherry Tree" (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

MY friend Fred Simpson showed me a picture of himself standing beside a fish.

It was not a very big fish, but he was proud of it. His ambition is to be photographed with a shark.

He will have to catch one first, of course. It is cheating to be photographed with a fish you have not caught.

Men of the outdoor type would rather be photographed with fish than with women.

Sometimes young men like to have their pictures taken with girls they have caught. The photographers in night-clubs specialise in this work.

Older men usually find it safer to be photographed with fish.

There are many different ways of having your photo taken.

Some of them are flattering, like pictures of men smoking pipes to make them look brainy. Or pretty girls peering through rose bushes.

Other types of photograph are more humble, such as the ones in which you are partly obscured.

There was a picture of half of my head in a motor-trade paper, taken

DICKYBIRD-WATCHING

when I was in a group being shown round a factory. Underneath it said: "R. Campbell (partly obscured)." Stops you getting a swelled head, that sort of thing.

Photographs where you are somebody's friend are humble, too. I



saw one in the paper today—"Princess Grace and a friend at the Olympic Games." The friend was a nice-looking girl, but that caption cut her down to size.

The humblest photos of all are where you are just a looker-on. You know, those faces that peer from behind pictures of famous people, with a blank stare.

I have a cherished one in which I am gaping over Ava Gardner's left shoulder. You would think I had just seen the bride of Frankenstein.

I have passport photos in which I look like a criminal: "Nosey" Campbell, wanted on narcotic charges. Also a cigarette-smoking picture, taken in my twenties, in which I try to appear a man of the world. But no pictures with fish—I have never caught one big enough.

Where I go for holidays people always say, "The jewies are biting off the point," but they don't bite for me.

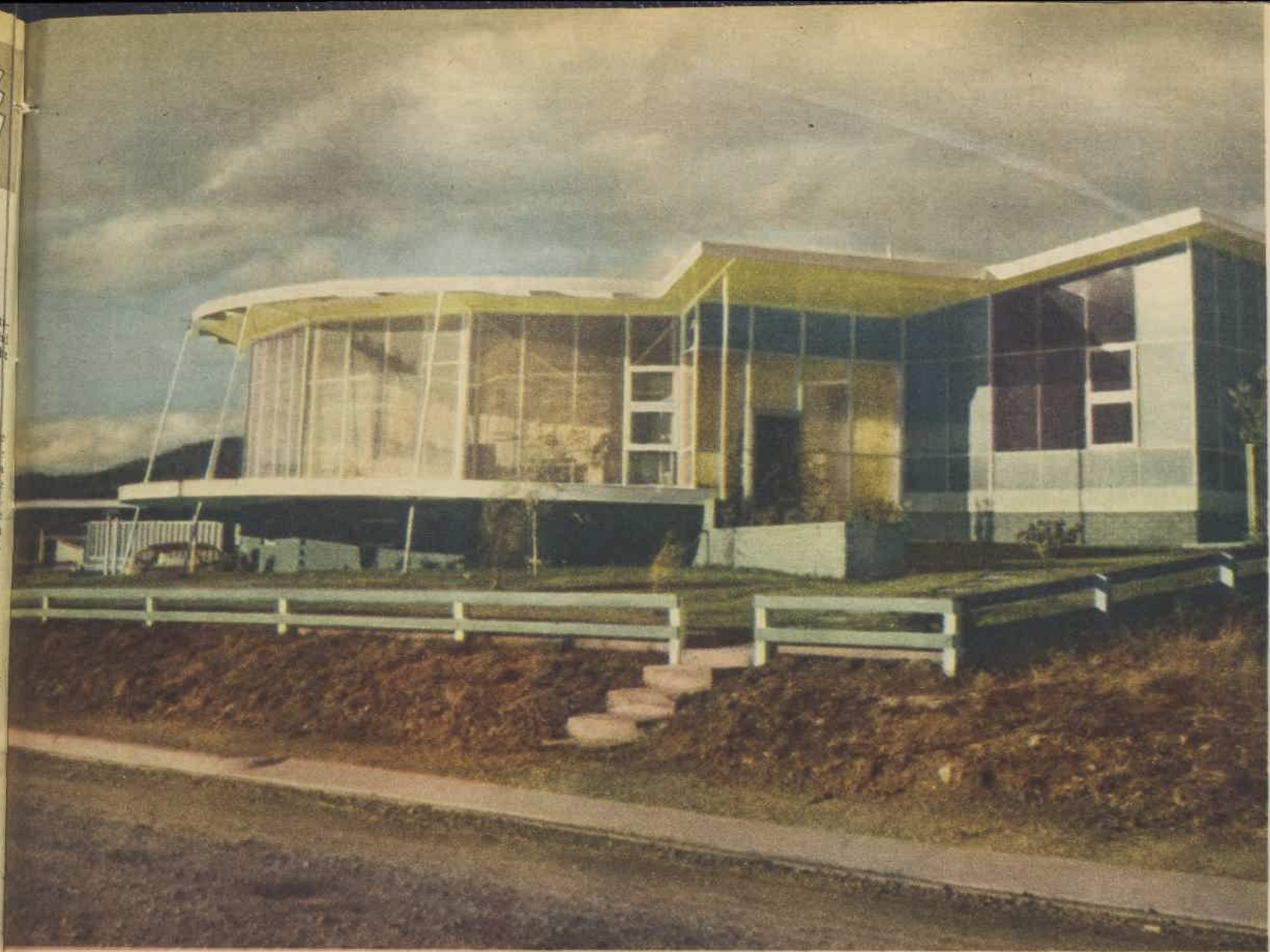
I have said nothing here of ways for a woman to get photographed. It is a very big subject.

Women used to have their photos taken listening to sea-shells, but that is out of fashion now.

A popular pose is to stand in front of a picture at an art gallery. It is risky, because an interesting picture may steal the show.

A woman usually looks lovely in a wedding group.

But very few of them like being photographed with fish, and I think they are wise. It doesn't do anything for them, although there are lots of good fish in the sea.



● Modern home, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Keith Richardson, is at Rosny Point, on Hobart's eastern shore. Picture by John Bain, Tasmania.

AUSTRALIAN

HOMES

● Modern architecture is in more direct contrast in Tasmania, a State noted for its handsome and historic buildings. On this page are three homes in Hobart, one of them modern, the others old dwellings built last century.



● Bushranger Martin Cash is said to have stayed—as guest, not prisoner—in the stone guardhouse (above) for one night. Owner Miss C. V. Munro has named it "Sunny Haven." The Bath Inn (right), owned by Miss L. M. Savage, was built in 1837. Pictures by Mr. N. R. Harvey, Tasmania.



"Yes, he's putting on weight beautifully — I'm glad I started him early on Heinz!"



This thriving baby is one of the 750,000 healthy young Australians who started on Heinz Strained Foods. Fast-growing babies need an early introduction to solids to assist their development. Wise mothers know that each variety of nourishing Heinz Strained Foods meets a specific need in the diet of Australian babies. Only Heinz Baby Foods give your baby complete daily menus from over 60 varieties! (Including 30 Strained Foods for young babies and 30 Junior Foods for older babies!) Be sure your baby's diet is in keeping with his speedy growth by putting him on Heinz Strained Foods early.



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- Strained Beef and Vegetables
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- Strained Egg and Bacon Breakfast

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MOTHERS...HURRY, HURRY!
£2860 TO BE WON

Enter your baby today in the National Baby Contest.
Entries close September 23 — so hurry!
No entry fee — details on page 39

Continuing . . . LEAVE IT TO ALGY

from page 32

mothers were not like that. And while on this subject, he said, striking a lighter note, he was reminded of a little story of two Irishmen.

The story went well. A studio television audience could hardly have laughed more heartily. But though he acknowledged the guffaws with a bright smile, inwardly his soul had begun to shrink. Time was passing, and there were no signs of Oofy and his precious burden.

He resumed his speech. He told another story about two Scotsmen. But now his comedy had lost its magic and failed to grip. A peevish voice said, "Get on with it," and the sentiment plainly pleased the gathering. As he began a third story about two Cockneys, possibly a hundred peevish voices said, "Get on with it," and shortly after that perhaps a hundred and fifty.

And still no Oofy. Five minutes later, the popular clamor for a showdown having taken on a resemblance to the howling of timber wolves in a Canadian forest, he was compelled to act. With ashen face he awarded the handsome knitted woolly jacket to a child selected at random from the sea of faces beneath him and sank into a chair, a broken man.

And as he sat there, trying not to let his mind dwell on the shape of things to come, a finger tapped him on the shoulder and he looked up and saw a policeman.

"Mr. Little?" said the policeman.

Bingo, still dazed, said Yes, he thought so.

"I shall have to ask you to come along with me."

Other policemen on other occasions, notably on the night of the annual aquatic encounter on the River Thames between the rival crews of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, had made the same observation to Bingo, and on such occasions he had always found it best to go quietly. He rose and accompanied the officer to the door, and with a curiosity perhaps natural asked why he was being pinched.

"Not pinched, sir," said the policeman, as they walked off. "You're wanted at the station to identify an accused . . . if you can identify him. His statement is that he's a friend of yours and was acting with your cognisance and approval."

"I don't follow you, Officer," said Bingo. "Acting how?"

"Taking your baby for an airing, sir. He claims that you instructed him to do so. It transpired this way. Accused was observed by a Mrs. Purkiss with your baby on his person slinking along the public thoroughfare. He was a man of furtive aspect in a panama hat with a scarlet ribbon, and Mrs. Purkiss, recognising the baby, said to herself, 'Cor lumme, stone the crows!'"

"She said . . . what was that line of Mrs. Purkiss' again?"

"Cor lumme, stone the crows!" sir. The lady's suspicions having been aroused, she summoned a constable and gave accused in charge as a kidnapper, and after a certain amount of fuss and unpleasantness he was conducted to the station and deposited in a cell. Prosser he said his name was. Is the name Prosser familiar to you, sir?"

The officer's statement that there had been a certain amount of fuss and unpleasantness involved in the process of getting the accused Prosser to the police station was borne out by the latter's appearance when he was led into Bingo's presence. He had a black eye and his collar had been torn from the parent stud. The other eye, the one that was still open, gleamed with fury and what was patently a loathing for the human species.

The sergeant who was seated at the desk invited Bingo to inspect the exhibit.

"This man says he knows you."

"That's right."

"And you gave him your baby?"

"Well, you could put it that way. More on loan, of course."

"Ho!" said the sergeant. "You're quite sure?"

"Oh, rather."

"So rats to you, Sergeant!" said Oofy. "And now," he went on haughtily, "I presume that I am at liberty to go."

"You do, do you? Then you pre-blinking-well-sure wrong," said the sergeant. "Not by any manner of means you aren't at liberty to go. There's this matter of obstructing the police in the execution of their duty. You punched Constable Wilks in the abdomen."

"And I'd do it again."

"Not for a fortnight or fourteen days you won't," said the sergeant. "The Bench is going to take a serious view of that. All right, Constable, remove the prisoner."

"Just a second," said Bingo, though something seemed to tell him that this was not quite the moment. "Could I have that fiver, Oofy?"

"And I'd do it again."

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"And I'd do it again."

Bingo said Yes, sir, that was his baby, and the man muttered something about this being his lucky day.

"What a find!" he said. "Talk about manna from heaven! I'd like to draw him, if I may. We must put the thing on a business basis, of course. I take it that you are empowered to act as his agent. Shall we say five pounds?"

Bingo shook his head sadly.

"I'm afraid it's off," he said. "I haven't any money. I can't pay you."

"You don't pay me. I pay you," said the man. "So if five pounds is all right with you . . ."

He broke off, directed another searching glance at Algernon Aubrey and seemed to change his mind. "No, not five. It would be a steal. Let's make it ten."

Bingo gasped. Bramley-on-Sea was flickering before his eyes like a Western on the television screen. For an instant the thought crossed his mind that this must be his guardian angel buckling down to work after a prolonged period of loafing on his job. Then, his vision clearing, he saw that the other had no wings. He had spoken, moreover, with an American intonation, and the guardian angel of a member of the Drones Club would have had an Oxford accent.

"Ten pounds?" he gurgled. "Did you say that you would give me ten pounds?"

"I meant twenty, and it's worth every cent of the money. Here you are," said the man, producing notes from an inside pocket.

Bingo took them reverently. "When would you like to start painting Algy's portrait?"

The man's horn-rimmed spectacles flashed fire.

"Good heavens!" he cried, revolted. "You don't think I'm a portrait painter, do you? I'm Wally Judd."

"Wally who?"

"Judd. The Dauntless Desmond man."

"The what man?"

"Don't you know Dauntless Desmond?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

The other drew a deep breath.

"I never thought to hear those words in a civilised country. Dauntless Desmond, my comic strip. It's running in the 'Mirror' and in sixteen hundred papers in America. Dauntless Desmond, the crook's despair."

"He is a detective?"

"A private eye or shamus," corrected the other. "And he's always up against the creatures of the underworld. He's as brave as a lion."

"Sounds like a nice chap."

"He is. One of the best. But there's a snag. Desmond is impulsive. He will go bumping off these creatures of the underworld. He shoots them in the stomach. Well, I needn't tell you what sort of thing leads to."

"The supply of creatures of the underworld is beginning to give out?"

"Exactly. There is a constant need for fresh faces, and the moment I saw your baby I knew I had found one. That lowering look! Those hard eyes which could be grafted on the head of a man-eating shark and no questions asked. He's a natural. Could you bring him around to the Hotel Splendide right away, so that I can do some preliminary sketches?"

A sigh of ecstasy escaped Bingo. It set the banknotes in his pocket crackling musically, and for a moment he stood there listening as to the strains of some great anthem.

"Make it half an hour from now," he said. "I have to look in first on a fellow I know in Seaview Road."

(Copyright P. G. Wodehouse, 1960)

HOW TO RELAX

● *Would you like to get rid of your worries in one-fifth of a second? According to scientist Dr. A. E. Wiggam, this is possible — if you learn to RELAX.*

T If you become a really expert relaxer your 'nervousness' and worries will vanish," says Dr. Wiggam. "You will have a new lease of life.

"I don't ask you to do anything with your mind. Just let go your muscles, and your mind will let go of you," he added.

This means relaxing all muscles: legs, arms, back, stomach, chest, fingers, jaws, nostrils, eyes, tongue, throat, vocal chords . . . every muscle, from the top of your head to your toes.

It isn't easy. So don't get discouraged if you don't feel much better the first day — or the first week.

Turning yourself into a good relaxer needs eight or ten weeks of practice.

The first step is the most important.

You'll need:

- A quiet bedroom
- Four small pillows
- A light, warm blanket.

And — this is important, too — arrange that you are NOT disturbed for at least half an hour.

"Go all limp"

Undress. Just wear a petticoat, or something that won't hamper your breathing.

Place one small pillow under your neck. This will tilt your head slightly towards the head of the bed.

Next, put one pillow under your knees, so they are bent upward and outward. Turn the legs slightly outward, so you feel their weight on the outside of the calves.

Put the other two pillows on either side of your chest and drop your arms limply on them.

Now you are ready to begin.

Let one arm go as limp as possible. Without moving any other muscle, bend your hand upward at the wrist. You will feel a slight tension in the upper side of your forearm.

Then let your hand down slowly. The tension gradually diminishes.

Do this several times, till you can feel the tension has completely gone.

Lightly press the hand downward. This will give you a slight tension on the underside of the forearm. Slowly release this tension till you can't feel it.

Be sure you note the tensions in your forearm, and not the strain at the wrist.

It is important to know the difference between strain and tension.

When you lift something, you feel a strain.

That tired feeling

Tension is harder to identify. It is a subtle, and usually unconscious, contraction or rigidity of muscles when you are not doing anything.

This tension can make you wake up with a "tired feeling."

(There are plenty of people who have never really rested since they were children. They "relax" by playing golf, or going to the beach—but that is recreation, not relaxation.)

When relaxing your legs, move each foot backward and forward so you feel a slight tension first on the shinbone muscle and then on the calf. Then slightly tense the muscles on the upper and lower side of the thighs.

Then relax the muscles of the body.

The main thing in each case is to note

the tension and how, as you let go of the muscles, it disappears.

Relaxing the jaw is the next step (a lot of people tend to clench their jaws in the determination to relax).

Just let your lower jaw sag. Keep your lips lightly together. (This will stop you breathing through your mouth.)

Then let your eyelids slowly drop. Let your body go as limp as you can. Try to feel like a wet dishrag.

When you are completely relaxed, say silently to your arms, "Let go. Let go."

Gradually your breathing will get slower. As it does, keep saying to your arms, "Let go—more—more—more."

Sounds silly, doesn't it? But it is important to talk to your muscles.

Talk to the muscles, not to yourself or to

your mind. This will help to develop the habit of relaxing.

Two sets of muscles—those of the eyes and of the speech—need special instruction.

To relax speech muscles, let the muscles go completely.

"Looking" at worries

Count to 10 out loud to produce tension. Then continue counting in lower and lower tones till the feeling of tension is gone. Repeat many times.

When it comes to relaxing the eyes, the results in curing worry are almost unbelievable . . . if you can stop "looking" at your worries, they'll disappear.

This is because you always have visual images of the things you are worrying about. You actually stare at your troubles with all

your might—so your eyes are naturally tense.

Doctors have discovered that when the eye muscles are completely relaxed these mental pictures vanish. So does worry.

1. Lie down in a quiet room, and let all your body muscles go as limp as possible.

2. Wrinkle your forehead vigorously, and slowly relax it. Tension will go.

3. Close eyelids tightly, not contracting any other muscles. Slowly let the lids relax.

4. Lids closed and relaxed, turn the eyes to the right, left, up, and down. Next (lids still closed), imagine looking straight ahead. Do not try to hold eyeballs.

5. Lids closed and relaxed, let the eyeball muscles go completely till you feel you are not looking at all. It will help if you stiffen one arm and gradually let the arm and eyes relax together.

6. Eyes open, imagine someone at the end of the bed is holding up the index finger of each hand, horizontally, three feet apart. Look from one finger to the other. Then imagine the fingers moved to two feet apart, then one foot, and then brought to a point.

"Imagine" objects

Note the steady tension when looking at a fixed point. Don't strain. Look quietly, just noticing sensations of tenseness—and how they disappear as the eye muscles go. Slowly repeat till the exercise is learned.

7. Relax the eyes as well as possible for several minutes. Imagine a car passing by. Note a slight tension as though the eyes were following it. Relax again. Imagine other objects, both moving and stationary. After a few days' practice with this, imagine reading a newspaper.

Note carefully—for this is the final test of success—how you feel a slight tenseness as though you were looking at these objects.

8. Finally, apply this last step to whatever worries you.

You will discover you are looking at these people or objects in the same way you are worrying about them. You can get rid of them by ceasing to look at them.

It is best to follow a definite programme of relaxation. This programme may sound formidable. But the benefits it should bring make it worthwhile . . .

Practice makes perfect

1. Right arm—practise one hour each day for about six days.

2. Left arm—continue practice on right arm and at same time left arm (one hour for about six days).

3. Right leg—continue with arms, and at same time practise with right leg. Nine days.

4. Left leg—now, include left leg. Nine days.

5. Body—and continue with arms and legs. Three days.

6. Neck—three days. 7. Forehead—one day.

8. Brow—one day. 9. Eyelids—one day.

10. Eyes—daily, for one week.

11. Visual imagery—imagine objects worrying you. One week.

12. Cheeks—one day. 13. Jaws—two days.

14. Lips—one day.

15. Tongue—two days.

16. Speech—three days (actual speaking with diminishing tension).

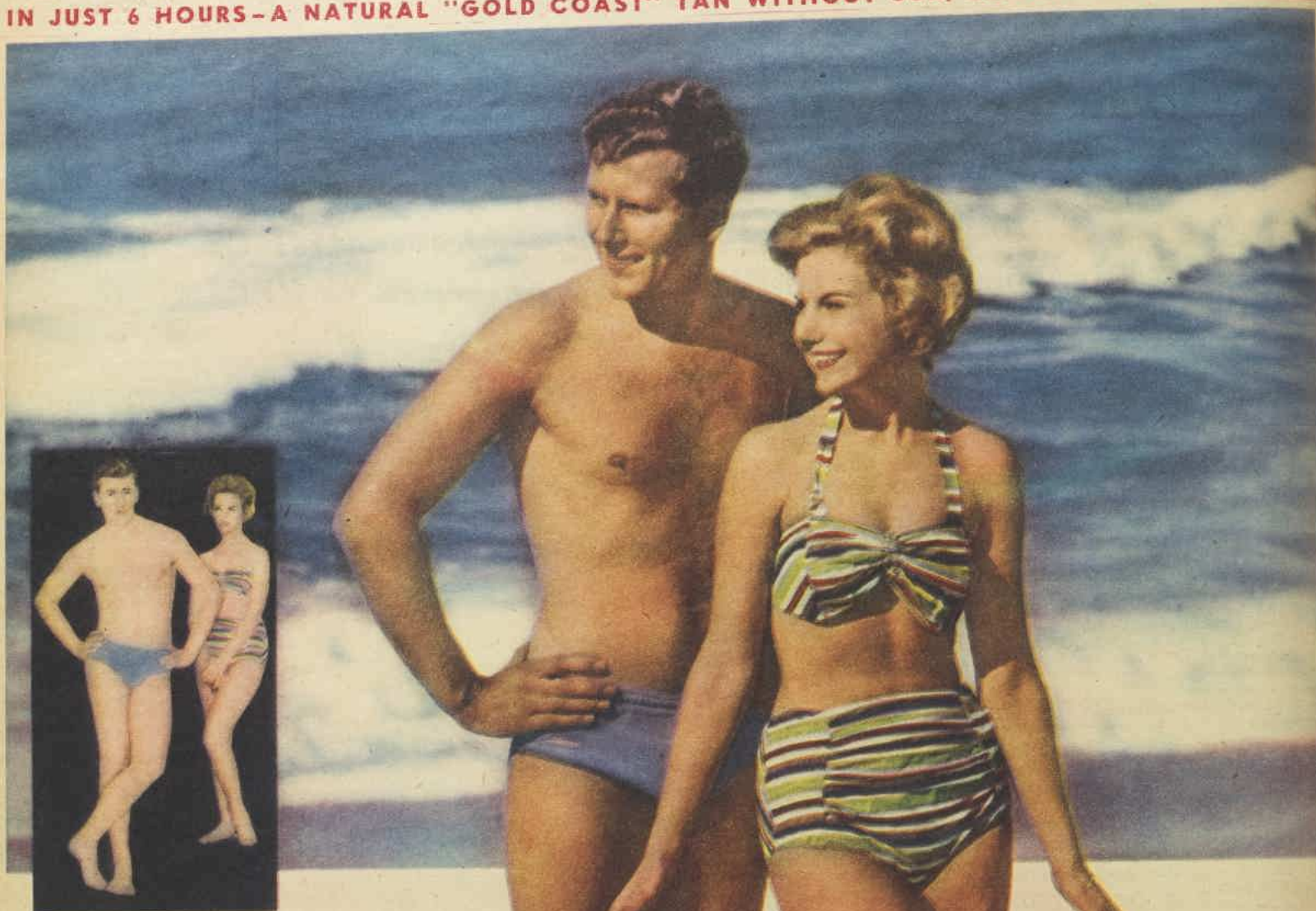
17. Imagined speech—imagine you are talking. One week.

Always begin by five to ten minutes' relaxing of all the previously trained muscles. Then begin on the new set.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 28, 1960

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Some hints for parents who ask

WHAT ABOUT A BOOK ON CHILD CARE?

● Never have there been more books on child care. Never have children been more noticed, and studied, and considered. Yet teachers and parents still tear their hair over children's misdeeds.

THERE is a true story of a mother who went to see a children's specialist about a behaviour problem in her fourth child.

The doctor explained the whys and wherefores, and suggested an excellent little book would help explain how her child felt about his problems.

But the mother looked quite shocked and said, "A book! But, doctor, such queer people read books about bringing up children, and they have such dreadful children."

"I've always tried to be a good mother; must I really get a book?"

Who can blame her for feeling that way?

The modern parent becomes confused by the dozens of books (often American) that cover every age and every stage of child care—and cost so little that she could buy half a dozen.

As she leaves her way from one to the other to solve some-

thing that wouldn't have been a problem at all to great-grandmother, she finds to her horror that the books don't agree. In fact, they contradict each other.

One says thumb-sucking is of no consequence and to be left alone; another that it is frankly sexual in nature and requires deep study; while a third says to stop it before a habit is formed.

Who can wonder if the Australian mother rebels against child psychology as a f'America?

She reads about the Blackboard Jungles, the breakdown in family life, a high divorce rate, teenage immorality and teenage crime, and Kinsey. She watches shows for teenagers and she wonders.

Commonsense

The Australian woman has always had a reputation for commonsense, independence, and adaptability; she has always regarded herself as a reasonably good mother, primarily interested in her home, children, and husband.

But what can a mother do when doctors disagree.

She has been trained all through school to believe the written word. She cannot fall back on instinct with confidence, because now she is reasonably well educated.

The fact is, she has a tremendous need for a reliable,

She reads in her papers that accidents are by far the commonest cause of death in children, so she wants to know about how to stop them.

She also remembers that the expert isn't there when Johnny uses his first swear word or falls out of his first tree; but that Johnny has two parents,

By a special correspondent

commonsense, authoritative book on child care, and some down-to-earth advice on keeping herself fit and up to the strenuous job of being a modern mother.

As a mother she knows she will have to do all the everyday normal management of the child; toilet training, feeding, getting him to sleep; and she knows there will be times when he is sick and she will have to nurse him at home, and he may have to go to hospital.

She knows he is likely to have some psychological problems when he starts school, and when he first has to adjust to a new baby, and so on.

ture subject from the parents' point of view.

Probably the best book on caring for young children is "Babies and Young Children," by Ronald and Cynthia Illingworth, a husband-and-wife team.

Professor Ronald Illingworth is the Professor of Child Health at Sheffield University, England, and his wife was formerly the Tutor in Child Health at the same University.

Both are highly qualified specialist physicians, who have specialised in children's health and disease, and they have had to practise what they preach.

The second edition of their book has just come out; it is a delightful human book that will encourage and sustain both father and mother through many trials and tribulations. It covers the subject of management, feeding, and care from before birth to about five years, and discusses the child's mental, physical, and emotional health.

Discipline, play and holidays, weaning, teeth, and crying—it's all there.

The book costs about 30/-, less than half the price of a new spring hat.

The second book is not so comprehensive as Illing-

worth's, but fills some important gaps in it. It is "What Is Your Problem, Mother?" by Dr. Clair Isbister.

Dr. Isbister is also a children's specialist, who has a family of her own to whom she dedicates the book, as they gave her "the experience that made the book possible."

Local conditions

It has the advantage that it is Australian and deals with Australian conditions; it concentrates on the care of the sick child at home, the management of emergencies and common illnesses, accidents and their prevention, and some special problems, such as nervous children, allergic children, and difficult babies.

There is a welcome commonsense chapter on feeding children, and chapters to help the family when a child starts school or has to go to hospital. It also includes a section on the health of the housewife.

This book will cost you about 20/-, about the same as that matching tie-and-socks set that you got for father's birthday, and it could save your child's life.

Both books are full of practical, down-to-earth sense, and deal with life as it has to be lived.

Last chance to enter

● Entries are now closing in this big £2860 baby contest. All entries must be received by the last mail on Friday, September 23, which is the closing date.

THOUSANDS of photographs of entrants have already been received. Judging will not commence until after entries close.

The baby who is judged first in all Australia will receive £1005 cash, a dream prize every Christmas until the age of 12, and then a £500 secondary-school education bursary, to be paid as school fees.

The second prize winner will receive a total of £405 cash and the third a total of £355 cash.

Each of 24 areas throughout Australia will be judged in three age groups: (1) Up to six months; (2) 7-12 months; (3) 13-18 months.

THE PRIZES

£5 cash to each area age-group winner. £250 cash to each State prizewinner (chosen from among area prizewinners).

£750 cash to the first national prizewinner, "dream" gifts suited to the child's age every Christmas till the age of 12, and then the bursary for secondary-school education; £150 cash to the second national winner; and £100 cash to the third.

National winners, chosen from the State winners, will already have won £250 State and £5 area prizes, so their total cash prizes are: First, £1005; second, £405; third, £355.

All State winners will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly dated November 2 and national winners in the November 16 issue.

The Australian Women's Weekly—September 28, 1960

HOW TO ENTER

Simply send a snapshot or photograph of your baby to the address shown in the entry form on this page, to reach there no later than September 23.

While all photographs will be eligible, it is recommended that a minimum size of five by three inches be submitted to aid judging.

Photographs should be full-length and show the child's face and physique clearly.

An entry form, properly filled out, must be securely fixed to the back of the photograph before forwarding.

The national judges are two child specialists and the matron of a large obstetrics hospital.

CONTEST RULES

1. The contest will close with the last mail on September 23. Entries must be posted to arrive at National Baby Contest, Box 7074, G.P.O., Sydney. No entries will be considered after this date.

2. Each entry will be judged on physical development as well as appearance.

3. All photographs become the property of H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., and will be returned, but no responsibility will be accepted.

4. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

5. Area prizewinners will be notified by mail immediately after judging. The State finalists will be notified by phone or telegram.

6. Employees (and their families) of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies, H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., and agencies associated with the contest are not eligible to enter.

7. The State finalists to be available in respective State capitals from October 14 to October 19. Each State winner to be available in Sydney from October 20 to November 9. Expenses covering this trip, including air fares and first-class accommodation for mother and child, will be paid by the Heinz Company.

NATIONAL BABY CONTEST

Organised by
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S
WEEKLY
in conjunction with the
H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD.



ENTRY FORM

AGE GROUP ☐ up to 6 months ☐ 7 to 12 months ☐ 13 to 18 months
at time of entry (tick correct group).

PLEASE PRINT:

Child's Surname _____

Child's Christian Name _____

Sex _____

Date of Birth _____

Weight at Birth _____

Weight at Present _____

Length at Birth _____

Length at Present _____

Date of Entry _____

Mother's Name (surname last) _____

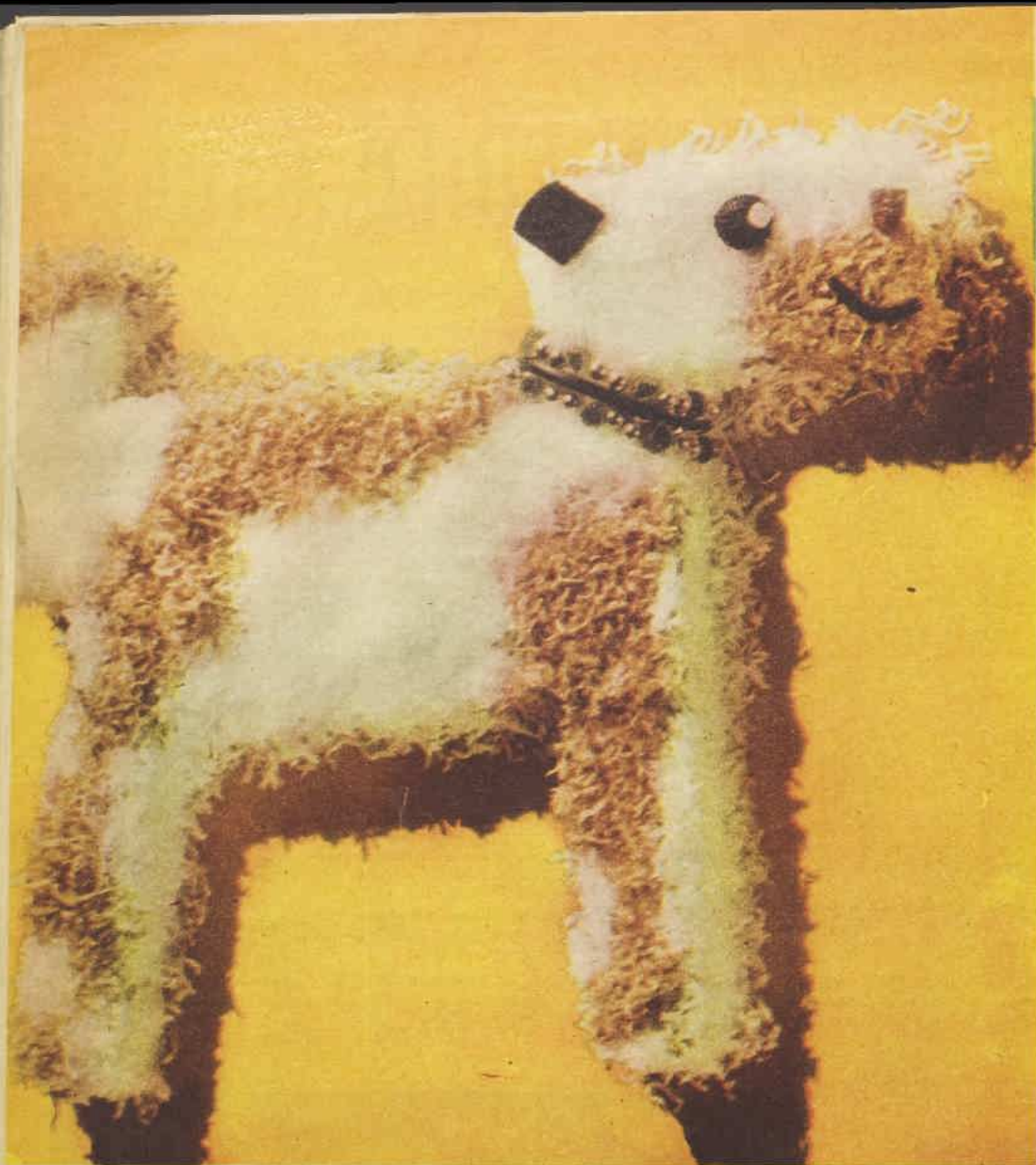
Address _____ State _____

Address all entries to: NATIONAL BABY CONTEST,

BOX 7074, G.P.O., SYDNEY,
N.S.W.

Important

This form must be securely fixed to back of photograph before forwarding.



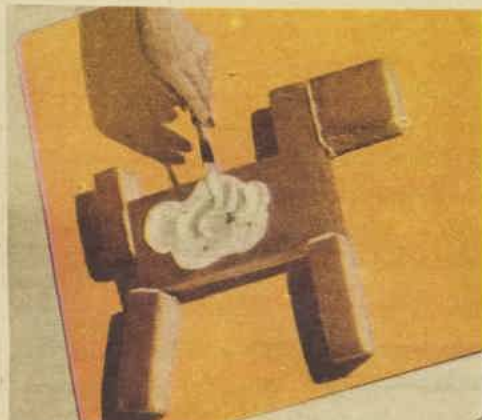
SPOT THE FOX TERRIER

Make him from a basic cake recipe. Directions are below.



BAKE and cool 13 x 9 x 2in. cake (left). Cut out 10 x 3in. rectangle. Then cut off 4in. piece and divide remaining piece in halves. Cut narrow strip from L-shaped piece to form dog's tail.

ASSEMBLE pieces on tray. Spread over seven-minute frosting generously (see recipe overleaf). Pat on toasted coconut for brown spots, sprinkle white coconut for coat. Make features of colored jubes.



CAKE CUT-OUTS

● These delightful creatures would party. They are easily made from a assembled, covered with flaked decorated with confectionery. In this cut-outs, a basic cake recipe.



SWANEE THE SWAN

His fluffy feathers are flaked coconut.



MEASURE down 4 in. at corners, 1½ in. at middle of cool 13 x 9 x 2in. cake. Cut on curve at points of long side. Cut off corners for swan's head, tail. (Cakes cut best if they are one day old.)

FROM a corner of remaining piece measure 3½ in. along short side, 5½ in. across long side. Cut through points to form wing. Place pieces as shown, cover with white frosting, shake on coconut. Eyes and bill are jubes and tinted nuts.



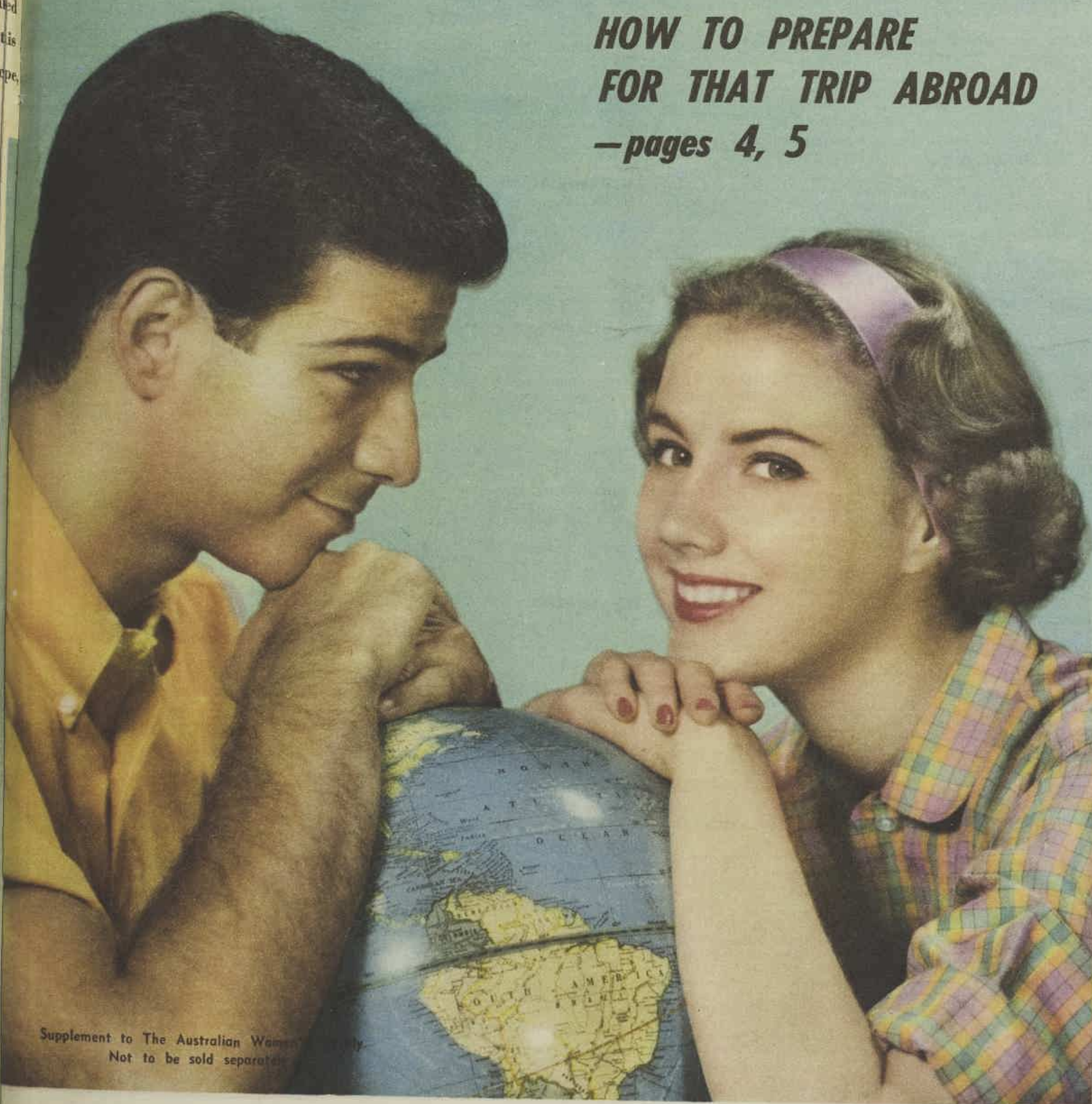
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

September 28, 1960

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

**HOW TO PREPARE
FOR THAT TRIP ABROAD**
—pages 4, 5



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

The postie needn't knock here

MUST we, at all our parties, have kissing games? Many teenagers do not enjoy them but go along with the rest to avoid being labelled a square. A kiss should be something to be shared between two people, not a party. Perhaps I was born a century too late or I am looking through the square-shaped glasses, but I don't like it. — "The Scribe," Mt. Lawley, W.A.

A Kiwi teen

AS A New Zealand teenager I read your Weekly with interest. I have never read a letter from a New Zealander in it, so why not one from me? I am 15½ and in the fifth form at school. Do Australian girls approve or disapprove of going steady? A year ago I went steady with an 18-year-old boy for six months, but I realise now that I was too young and my



Catherine Cave

schoolwork suffered. Now I go out with different boys and enjoy life much better. — Catherine Cave, Wellington, New Zealand.

A stitch in time

LOOKED into a shop on the way to work the other day and caught sight of the young lady behind the counter busily occupied with compact and powderpuff. Sign in the window, "Repairs while you wait." — "Binky," Ivanhoe, Vic.

More of that jazz

I FOUND your article, "A story about schoolboys and all that jazz" (T.W., 31/8/60) very interesting. Some members of our school, Launceston High, have also formed a jazz band. It's called "The Accidentals" and there are six musicians — pianist, drummer, trumpeter, guitarist, and two saxophonists. The band has played at practically all the school socials held this year and also at two or three concerts and dances. — Toni Keeling, East Launceston, Tas.

Page 2 — Teenagers' Weekly

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 FW, C.P.O., Sydney.

The teenage poor

CAN any teenagers suggest some money-making schemes? Holidays are ahead and no ready cash is a rather terrifying thought. We're too young to work in shops. Please rescue us from this awful plight of being penniless. — "Broke Teeners," Albany, W.A.

Smarten up suede

HERE is a hint for girls who have worn the pile off their suede shoes. First get a piece of steel-wool and rub briskly where the suede has worn off until the suede appears again. Then hold them for a few seconds in the steam from a boiling kettle. This brings up the pile and you will be amazed at how your shoes look new again, with no trace of the suede ever having worn off. — "Suedette," Gippsland, Vic.

Geography fun

RECENTLY I was included in a party of 16 pupils, two teachers, and one parent who travelled to the Lamington National Park, Queensland, for a geography excursion. The general aim of the trip was the observation and description of geographical features. We stayed at a lodge and in three days undertook walks of eight, 13, and 18 miles. Our party was organised into groups of cartographers, geologists, ecologists, and town planners, and each party was posed a series of problems which had to be studied and reported during the excursion. We worked on these assignments each night after dinner, drawing maps of relief, land use, collecting rock specimens, and studying other interesting aspects of geography. The final reports, when completed, were collected into a book, along with photographs, and kept in the school library. — Jan Jarrett, Ballina, N.S.W.

Carry on cadets

WITH the cessation of National Service training I think that cadet training in secondary schools should become compulsory. It provides an introduction to military training which would be of considerable value in the event of a future war involving Australia. As a cadet, a boy learns discipline. With advancement in the cadets he gains self-confidence, and his abilities as a leader and instructor are developed. — "Cadet," Fairfield, N.S.W.

Color problem

I AM married and have two small boys, and my husband and I are thinking of adopting a little half-caste or full-blooded aboriginal. We can afford to dress her well and educate her like a white child. The only worry is how would white teenagers treat her when she joined their socials, dances, church groups, and schools. Could readers tell me how they would behave to a colored sister if their mother adopted one, and their feelings towards having a dark member of their social group? I would not adopt one if I thought she was going to be a social outcast among white people of her own age. — "Black and White," Bathurst, N.S.W.

Fashions at 30

RECENTLY a group of young-marrieds were gathered together, all of us clad in tapered slacks and thick sweaters. As a trio of young girls, similarly attired, passed by, one was heard to remark: "Wouldn't you think older women would wear dresses or skirts when they go out?" Well — bang went egos! Now I am wondering if this view is held by all teenagers: would you rather see us more sedately dressed, once we pass a certain age limit? I am close to 30 and have a young family — however, my figure is still quite slim, and I like wearing shorts and blouses, or slacks and sweaters, when visiting casually, attending sports gatherings, etc. I would be interested to hear whether you approve of your mums, aunts, etc., wearing clothes like these? — "All For Comfort," Tamworth, N.S.W.

Big brother

MANY girls do not have much good to say for their older brothers, but I have a lot to say for my brother, Tony. He's 17 and ever since Dad died he has been working to keep the family going. He has kept me at school, where I'm now trying to get my Intermediate Certificate. He takes me out every now and then, when he hasn't a date. What else could a girl ask from an older brother? — Ines Mazzon, North Fitzroy, Vic.



Tony Mazzon

Aussie King of the Rock

● Johnny O'Keefe is undoubtedly the most popular entertainer with Australian teenagers.

IN our recent pin-up poll his total vote was two and a half times greater than any other rock singer, film or TV star — Australian or overseas.

Most of his votes came from Victoria, but he polled well in all States. Only in N.S.W. did another rocker — Col Joye — beat him.

Known as "The Wild One," Johnny was the first Australian boy to make good as a rock singer — and now he's making hay.

Just how much he declines to say, but he's certainly one of the highest paid Australian entertainers.

He's toured Australia with several of the visiting big-shot, Big Show singers, and he's made about 20 records, including two LPs. Now he's only got to release a disc for it to make the hit parades.

Johnny climbed to teenage fame as compere of the A.B.C.'s television show, "Six O'Clock Rock," which started in New South Wales and Victoria in February last year and is now seen in all States. The A.B.C. claims it is watched on 200,000 sets each week, which means an audience of well over half a million.

An anti-coed

COEDUCATIONAL schools are absolutely the end as far as trying to study is concerned. Both boys and girls are distracted by each other's presence. I think separate public schools for each sex is much better. — "Teena," Terang, Vic.

In glasses darkly

GIRLS seem to take pleasure in wearing dark sunglasses all the time. Most girls have such lovely eyes that I do think it's a shame. Every time I walk down the street it reminds me of some Eastern land where they must hide part of their faces. It's just like wearing veils. — "Crazycats," Hurstville, N.S.W.

By banana mail

A FEW weeks ago I bought some bananas at a Melbourne barrow and engraved on the skin of one of the bananas was a boy's name and address. A couple of days later I wrote to this boy and received a letter back plus a photo of him and a description of a banana plantation his father owned. Any-one wanting penfriends — buy bananas! — C.H., North Coburg, Vic.

But Johnny does not hog the show. On it he has launched lots of local boys who are now tops with the teenagers. These include Johnny Rebb, Dig Richards, Lonnie Lee, Warren Williams, Lucky Starr, The Delltones, The Crescents, The Graduates, The Allen Brothers, Barry Stanton, Booka Hyland, Rob E. G., and Rhett Walker.

As compere, Johnny is relaxed and butter-smooth — a far cry from his raucous, rowdy Big Show appearances. Teenagers are wondering if this will eventually carry over into his recordings. Will The Wild One turn into The Mild One?

After his headline-hitting car smash a few months ago, Johnny spent quite a time in hospital and then had plastic surgery on his face.

Now he's as good as new, as irrepressible as ever — and the fans are flat out screaming for more.

Rehearsing, recording, appearing on television and local shows make for a pretty crowded calendar, but Johnny's also planning another trip to the U.S.A. later this year.

Johnny, now 23, and his wife, Marianne, have a year-old son, and are expecting another child early next year.

● NEXT WEEK'S pin-up: Col Joye.

Not well-heeled

IT'S time something was done about the substance shoes are heeled with called "leather." This "leather" has a remarkable likeness to a piece of cardboard. Rarely does it last more than a week, and at prices usually between 5/- and 6/- it becomes very expensive. — "I've Had It," Kogarah, N.S.W.

Credit is due

"HIT" singers shouldn't get all the praise for popular songs. What about the lyric and music writers? After all, plenty of people can sing, but not everybody can write music or words to match. — Joan Kishere, Ashburton, Vic.

Public speaking

AUSTRALIAN schools do not place enough emphasis on public speaking and debating. These should be part of the normal curriculum and would help to improve our speech and to rid us of any nervousness. Who knows when you may be called on to speak publicly at short notice? — Jennifer Bond, Newtown, Vic.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — September 28, 1960

Top of the Pin-up Poll



JOHNNY O'KEEFE

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly - September 28, 1960

Teenagers' Weekly - Page 1

Continued overleaf

Other girls' jobs



MARGARET CROALL operating one of the new semi-automatic trunk-line switchboards.

15-year-old becomes trunk-line switch-girl

● Early in January this year a man in a Sydney suburb picked up the telephone, dialled "trunks," and struck terror into the heart of a teenage telephonist.

AS he spoke, the girl sat paralysed — mouth dry, brain reeling as she desperately tried to collect her wits.

She knew what to do, but what was it? Trembling with the effort to control her voice, she said: "Hol . . . hold the line, please."

And that was how trainee telephonist Margaret Croall, of Fairfield, Sydney, survived the "stage-fright" of handling her first trunk call.

"Seems ridiculous now, but was I in a flunk!" she said. "For a split second all my training at a dummy switchboard deserted me."

Today, the tall, slim 15-year-old nonchalantly handles hundreds of calls with never a trace of jitters.

With 664 other shift-work operators she uses equipment costing £2,000,000 at the largest and most modern semi-automatic exchange in the Southern Hemisphere — Sydney's Dalley Street Trunk Exchange.

What made Margaret take to "trunks" for a career? And if she was switchboard inclined, why not a job in an office?

"Well, first, I like telephone work," she said. "It gives me a chance to be among people—or, at least, among their voices."

"And it's fun trying to size up personalities from the smiles or gloom in their voices. I've met several of them subsequently, and was wrong each time, but I keep trying."

The second attraction of Dalley Street for Margaret was the top-notch training course, and—if she passed—the chance of a permanent job with the latest semi-automatic equipment.

If your idea of a modern telephone exchange is hundreds of girls harnessed by heavy headgear to a flashing board, plugging cord-snakes in and out, dialling frantically in a cacophony of "Numberpleasenumbers-please," scotch it.

Six-hour shifts

Nothing could be quieter than Dalley Street, with its operators sitting before 200 table-type boards, silently pressing buttons and pulling switches under the supervision of 60 monitors, 29 supervisors.

Queen of her streamlined table board, Margaret, the modern telephonist, wears a plastic ear-and-mouth piece weighing only four ounces.

When asked for a number, Margaret, with a flick of fingers on a few buttons and switches, engages the semi-automatic "brain" which selects a clear trunk line out of a labyrinth of others.

With a bit more button-pushing the machine quickly has dialler and dialled in a state of blissful togetherness.

The girls work six-hour shifts, between 6.30 a.m. and 11 p.m.

What kind of training made Margaret a proud semi-automatic telephonist and how much more will she need to become a monitor, and finally a supervisor?

She sat for the Commonwealth Public Service telephonists' examination, passed, and joined a class of 12 other teenagers at Dalley Street. Similar batches enrol weekly.

She spent two weeks in theory class, taking notes on technical details, speech, and price dockers, and learning to handle a dummy switchboard.

Under a training supervisor she unravelled its mysteries of lights, sounds, switches, and buttons.

Then another examination pass set her in front of her first live board.

Margaret's annual pay of £359 (17 years and under) would increase each year, without further training, until she got £576 at 21.

But she hopes to do better than that. She plans to sit for her monitor's exam when she's 18, and if she's successful she'll earn a minimum of £745. Two years later, at 20, she hopes to be a supervisor on a salary range of £878 to £988.

Although Sydney's is the largest semi-automatic exchange of its kind in Australia, Margaret could, if she wanted to, work on similar boards in Melbourne or Canberra—the only other centres with this equipment.

Has she any ambitions to join the overseas switch-girls—37 of them—at Sydney's G.P.O.?

Wouldn't she like to guess the personalities of a Parisian or a Muscovite?

"Not really," she said. "I'm happy to be a stay-at-home girl."

How to plan

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● This time next year it will be YOUR turn. It'll be YOU holding the right end of a streamer as the ship pulls out; YOU sipping coffee on the Champs-Elysees; fun-hunting in London; shouting "Ole" at a bullfight. You can hardly wait . . .

YES. One whole year you've got to wait and you've already booked your passage. How will the time ever pass?

Don't worry. If you are really going to DO this trip properly you'll have your time cut out to stop it running away.

There's a lot more to preparing for your trip than the basic finance, passport, booking, vaccination arrangements, and tax clearance.

For if you're going out to meet the world you want to know a bit about it. You want to know where you're going, too.

So at the moment you'd better go back to school with a good atlas and odd spots of any history, geography, and travel books you can get hold of.

The more you learn about places and people before you go the more you'll learn when you get there. Also, your tour plans will spin along more smoothly if you know what is available and where.

Now, what do you read? Of course, you could struggle through endless classical tourist guides, but you can get the modern, more practical approach to travelling in Fodor's "Woman's Guide to Europe" and "Men's Guide to Europe," which cost 41/6, or in "Europa Touring," a fairly hefty but very comprehensive guide, with road maps, which sells at 57/9.

For lighter, but still enlightening, reading, try Ruth McKenney's "Here's England," at 15/6, and her "Far, Far From Home."

If you intend to tour Europe—and who doesn't?—you'll need a good map. The Rand McNally "Imperial Map of Europe," for only 10/9, showing rail routes, roads, and international boundaries, is a good buy.

And for the British Isles you couldn't go wrong with "Hotels and Restaurants in the British Isles," a detailed touring handbook published by the British Travel Association. This can be bought at the B.T.A. office in Sydney for 7/6.

The B.T.A. also puts out detailed booklets on what to see and do in Britain, which are available free of charge. And for the Continent there are a swag of cheap paper-backs on various countries. The "Blue" series is good.

Another line of cheap booklets giving a guide to European countries is the "Trans World Airways" series called "Travel Tips on Spain (France, Italy, etc.)." These cost 4/9. On the whole, however, you needn't worry too much about specific information on places. Wait till you get there and buy a guide-book on the spot.

MAKE A PLAN

The next step in your preparations is to browse through as many brochures as you can lay hands on. This will whet your travel appetite to the point where waiting seems unbearable, and it will be terribly confusing. But it will give you a good grounding on which to base THE PLAN of your year abroad.

This plan is essential to a smooth-flowing trip—travelling is hard work, even under the most organised of schemes.

So what you want to decide BEFORE you leave is:

- What you want to do.
- When you want to do it—and how.
- How much it will cost.

This does not mean that you have to have a rigid itinerary all mapped out, for you never know what else might turn up when you get there. But it is a good idea to have a general plan on which to build the more exciting details.

Young People!
travel economically
— book through

ELDERS
TRAVEL SERVICE



ELDER, SMITH & CO., LIMITED
Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne,
Brisbane, Perth—
and 200 branches throughout Australia

that TRIP ABROAD

And discuss your tentative plan with a travel agent or bank travel adviser. He will be able to suggest alternatives, and even work out a rough itinerary and price estimate.

Now you've got your plan, and you're faced with the interminable, "What shall I wear?" Best to start tackling this early so there'll be no last-minute packing scramble.

What DO you need for one year's travelling through dozens of countries, dozens of climates? Is it not better to take as few clothes as possible and buy them when you get there?

No, it's not. Although clothes are cheaper in England than they are in Australia, you'll find it'll be hard to part with your hard-earned money when you get there. There's so much else to do with it.

Also, shopping in a foreign city—even in English-speaking London—is pretty hard work. You don't know where to go to get exactly what you want, and you don't know how much you should pay for it, as you do in the local store at home.

Another thing to keep in mind is that your year abroad won't be nearly as dressy as it would be at home. As a tourist you can wear out your old clothes and no one cares. They haven't seen them before and won't again probably.

If you do have some spare money at the end of your trip, splash on a new wardrobe, by all means. Half your luck!

But it's your immediate wardrobe that worries you now. To reconcile that jolly old maxim "He who travels lightest, travels fastest" with the fact that you'll need both winter and summer clothes, here is a suggested list:

WHAT TO TAKE (For girls)

- 1 towel
- 1 hand towel
- 1 bottle antiseptic
- 1 pair shortie pyjamas
- 1 pair winter pyjamas
- 1 lightweight dressing-gown
- 1 sailcloth sunhat
- 2 sets cool underwear
- 1 pair bedsocks
- 2 pairs winter woollen pants
- 1 woollen spencer
- 1 pair woollen socks
- 1 pair summer socks
- 1 pleated wool skirt
- 1 wool jacket and straight skirt (or dress and jacket)
- 1 heavy-knit sweater
- 2 twinsets
- 2 drip-dry blouses
- 1 sunblouse
- 1 pair of shorts
- 2 pairs slacks (one winter, one summer)
- 1 plastic raincoat
- 1 umbrella

- 2 bathing-suits
- 1 topcoat (suitable day or night)
- 1 short topcoat
- 3 cotton dresses
- 1 cocktail dress and jacket
- 1 pair black suede high-heeled shoes
- 1 pair kid pump shoes
- 1 pair high-heeled sandals
- 1 pair flatties
- 1 pair winter walking shoes
- 2 scarves (one silk square, one long woollen wrap-around)
- 1 plastic bag for nail-polish bottles
- 1 small handbag (suitable day or evening)
- 1 large carry-all bag (for camera, passport, sandwiches, etc.)
- 1 shoe-cleaning kit
- 1 small sewing kit
- 1 pair leather gloves
- 1 pair nylon, cotton, or dacron gloves

DON'T TAKE sporting equipment like tennis racquet or riding gear. You can hire these if you need them. And don't take a long evening dress. These are rarely worn in Europe, and you'll find a cocktail dress (without jacket) or a ballerina will fit all occasions.

DON'T BUY an expensive make-up travelling box. A sponge bag, filled with plastic bottles of cosmetics, is much more packable and practical. Similarly, a soft cloth bag for jewellery is better than a large hard box.

DON'T TAKE too many full skirts. They're a devil to pack, iron, and wash.

But you **CAN TAKE** a little folding stool (marvellous for perching on while you're waiting to watch a "great event" like a royal procession), your ski-ing parka or waterproof windjacket, several folding coat-hangers, a hot-water bottle, about three yards of string (for a clothesline or whatever), a



DAY-DREAMING about exotic places is easy to turn into reality — if you plan ahead.

writing compendium (for insurance policies as well as letters), and plastic tape.

All this should pack into two suitcases, one big (preferably expanding) and one fairly small that you can take away for weekends.

Pack all your clothes in the big case, and your shoes, accessories, and bits and pieces in the other.

The above list is ideal if you're travelling by ship, but if you plan to fly you won't be able to take so much.

First-class passengers are allowed 66lb. of luggage, and tourist class 44lb. Overseas airlines have a recommended list of what to take.

(For boys)

- 5 shirts (one sports, summer; one sports, woollen; three white drip-dry)
- 1 bulky sweater
- 1 light sweater
- 1 pair shorts
- 1 pair bathing-trunks
- 1 pair grey flannels
- 1 dark suit (winter-weight, suitable for evening)
- 1 lightweight suit (drip-dry

- type best)
- 1 sports coat or reefer jacket with brass buttons
- 3 pairs nylon-type socks
- 1 pair black shoes
- 1 pair suede or sporty shoes
- 1 pair sandshoes or thongs
- Ties (at least one sports, one formal)
- 2 pairs pyjamas (one summer, one winter)
- 3 sets underwear (two summer, one winter)
- 1 plastic raincoat
- 1 woollen overcoat
- 1 umbrella
- 1 scarf
- Handkerchiefs
- 1 elastic clothesline
- 1 lightweight dressing-gown

DON'T TAKE a dinner jacket unless you're travelling first-class and hitting the high spots. Your dark suit will be an adequate substitute.

DON'T BUY sleeping-bags, sports goods, or "rough" clothes before you go. You can buy them cheaper at the Army disposal stores in London, and a sports suit can be tailored for you in London for under £10 stg.

So . . . packing is organised, and your passport, money—at LEAST £500—vaccination certificate, and insurance policy covering your luggage are in your pocket. Your return passage is booked — THIS is very important. You're nearly ready to go.

But wait! Where are you going to live when you arrive? It's far, far better to organise this before you take off.

You're travelling to London first, presumably. And you've taken an "off-season" passage because, let's face it, it's much cheaper.

There's a sound reason for that price reduction. Expect the temperatures to be nearing round the 40 degrees mark. Expect the Londoner's attitude to you to match the weather conditions.

So you will need some cheerful accommodation to creep into. Even if it's only temporary, you'll want to book it before you leave home, and the knowledge that it's there will be a load off your parents' minds, if not yours.

WHERE TO STAY

Try the Overseas Visitors' Club. They have an office in every Australian capital, and can cope with accommodation for 4000 in London — 1500 in club buildings, the rest in accommodation found by the club staff.

It will cost between 13/6 and 26/- sterling (depending on your taste for luxury) for bed and breakfast. Weekly rates are from 35/- to 65/-.

(All these rates are given in sterling; 20/- sterling equals 25/- Australian.)

The Non-Commercial Accommodation Service, run by the British Travel Association, keeps a register of pleasant and reliable private homes which take in overseas "paying guests." If you write to them, c/o the British Travel Association, 64-65 St. James' Street, London S.W.1, it would be courteous to enclose a postal international reply coupon.

If you prefer a hotel, there's a comprehensive list, with all relevant details, in the B.T.A. book "Hotels and Restaurants in the British Isles," mentioned earlier. Prices range from 18/- a day for bed and breakfast up to whatever you can afford to pay. £1 a night is average.

Don't worry about permanent accommodation until you get there. You'll find London teeming with flat agencies, and the rent of a nice bed-sitting-room is about £2/10/- a week if shared with a friend, or £3/3/- for a single.

● **NEXT WEEK:** What to do when you get there.

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 5



COOL PRETTINESS— to make from a pattern



● In step with current fashion, these young and pretty summer dresses are specially chosen to make from a pattern. Address orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



5796. — One - piece (left) designed to take a round of summer doings in its stride. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



5799. — Tailored one-piece has belted waistline and pleated skirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra by Bill Sawyer

● Introducing Sandra — a girl with a sweet disposition headed for unexpected adventures. Her story begins this week.



RIVETS

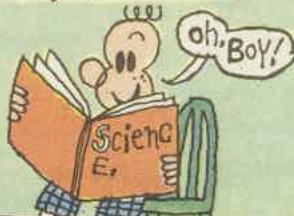


Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly —
September 28, 1960 Family Comic — Page 1

JACKY'S DIARY

by Jacky Mendelsohn
Age 32½.

Yesterday I read
a book on How
Lightning works,



oh, Boy!

Lightning is
Elektrisity
which falls
out of the
sky on
to the
ground.



an other thing is
when a Lightning
falls it ALWAYS
Looks for a
Good Conductor.



P.S:

imagin how fast it
would go if it didn't
Half to stop & Zig Zag!

it 1st was discovered by BENJ.
FRANKLIN while he was out flyi-
ng a Kite.



Lightning travels
ABOUT 22 MILES A
2nd.



if a Lightning hits
you, you COULD BE-
come ELEKTRA CUTE.
THIS is how you get
Sudden Fried Chick-
en.



this is why PEOPLE ORPHAN PUT
UP LIGHTNING RODS on they're
HOUSES. Espeshully Conductors.



THATS WHY you should-
nt EVER go out in A
THUNDER STORM, un-
LESS you CARRYING
a Lightning Rod.



ADD VICE for
CHILDREN:

There's a SAYING that says Light-
ning never STRIKES TWICE in the
SAME PLACE. So get your PARINTS
to MOVE some PLACE where they
all READY
Had it. Jacky.

TIZZY By Galbraith



"This is a movie camera! Don't just stand there!"

BUTCH



"We shouldn't go leaving her think
it's mice she heard. The poor lady
will be up all night."

SIDE GLANCE



"My mother
second piece
she didn't kn
a little ca"

MAN IN APRON

By Larry



Copyright

OUR NEW SPACE STRIP

● The year is 2000. Chris Welkin is a leader among men who have conquered space. In atomic-powered rocketships he explores space, visits planets, and discovers strange men who live on them—some friendly, some bent on conquest. Each week Chris Welkin and his fellow planeteurs, including his beautiful earthly girl-friend, Amaiza, will journey 50 years into space to encounter thrilling experiences operating from the planeteur base, Atom City, U.S.A., and from the space station which has been set up in outer space. In this week's adventure a strange smooth meteor lands on earth not far from a young couple walking in the woods.



THIS SCENE IS ON EARTH. BESSIE MCGONIGLE, A SCHOOL TEACHER, AND ADAM PEEVY, HER BOY FRIEND ARE WALKING IN THE WOODS IN THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY WHERE THEY LIVE.



TEENA[®] BY Lilla Terry



MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and NARDA and LOTHAR are on an expedition in the foothills of Mt. Arat. Narda is intrigued by the natives' camera-shyness, and Mandrake explains that it is based on a fear that they will lose their spirit in the camera. Meanwhile, in a village, a photographer takes a picture of the headman. Seconds after the photo is taken he becomes petrified. The photographer rides off with a gold-laden mule, the price for the headman's life. NOW READ ON:





5797. — Sweet and cool bare-armed one-piece (far left). Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

5798. — Front-buttoned classic (left) with double box - pleats in shirtline. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



5795.—Shirtmaker with flowery ribbon trim. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 5½yds. 5in. ribbon for trim. Price 4/6.



5926.—Cowl collar and circle skirt are prettily combined in this one-piece. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

Marriage lottery

"I AM a 16-year-old girl and my friends say that I am very attractive. I have won several beauty contests in our district. I am thinking of marriage. Two boys are chasing me at the moment, one is not good looking but has plenty of money, the other is very handsome but never has a penny in his pocket. Which one should I go out with?"

"Combination," Qld.

Why not run a lottery in the district naming the unlucky winner as your escort? You sound like the original calculating female. I pity anyone who falls for you.

Knock-around girls

"I AM a 12-year-old girl, and I knock around with three other girls of my own age. I and two of the other girls are allowed to go to any school function or pictures by ourselves, and are allowed to stay until the finish. The fourth friend has to leave the school socials between 10 and 10.30 p.m., when her father calls for her. This happens everywhere she goes. The other three of us usually come home in the bus or a taxi, as we all live close to one another. When we go to the pictures, we usually go for a walk up the main street, and then go straight back to the picture theatre. Our other friend is not allowed to do this when she comes with us, because her parents say we meet boys on the corner. This is not true. Recently our fourth friend's mother told us she was not allowed to come out with us any more. We want to stay friends with this girl, but because of her our fun is limited. What should we do? Keep on asking

if she can come out with us, or not ask her, and hope her parents will soon change? Also, do you think we are spiteful in saying our fun is limited when we are with her? Is her mother being too tough on her daughter and us by not allowing her to come out with us any more?"

"Wondering," Vic.

It is not your girl-friend's mother who is being tough on you, it is yourselves. You shouldn't be allowed the freedom you appear to have, because you don't know how to use it.

At 12, you should be in bed not later than 9 most nights, sleeping happily so that the next day you can work well in school, play well, and do your chores well after school. You should not be attending school socials at night, and you should attend pictures only occasionally at weekends escorted by your parents. Girls of 12 should not be allowed out anywhere at night by themselves.

And talking about the pictures. Tell me, why do you walk up the main street and back during interval if it is not in the hope of meeting and talking to boys? You girls are so silly, you are storing up years of trouble for yourselves—working to be popular girls, the wrong kind of popular girls, the ones whose popularity is questionable. Your friend who has been forbidden to go out with you will be much happier than you other three.

Leave her alone. Don't keep asking her out. When she is older she will go out and enjoy herself with the sort of boys you'd enjoy to go with but probably won't be able to—they probably won't ask you because the three of you have been known for years as girls who hang round boys on street corners ready for anything.

You girls should take time out and

think over just what you are doing. Growing up is a happy business if you take it quietly and gently, and don't rush into adult situations when you're only little girls, as you are.

Unwanted twin

"MY girl-friend has a twin sister. I like her, but my girl-friend and I would sometimes like to be alone, although the three of us girls are all the same age. The trouble is she insists on tagging behind everywhere we go. She doesn't have any friends, and finds it hard to make friends. She won't take a hint when we tell her she isn't wanted. What are we to do?"

"Fed-up," S.A.

Be kind to her. Nothing is worse than being the odd man out, and it must be particularly awful when you're a twin and your sister deserts you and leaves you in this predicament.

Twins are generally said to be happier when they find separate friends and lives, but often this does not happen till they marry, and even then it is often quite a wrench to them.

Why don't you two, who have no difficulties making friends, try to help the left-out twin? You could find a fourth girl to come along on your outings, and it wouldn't be so obvious that one girl was not wanted. It would be nice if you tried to help her, and it would make you all feel much happier.

Discolored teeth

"I AM 14 years old, and find that my teeth do not help my appearance, hindering both my smiles and looks. Until recently I didn't take much notice about my grooming, but lately, since I've been caring more, I find my teeth are not up to standard. Although I've had a dental check-up recently, they're still rather a yellowy-grey color, far from the dazzling white you see on toothpaste ads. I take good care of them now, but they still don't get any whiter. I was wondering if you could advise me of any way that I could improve my discolored teeth. Also my figure is 34, 26, 37, and I would like to get my waist and hips down at least three inches. However, Mum says it is not correct for a growing girl to diet. Could you please enlighten me?"

"Teenager," W.A.

Go to your dentist and ask him to teach you to clean your teeth. It is a very hard and very specialised job that few people ever learn to do really properly. Most people make the motions and go through the day with tell-tale grey teeth quite happily. Most dentists have a pamphlet about teeth-cleaning that teaches you expertly.

For a start, I would ask your dentist to clean your teeth. I don't mean with a toothbrush. I mean the way they do them professionally with gooey stuff and brushes on the drill which make them shades whiter.

Then follow this with regular teeth-cleaning the pamphlet way. This is what makes your teeth white. They will never be as dazzling as they could be until you brush them thoroughly after every meal. And don't tell me you can't do them after lunch at school. You can if you really want to.

I should warn you that some people are born with whiter teeth than others; others have more color in them that makes the white less bright.

As your mother says, stringent dieting is indeed bad for young teenagers, but eating the correct food is not.

Too many cakes, sweets, pastries, and chocolates between meals are often

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

Are you kind to your records? Their four enemies are heat, dust, careless handling, and worn needles.

Never leave a record on the turntable when it has finished playing. With the current still on and the lid closed, the heat generated can warp your record beyond repair. Strong sunlight shining through a window is equally dangerous.

Keep your records spotlessly clean and free from dust. Each time you play them wipe them over with a slightly damp cloth—or buy a specially treated cleaning cloth and do it every six or seven times.

Your fingers must never touch the playing surfaces. Hold and lift by the edges only. Always store the records in plastic bags inside their cardboard sleeves—never put them straight into the cardboard packet.

Stack your records upright on a shelf—NOT stacks-on-the-mill fashion on the floor. If the shelf isn't quite full you can keep them upright by packing a few books in, too.

Now the records are in apple-pie order, how about checking the gramophone needle?

A worn or chipped needle can do more damage than all the other record enemies.

A sapphire needle, which costs about 13/-, gives approximately 30 hours' playing time. Then it must be replaced. A diamond needle, priced from £4 up, is really much more economical—it will give from 1000 to 1500 hours' playing time.

And to keep the needle dust-free, a gentle dusting with a fine camel-hair brush is just what is needed.

what makes a teenager too fat. Try replacing these things with fresh fruit, and take meat and a big salad of lettuce leaves, tomatoes, celery, and whatever other salad things are about, and two pieces of fruit to school for lunch instead of sandwiches.

You should take 4oz. of lean meat, or if no meat, two hard-boiled eggs, or two ounces of cheddar cheese with the salad. Top it all with a glass of milk (not a milkshake), and you'll feel fine, and in no time will start to shape up the way you want to.

I forgot to tell you, put your salad in a plastic bag or screw-top jar and it will carry beautifully.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



A GUY stages OLYMPICS AT HOME

● You know, I feel darned sorry for all those people who paid to see the Rome Olympics.

FOR it was really only a waste of time and money (although I'm prepared to admit that with all those pretty Italian girls around I suppose it was worth a few lira to be a leerer!)

Why do I suggest that, sport-wise, the Games weren't Rome and hosed? Simply because they were (and still are) on at home, right under people's noses—and for free!

Here's my report of a typical Home Games, which I call an Olympiad (air) . . .

Actually my fun and Games are pretty similar to the official thing.

For instance, at the start, my opening ceremony is climaxed by the entrance of a love-sick girl "carrying a torch." She sets fire to her old flame. Brother, is that an elimination heat!

Then comes the first event. In this we line up a bunch of girls with lipsticks and mirrors. The starter fires her perfume spray—and they're off! The idea is to see which lass can put on her mouth make-up quickest.

Records are always being broken. One girl has even painted her pout in three minutes, 58 seconds. That's known as breaking the four minute smile!

Another dramatic event sees a batch of belles in a crowded train carriage competing against each other to see who can play her transistor radio (tuned to rock-'n-roll) the loudest. This is a medley event—and how that medley lingers on!

Then my Games have an event similar to the traditional discus business. Only I call it discuss-throwing; competitors with muscular mouths toss gossip around.

In this event there are relays—girls relay the latest rumors to each other! (Discuss-throwing is also known as "baton the breeze"!)

An equally great spectacle is when a clutch of catty females fight it out. This, of course, is a "scratch" race!

My Games events aren't all on the one cinder (ella) track, however. Not by a long shot (put).

We take the plunge with swimming, and in this field a big draw is the women's (social) butterfly race!

Next on the card, girls who get off their bikes because they can't get men on to a bicycle built for two set off on a pursuit race. Guess what they're pursuing!

One of the most glamorous highlights of my Games is an equestrian event in which girls put (clothes) horses through the (petticoat) hoops. This is called dressage!

Then comes rifle and pistol sport. One event is called shooting (a line) and only small bores can enter!

So you reckon my Games are all at sea? Very well, I'll keep it that way and throw in a rowing race. We have double skulls—for two-faced girls, of course!

—Robin Adair

GAY FOR A GIRL

● This endearing little hairdo is made-to-order for the quite young girl—of 13, 14, or 15 years—who is on the lookout for a style that looks equally right for schooldays and weekend outings as well.

IT'S called the "long vamp," and looks it, as you'll soon discover when your special beau sees you wear it for the first time.

The "long vamp," smooth at the crown and with a delicate fringe and standaway ends (all shown in the pictures below), is easy to achieve with clean, biddable, well-brushed hair. Set it this way:

FRONT: Make a panel of hair on the top and turn forehead bangs under in one large roller. Then wind two very thick rolls with the remainder of hair, on top—turned backward. Three very large rolls are turned under on each side.

BACK: Separate hair into large clumps from side to side (don't part in centre-back). Four large rollers are used on the naturally heavy side of the hair, up-and-down-rolled towards the ear. Two are rolled in the opposite direction up-and-down on the short (or thin) side of the hair.

Brush and brush this hairdo to get the line, the shine, and the fluffy young look. A soft permanent will hold it prettily.





ELVIS PRESLEY

Successful people are not copy-cats —
they have something new to offer.
So why try to be just another Bardot,
another Presley? You, too, can . . .

BE DIFFERENT

BRIGITTE BARDOT

By MARCH WINGATE

● When I turn to the front page of my teenage autograph book, I read some very tuneful advice put there by a musical friend some years ago. It still seems to strike the right chord.

*B Sharp if you must, but B Natural always,
Or you'll B Flat and B Minor the rest of your days.*

YES, boys and girls, that's your key. Be natural, be yourself, establish your own personality.

Don't be a faded carbon copy of someone else or people just won't bother to read you right.

When the boss looks round for a leader he'll class you as a follower and overlook you.

In fact you might as well go the whole way and BE DIFFERENT. There's only one YOU in the world, so you are different from everyone else.

When you copy someone else's appearance and mannerisms, you immediately acknowledge that hero as your superior.

Even if you become a perfect copy of your hero you're still only an imitation, not the real thing.

What's the point of merely being an echo chamber for someone else's ego, when you have a perfectly good personality all of your own?

When you comb your hair like Kookie or pout your lips like Brigitte, remember all the time that you're YOU, and the act might not suit you one little bit.

Frightened by Bardot

A few years ago every second girl looked as if she'd been frightened by Audrey Hepburn. Now they've all been frightened by Bardot.

Yes, frightened, because they're afraid to be different.

Lots of young people wear away years of their lives in a frustrated

struggle to be the same as somebody else — whether it's a film star or the person at the next desk.

Girls make themselves quite miserable trying to get their hair and eyebrows to go the same way as the boss' secretary's go . . . when Nature didn't intend them to go that way at all.

Why not set your own style and let the others follow you? It's far more fun.

Boys save and scrimp and search the shops for a shirt or pullover exactly the same as their friend's — or Johnny O'Keefe's.

Nothing else will do. It has to be exactly the same.

But why, oh, tell me why?

"Copied my dress"

Some boys yearn into the mirror, trying to get the "executive look" of their boss. Not such a bad idea, but why be just the same? Why not blend a bit of the boss' and a good strong dash of your own individuality as well?

It's not always flattering to be copied, either. No, sir.

The other night I saw a lovely teenage girl actually throw herself into her father's arms and weep. She was dressed for dancing and had just come from the telephone.

"Sandra's copied my dress again," she whailed. "My dress, EXACTLY the same. I can't wear it now."

Her father patted her pretty head and sympathised: "Never mind, honey,

she'll never look as nice as you in it. You go ahead and wear it."

How true! Sandra would not be the mirror image she fancied herself to be. She'd just be an insipid copy of the lovely girl whose brains she enjoyed picking.

I found myself hoping that Sandra would look plain silly ridiculous, and I don't usually hope that about anybody.

Find yourself first. Get a hand-mirror and go up to the longest mirror in the house. Turn around and inspect yourself critically, side, back, and front.

What do you add up to and which is your best stance? Get into the posture which makes you look your best and then say: "This is Bill Brown. No more stooped shoulders, and off with that Elvis haircut tomorrow. What made me think I ever looked like Elvis, anyway? From now on I'm myself."

Also, there's no need to follow the crowd or keep up with the Armstrong-Joneses as it were.

When you're first setting out it's a good notion to watch some well-schooled person and see how they act. But this can sink in without blotting out your own character.

You smoke twenty a day just because John Smith does? You're mad.

You blacked your eyes to resemble your favorite star? She wouldn't be flattered, because she doesn't go down to the supermarket looking like that.

All the crowd are going to the



concert and you think your life will be wrecked if you don't go along, even though you're overspent already this week?

Your life won't end, take it from me. "I'll stay home and think about you all," you say firmly. "I have some money to save or it's the Debtors' Prison for me."

Jealousy danger

To copy slavishly is to set the stage for jealousy. It means that when your idol eventually achieves something which is quite definitely beyond your reach you start to get huffy because you can't have it too.

Then the green eye of the little yellow god persuades you to fall out with a former friend.

So, have the courage of your convictions and be different right from the word go.

LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

Pat Boone goes Western

● First release from Pat Boone since his triumphant recent visit here is a London single coupling a real winner, "Candy Sweet," with a real-gone Western, "Delia Gone."

THE last one's something different for Pat, who now seems determined to break out of the romantic-ballad field and show his undoubted versatility.

He's now back in Hollywood before the cameras in "Warm Bodies" (a title almost certain to be changed before release); the first of three films he's to make for Fox. "Bachelor's Baby" and "State Fair" are to follow.

With a schedule like this ahead, it's no wonder that Pat sent that spur-of-the-moment cable telling wife Shirley and the children to join him for an unexpected holiday in Hawaii on his way back from Australia.



Pat Boone

Local talent: Anyone who's still wondering which of the two "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" singles to buy, Col Joye (Festival) or Ricky Nelson (London), could let the flips decide them.

Col's "Just Give Me Love" has that special mixture of bright, relaxed charm that is our boy's speciality. Ricky's teen-ballad "I'm Not Afraid" is serious and sorrowful.

A TEEN single brings Ray Melton back with a slow romantic ballad, "Is It Wrong To Be Right?" and "Sing On, Baby," a more catchy one with a steady beat.

Pops: The sparkling National Singers, U.S.A., do a good job on the Popular Record Club's first two EPs — "Top Hit Tunes," No. 1 holds "Itsy-Bitsy Teenie Weenie," "Josephine," "Tell

Laura I Love Her," and "I'm Getting Better." No. 2 offers "When Will I Be Loved?" "Trouble in Paradise," "Please Help Me, I'm Falling," and "Only the Lonely."

You already probably know the National Singers through their excellent work for the Club's LP series, "Tops in Pops."

ONE of the most delightful things to have come along in ages is Chinese girl Tsai Chin and her "Ding Dong Song," from the musical "The World of Suzie Wong." Tsai was the star of the London production. On the flip she sings an appealing little Chinese song, "The Second Spring." (Decca 45.)

STILL another singer looking round for something different is Paul Evans. Paul's new one, "The Brigade of Broken Hearts," makes use of a military beat to tell the story of the guys who are let down by their girls (London 45). Flip tells what happens when the girl you love is one of "Twins."

CHIEF spokesman for the old gun-toting West, Marty Robbins, repeats his million-seller formula with "More Gunfighter Ballads" (Coronet LP). Likely favorites are "Streets of Laredo" and Marty's own "Ride, Cowboy, Ride." If you're looking for another "El Paso," listen carefully to "Five Brothers."

FOR some bongo playing that's both dynamic and dreamy, Preston Epps' "Bongo



Bob Newhart



FRANK IFIELD nurses a baby kangaroo as he sings fellow-Australian Rolf Harris' song "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" at last month's London Radio Show. The audience enjoyed playing the accompaniment on wobble-boards, the "instrument" which Rolf invented.

Rock" (Top Rank EP) is the thing to fill the bill.

Humor: Sooner or later we're all going to be Bob Newhart-conscious, so it's just as well to get in on the ground floor with "The Button-Down Mind of Bob Newhart" (Warner Bros. LP). This quiet, soft-sell humorist, who speaks in a polished mid-Western accent, has a classic in "The Driving Instructor" (the learner's a woman). Newhart has been named the best new comedian of the decade, and the disc was America's biggest-selling LP.

Scottish: Any family owning so much as a faded sprig of pressed heather will thrill to the rousing marches, favorite airs, and stirring regimental music played by the pipes and drums of The Royal Scots Greys on a Top Rank LP, "Scotland's Pride." In all, 31 north-of-the-border tunes are introduced. (Mono or stereo.)

Star turn: Standards of the quality of "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year," "Lost in the Fog," and "Tenderly" are the choice of Ella Fitzgerald on her new Verve LP, "Hullo, Love." Ella takes them fairly straight, and lets these lovely tunes speak for themselves, with the result that some of them have never sounded better. The orchestra is Frank DeVols.

Jazz: Interested in the saxophone? Then Warner Bros.' imported LP, "Saxes, Inc.," is for you. Thirteen leading U.S. sax players, among them Coleman Hawkins, Georgie Auld, Al Cohn, and Zoot Sims, show their paces with numbers like "The Gypsy," "Sometimes I'm Happy," and "Sweet and Lovely," specially arranged

for this brassless session in which the sax is king.

THE sound turns swiny and danceable when "Ray Eberle Plays Glenn Miller" (Popular Record Club LP). Former featured vocalist with the Miller band, Eberle leads his orchestra in an appealing batch of Miller-era favorites such as "In the Mood," "Tuxedo Junction," "Deep Purple."

Classical: For those who like to check orchestra, conductor, and composition for quality, the Chicago Symphony, Fritz Reiner, and Beethoven's mighty Fifth Symphony, plus stereo, should be just the thing. (R.C.A. LP.)

A LIGHT classical stereo LP that will find a ready welcome comes from The Roger Wagner Chorale and the Capitol Symphony Orchestra (Capitol). Tracks include Brahms' "Lullaby," Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me," Schubert's "Serenade," and Tchaikovsky's "None But the Lonely Heart."

LAST WEEK FOR CONTEST

THERE'S only a week now for you to enter our Christmas Present Contest.

In the last two issues we have suggested the sort of ideas to submit—so complete your entries and post them in without delay.

We will award £20 for the best idea and four prizes of £10 each to the runners-up. As well, we will give prizes of £5 each for any of the other Christmas suggestions that we publish.

HOW TO ENTER

- Describe the present you've decided to enter in our contest. (You can send in a dozen entries if you like.)
- Give complete how-to-make directions and include the cost of the present—that is, the cost of the materials you've used.
- If you want to, include diagrams or sketches.
- On each sheet of paper that you use, put your NAME, FULL ADDRESS, and AGE.
- Send contest entries to CHRISTMAS PRESENT CONTEST, TEENAGERS' WEEKLY, BOX 7052 WW, G.P.O., SYDNEY.
- Contest closes on September 28.

WORTH HEARING

BEETHOVEN: Fourth Piano Concerto

BEETHOVEN, we are told by those who heard him, was a dynamic pianist as well as a powerfully original composer. He wrote five piano concertos for his own performance, and in the process transformed the piano concerto from a display-piece with orchestral accompaniment into something more like a symphony, in which the piano and orchestra worked together on equal terms.

The massive fifth concerto (nicknamed "Emperor") is probably the most famous of the five, but I prefer the gentler, more lyrical fourth concerto. This music, with all its subtle fancy and good humor, was written in troubled times, when Napoleon's army was occupying Vienna, where Beethoven lived and worked.

One of the greatest of living pianists, Claudio Arrau, has recorded the work with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Galliera (Columbia); there is also a recording by one of the finest of the older generation of pianists, Wilhelm Backhaus, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Krauss (Decca).

—Martin Long

BE REALLY REFRESHED... PAUSE FOR COKE!



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Share the fun . . when you're with someone you like, it's fun to enjoy a Coke together. Only Coca-Cola gives you the cheerful lift that's bright and lively . . . the cold crisp taste that deeply satisfies! Anytime . . . Anywhere . . . Pause . . . for Coke!

FOR THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES



COCA-COLA IS BOTTLED THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA BY INDEPENDENT BOTTLING COMPANIES UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

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UT-OUTS

be a big hit at your next children's
basic cake which is cut out,
or coarsely desiccated coconut, and
four-page feature are five cake
and hints on decorating and frosting.

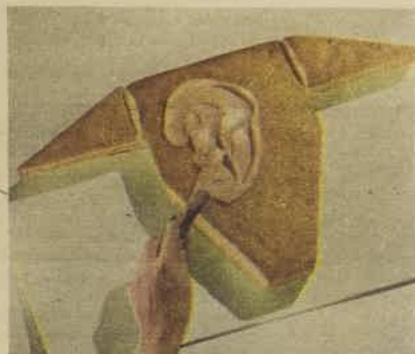


DEERIE THE REINDEER String of bells makes him gay.

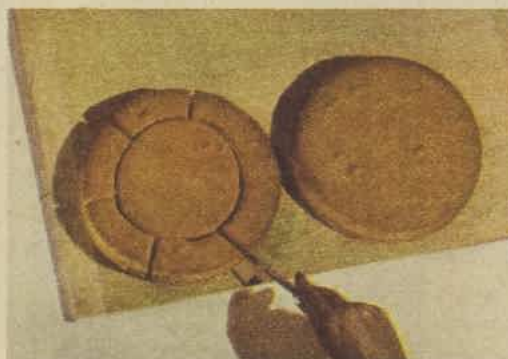


FOR REINDEER
bake 13 x 9 x 2 in.
cake. Measure in
3 in. along short
side and 6 1/2 in. up
long sides from two
corners when
cooled. Cut through
points to make the
two reindeer ears.

PLACE ears on reindeer's
head, then frost gener-
ously with sea-foam frost-
ing (recipe is overleaf).
Use toasted coconut for
face, licorice sticks for
antlers. Decorate as
shown; use red toffee or
fondant stuck with clove
for nose, sweets for eyes.



ELLA THE ELEPHANT A chocolate biscuit makes her ear, and
a twist of licorice her tail. Eye is a jube.



START with two
cooled 9 in. round
cakes. Cut ring 1 1/2 in.
wide from one cake.
Cut out one-third of
this ring for trunk.
Divide remaining
piece of ring into 4
equal parts to form
the elephant's legs.

UNCUT cake is used for
body, small round cut-
out for head. Assemble
elephant as shown, then
spread pink frosting over.
Sprinkle generously with
coconut, which can be
tinted pink (see direc-
tions overleaf). Decorate
with jubes, nuts, licorice.



Continued overleaf

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New Regency-striped tin. So elegant! 3/11

5/11 De-luxe tin features pretty pastel shades.

Continuing **CAKE CUT-OUTS**

Two basic cakes



A BASIC recipe and alternate recipe for our cake cut-outs, icing and frosting recipes, and hints on assembling and decorating the cakes are given below.

In the cake recipes the quantities given are sufficient to make one 13 x 9 x 2in. cake required for Spot the Fox Terrier, Swance the Swan, Perry the Penguin, and Deerie the Reindeer.

Increase the quantities by one half to make the two 9in. cakes needed for Ella the Elephant.

All spoon measurements are level in the following recipes.

BASIC CAKE RECIPE

Six ounces butter or margarine, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 eggs (small), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. plain flour, pinch salt.

Cream butter or margarine with sugar and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flours and salt alternately with milk. Pour mixture into greased tin and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until cooked.

CHOCOLATE SPICE CAKE

Six ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 3 eggs (separated), 10oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon spice, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons drinking chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute with the sugar until light and fluffy, gradually add the egg-yolks and beat well. Sift the flour, spice, chocolate, and salt together, fold into creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold carefully into the mixture. Pour into well-greased slab-tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.



FROSTING AND ICING RECIPES

USE a fluffy-type frosting to cover the cakes so the coconut will adhere to them easily. Two suitable frosting recipes are given below, also a chocolate icing recipe for Perry the Penguin's wings.

SEVEN-MINUTE FLUFFY FROSTING

Combine 2 unbeaten egg-whites, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, and 1 tablespoon golden syrup or

honey in top of double boiler. Beat about 1 minute or until thoroughly mixed. Then place over boiling water and beat constantly 7 minutes or until frosting stands in stiff peaks. Remove from boiling water. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla and beat 1 minute or until thick enough to spread.

SEA-FOAM FROSTING

Combine 2 unbeaten egg-whites, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups firmly packed brown sugar, pinch salt, and 1-3rd cup water in the top of double boiler. Beat 1 minute

or until thoroughly mixed. Then place over boiling water and beat constantly 7 minutes or until frosting stands in stiff peaks. Remove from boiling water. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat 1 minute or until thick enough to spread.

CHOCOLATE ICING

Melt 2 ounces unsweetened chocolate with 2 teaspoons butter over hot water. Blend. Cool slightly and pour from tip of teaspoon over penguin cake, as shown on opposite page.



ASSEMBLING AND DECORATING

WHEN the cake has cooled, first mark out the measured points with toothpicks, and cut out. Then place all the pieces on a plate, platter, or tray before you begin frosting.

If you haven't a tray large enough, use cardboard covered with aluminium foil.

Frost cake pieces together first, then frost all cut edges, leaving tops and uncut edges for last. Spread cakes generously with the frosting, rounding out the corners for proper contours.

When tinting frosting, add food coloring drop by drop to obtain the color you want. Fold in the food coloring—don't beat it in.

Put on the flakes of coconut while the frosting is still moist. Sprinkle the coconut over the top of the cake, then pour a little coconut in the

palm of your hand and gently pat it on the cake's sides until it sticks.

Tinting Coconut: Dilute a few drops of food coloring in a small amount of water in a bowl. Add coconut and toss with a fork until coconut is evenly tinted. Or put coconut in a jar, filling it half-way. Sprinkle diluted coloring over the coconut, then cover jar and shake vigorously until coloring is well distributed. A teaspoon of diluted coloring liquid is enough to tint 1lb. of flaked coconut. Experiment to get the color you want.

To add flavor as well as color, put 1 and 1-3rd cups of flaked coconut in a jar with 1 or 2 tablespoons of jelly crystals (any flavor) and shake vigorously.

Toasting: Spread coconut thinly on a shallow baking-pan. Then place in moderate oven (350deg. F.) and toast 8 to 12 minutes or until delicately browned. Stir coconut

or shake pan often to toast evenly.

Making the Features: Use colored jubes, silver cachous, and strips and pieces of licorice. Chocolate biscuits make the ears of Spot the Fox Terrier and Ella the Elephant. Perry the Penguin's hat and walking-stick are made of licorice.

When cutting jubes or other sticky confectionery for features, use a knife or scissors dipped in warm water to make clean, smooth edges.

A colored jube or a tinted almond can be used for Swance the Swan's beak.

A simple method of tinting almonds is to place the desired amount of blanched almonds into a small bowl and mix in a little food coloring diluted with water; allow them to stand for 5 minutes, then remove and drain well. For even coloring it may be necessary to turn the almonds over in the colored water a few times.

NEXT WEEK: Four pages of spring lamb recipes

DEBONAIR BIRD



PERRY THE PENGUIN He's dressed up with coconut, chocolate icing, licorice, and a pink ribbon bow.



USE baked and cooled 13 x 9 x 2in. cake. From two opposite corners, measure 5½ inches along short sides and 9½ inches along long sides of cake. Cut through points on a curve as shown on cake (left).

CUT OFF 2½in. triangles from corners for feet. From one remaining corner piece, cut head as shown. Assemble all pieces, cover with frosting. Top wings, feet, and part of head with chocolate icing. Swirl coconut over chest, head. Use silver cachou for eye, jubes for buttons and bill.



New "Swept-End" Nylon Broom...



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Above:

HAND BROOM — with 'magnetic-to-dust' nylon tufts and an unbreakable polythene handle. For skirting boards, pelmets, venetian blinds, window sills and for the car. In red, green, yellow.

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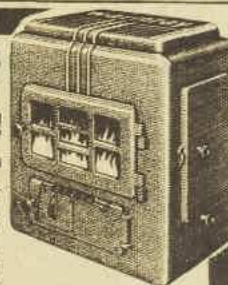
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New ideas on child crime

● An American social worker foresees the day when many schools in America will have a fully trained full-time social worker attached to their staffs.

"It may take several decades to happen," said Miss Dorothy Gage, "but it could be the answer to much juvenile delinquency."

Miss Gage, who graduated from the University of Washington with a Master's Degree in Social Work in 1954, is here as a Fulbright scholar on a year's study of corrective training methods employed in New South Wales prisons and juvenile institutions.

Early signs in children

She says it is not stretching the imagination too far to claim that children who could turn into juvenile delinquents ten or fifteen years hence can be detected when they are five to six years old.

Research is progressing along these lines in America, Miss Gage said.

"With a specially trained person always on hand, detection of children with future criminal tendencies could be made in the kindergarten and their behaviour redirected into constructive channels," she explained.

"Many American authorities hold the view that a teacher's job is to teach and not to detect and treat anti-social behaviour among their pupils.

"A teacher who noticed a tendency to repeated unusual or excessive aggressiveness, or unwillingness to learn, would report the matter to the resident social worker, who would then seek the co-operation of the child's parents for treatment of the fault.

Ironing out the cause

"The child wouldn't be isolated from the class or made to feel different, but perhaps one lesson period a day could be spent with the social worker ironing out the cause of the child's anti-social behaviour.

"The present child-guidance clinics often do not get children with delinquent tendencies early enough, but 'crime control in the kindergarten' could put many potential delinquents on the right road before any harm was done."

Miss Gage, who is of middle height and speaks with a frank, direct earnestness, has devoted a great deal of time to the study of children's behaviour.



● Miss Dorothy Gage, an American social worker, who believes that delinquency tendencies can be detected in children five to six years old.

Guide to social workers

Prevention, rather than cure, of juvenile crime is the aim of the new line of research.

Professors Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, of Harvard University, said Miss Gage, have compiled and are standardising a prediction scale of behaviour of kindergarten children.

This could guide social workers in their job of redirecting child delinquencies into productive and constructive channels.

"But parents will be the key to the system's success," Miss Gage said.

"They must be educated to the idea that it is not a stigma for their children to be helped by a school social worker.

"And that means that there must be more adult educational classes.

"They won't be the classroom variety. Parents don't want to be lectured at.

Four sound influences

"The parent-education will have to take the form of round-table discussions.

"Four influences are essential to children if they are to grow up into normal, healthy teenagers—a good home environment with discipline and affection, a meaningful school life, a sound religious influence, and constructive recreation."

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PRIZE FOR CASSEROLE

● This week our main prize of £5 for a recipe is awarded to a Queensland reader for an interesting and appetising casserole dish made of rabbit.

THE prize recipe, rabbit piquant, is made up of lightly browned rabbit pieces baked in a tasty sauce with the added flavor of chopped celery, gherkin, carrot, and onion.

An economical meat dish, Maltese macaroni bake, a special-occasion cake, and a savory fish dish win consolation prizes of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

RABBIT PIQUANT

One rabbit, 2 tablespoons fat, 3 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups stock or water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon meat extract, 2 teaspoons salt, pinch nutmeg, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 gherkin (chopped), 1 small carrot and onion (diced), 1 stick celery (diced).

Soak rabbit in salted water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Cut into joints and dry each piece thoroughly. Brown rabbit pieces in pan of hot fat and transfer to casserole. Add flour to pan and brown lightly. Gradually add the stock or water, vinegar, sauces, sugar, meat extract, salt, nutmeg, and cayenne pepper. Bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Add vegetables and gherkin. Pour over rabbit in casserole. Cover and cook in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours or until meat is tender.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Ferris, "Hereford Hills," Calliope, Qld.

MALTESE MACARONI BAKE

Half pound macaroni, 1lb. minced steak, 1 medium-sized onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato puree, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups water, salt and pepper to taste, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 1 tomato.

Boil macaroni in plenty of salted water 10 minutes; drain. Meanwhile chop onion and garlic, fry gently in the oil for few minutes or until onion is soft and lightly browned. Add minced steak, season

with salt and pepper, and simmer gently for 30 minutes. Combine tomato puree and the water, add to meat mixture. Cook another 10 minutes. Place the boiled, drained macaroni in well-greased deep baking-dish, pour over the meat mixture. Beat eggs well and fold through the macaroni and meat. Sprinkle top with the grated cheese, and bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Serve very hot, garnished with grilled tomato slices.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Fredericks, 1 Rosewood Rd., Amberley, Qld.

TRUFFLE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 2-3rds cup icing sugar, 6 eggs (separated), pinch salt, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted, finely crushed bread-crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, 4oz. chocolate, mock cream filling, warm strained apricot jam, chopped nuts.

Cream butter or substitute with icing sugar until fluffy. Melt chocolate over hot water and gradually beat in egg-yolks. Mix into creamed mixture. Combine bread-crumbs, coconut, cinnamon, and lemon rind and fold in

SERVED in a colorful ovenproof casserole, this unusual rabbit dish will prove a top favorite with family and friends. See this prizewinning recipe and others on this page.

FAMILY DISH

This week's family dish, baked apricot whirl, makes a satisfying dessert for family dinner. Any type of smooth jam can be used for this pudding, which costs approximately 3/6 and serves 4 or 5.

BAKED APRICOT WHIRL

Two tablespoons good shortening, 3 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon cold milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder (or use 1 cup self-raising flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour), pinch salt, 4 tablespoons apricot jam, 1 cup hot milk.

Beat shortening, sugar, and lemon rind until soft and creamy. Add beaten egg mixed with the cold milk. Work in sifted dry ingredients, making a dry dough. Knead on slightly floured board and roll out to oblong shape about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Spread with apricot jam to within $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of edge. Roll up like a Swiss roll, cut into crosswise slices $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in thickness. Pack, cut-side down, in hot milk in greased ovenware dish. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes until milk is absorbed and pudding lightly browned on top. Serve hot with custard.

smoothly. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, and carefully fold into mixture. Place mixture into 2 greased 8 in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Cool and then join together with

mock cream. Spread with warmed jam and roll in chopped nuts. Pipe rosettes of cream on top and serve.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Marshall, Savoy St., Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

SAVORY FISH AND VEGETABLE BAKE

One pound fresh or frozen fish fillets, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped celery, 1 cup diced par-boiled potatoes, 1 chopped leek or small onion, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon oil or melted butter, paprika, 1 cup tomato puree, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Remove skin from fish fillets (if using frozen fish allow it to thaw a little first). Place the celery, potatoes, chopped leek or onion, and parsley in greased ovenproof dish and sprinkle with salt. Arrange fish fillets on top, sprinkle with oil or melted butter and paprika. Combine the tomato puree with the milk, and pour over the fish in casserole dish. Place in moderately hot oven and bake for 35 to 40 minutes, basting occasionally with the sauce. Serve hot with cooked sweet corn, melba toast, or cheese biscuits.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Higgs, Grantulla Rd., Kallista, Vic.

Hand-knit in cool cotton



PIPED in a contrasting color around pockets and collar, this cotton sports pullover is a winner for the coming summer months.

Materials: 8 (8, 9) oz. Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton No. 8 (white), 1oz. red or any contrasting color (all sizes); 1 pr. No. 12 knitting needles; 1 button, 1 2/0 crochet needle.

Measurements: Bust, 34 (36, 38) in.; length, 22 (22, 22½) in.

Tension: 15½ sts. to 2 in.; 11 rows to 1 in.

BACK

** Cast on 140 (148, 156) sts. and work 22 rows st-st. Make hem on next row, beg. knit 1 cast-on st. tog. with one st. on needle. P 1 row. Now dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 3rd row until 120 (128, 136) sts. rem. Work 48 rows on these sts.

Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 4th row until there are 134 (142, 150) sts. on needles, then work a further 55 (47, 39) rows on these sts., finishing on a wrong-side row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. alt. row 6 times in all, 110 (118, 126) sts. ** Work a further 47 (47, 53) rows.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 6 (6, 0) sts. at beg. of next 12 (6, 0) rows, then 0 (7, 7) sts. at beg. of foll. 0 (6, 12) rows. Cast off rem. sts.

FRONT

Work as for back from ** to **, p 55 (59, 63) sts., turn and work on these sts. only for a further 31 (31, 37) rows.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 9 (10, 11) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every alt. row 8 times.

To Shape Shoulder: Still making 2 (2, 2) more dec. at neck edge as before, cast off 6 (6, 0) sts. at beg. of next and foll. alt. rows 6 (3, 0) times, then 7 sts. at beg. of foll. alt. rows 0 (3, 6) times.

Rejoin cotton at centre and work other side to match.

POCKETS

Cast on 28 (28, 30) sts. and work 50 rows in st-st. Cast off. Work 1 row of double crochet in red cotton all around pocket.

FRONT BAND

Cast on 32 (32, 38) sts. and work 7 rows in st-st, inc. 1 st. at end of 2nd and every alt. row.

8th Row: P 4, cast off 4 sts., p to last st. inc.

Work a further 8 rows, casting on 4 sts. over those which were cast off, and dec. 1 st. at end of 2nd and every alt. row. Work 1 row of double crochet in red cotton all around front band.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out parts to measurements and press under a damp cloth with hot iron. Back-stitch pockets to front of garment. Sew front band to right side of neck opening, placing centre to edge of opening. Work 2 rows of double crochet along left front of opening.

BACK-STITCH SHOULDER SEAMS.

SLEEVE BANDS

With right side facing, pick up and k 110 (110, 118) sts., work 9 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off.

COLLAR

With wrong side facing, pick up and k 40 (40, 40) sts. up left side of neck, 36 (38, 40) sts. across back neck, and 40 (40, 40) sts. down right side of neck.

Next Row: P 42 (42, 42) sts. * Inc. in next st., p 3 *, rep. from * to * 9 times more, p to end of row.

Now work 24 rows in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 4th row. Cast off and work 1 row of double crochet in red cotton around collar.

Back-stitch underarm seams. Press all seams and collar. Sew on button.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers two readers' inquiries about their antiques.

Question: "I would like to know the age of my antique clock. It is a Jacob Petit mantel clock in mazarin-blue glaze and is handpainted. Height is 20 in. On the face of the clock is the wording Valery A Paris and the number 678 on the inside. — Mrs. N. Horton, Wahroonga, N.S.W."



Answer: This beautiful French clock was made in the period 1830-40. Valery was in business in Paris about this time. This clock would have a silk suspension pendulum.

Question: "My silver teapot is heavily engraved in what appear to be plumed scrolls. The hinged lid has small scrolls and flowers. The base bears the marking E.P.B.M. I.S.G. and Co. Would you let me know where and when it was made, please? — Mrs. M. Kelly, Wollongong, N.S.W."

Answer: In Sheffield, England, in about 1870. E.P.B.M. stands for Electro Plate Britannia Metal. Electro-plating reached its peak during this period and many examples still exist. This teapot is a good one of its type and has a most pleasing flowing design.

For information about your antiques, send a photograph of the object, with sketch of any marking, or drawings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

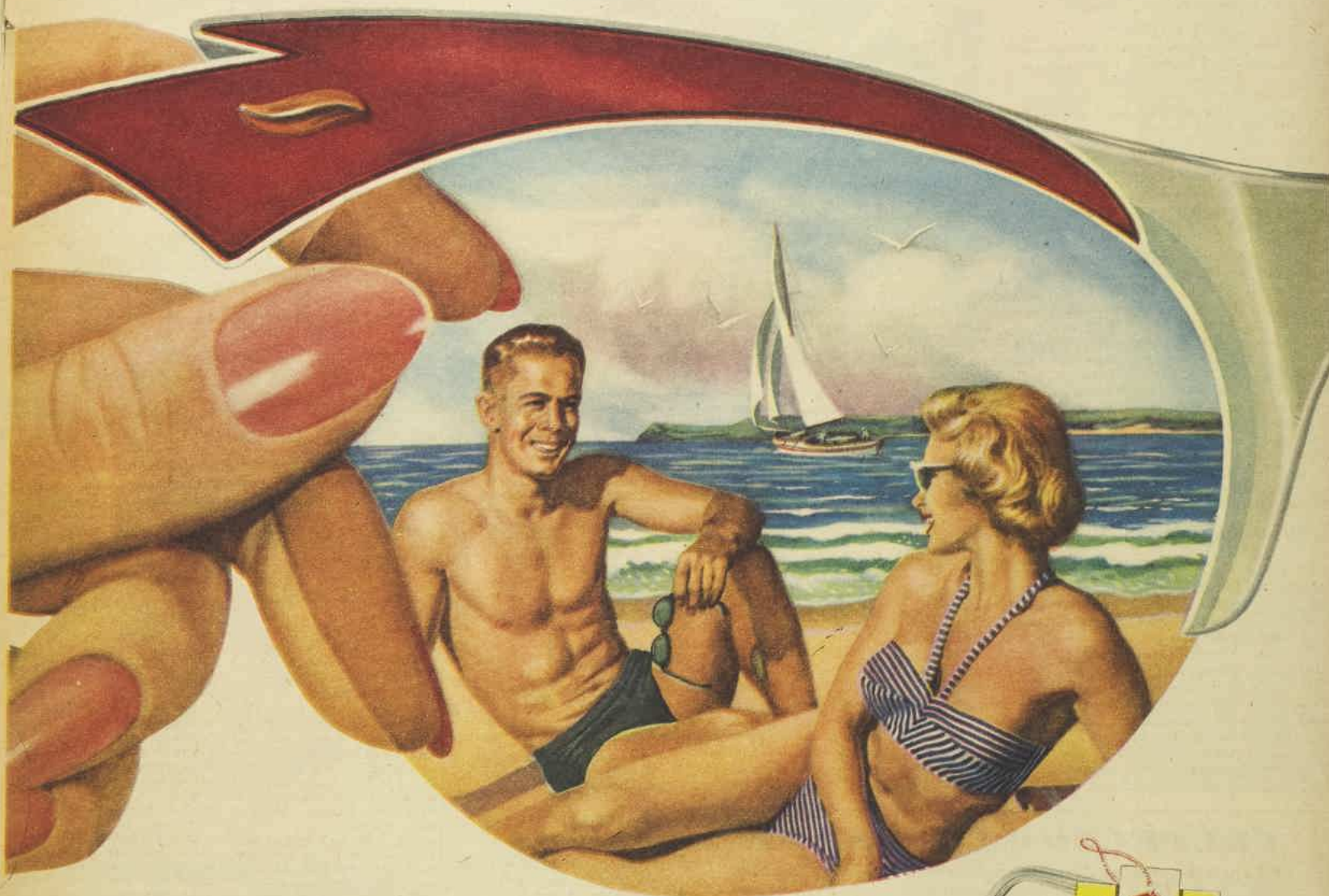


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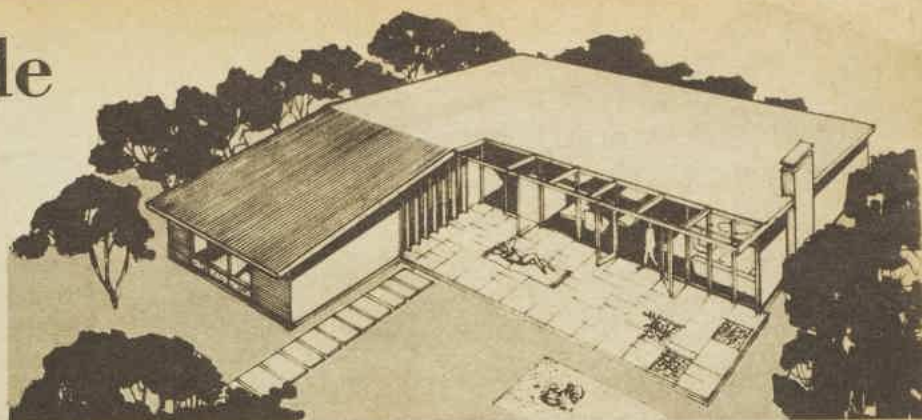
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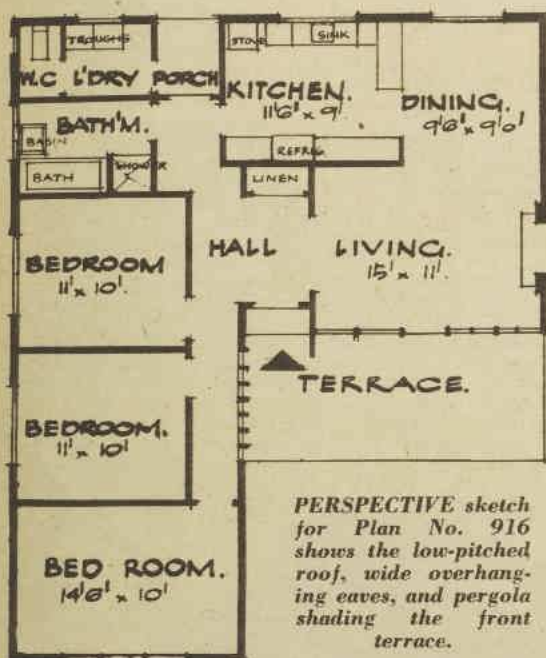
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 28, 1960

Pergolas give shade to wide terrace

● In this plan, No. 916 in our series, wide overhanging eaves shade the windows, and rafters extend over the front terrace to form a pergola, which can be left open, roofed in, or finished with a translucent material to give protection from the weather.



FLOOR PLAN for Design No. 916 shows the spacious living-room opening on to a shaded terrace.



THE house has a low-pitched roof, suitable for any standard roofing material other than tiles.

A spacious living-room opens on to the terrace with double glazed doors, making the terrace an integral part of the family living area.

The well-planned kitchen opens into a dining-room on one side and a small back porch on the other. A small laundry and toilet is conveniently placed next to the bathroom.

Build for view

This home is suitable for a 50ft. or wider block of land, and can be angled at any position to make the most of a view.

Built in timber, the house would cost between £3450 and £3850, and would cover an area of 10.8 squares. In brick it would cost £3600 to

£4100 and cover 11.5 squares.

These prices are approximate only and do not include the cost of your land. For accurate costs on your own land, consult your local Home Planning Centre.

The Australian Women's

Weekly Home Planning Service is under the direction of experienced architects and the Centres are supervised by qualified personnel who will advise you on your building problems.

Skilled advisers on the

staff of the store in which the Centres are located, such as interior decorators, color consultants, and lighting specialists, will assist you in furnishing and decorating your home.

If you have any difficulties with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, return your plans or specifications to the Centres, who will deal with any problems and send your plans back promptly.

The Centres have a wide range of plans from which to choose. Contemporary and traditional styles are available. Plans for each house cost £10/10/- a full set (five copies of full working drawings and three copies of specifications).

Carpports and garages can be incorporated in the design. Add approximately £175 to £250 for a carpport and £235 to £400 for a single brick garage.

ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

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For WHITE shoes... ask for MELTONIAN Spirit White



New favorite:

● Carnations, with their delicate fragrance and lasting qualities, have long been favorites with home and commercial gardeners. One of the newer varieties introduced into Australia is the Sim carnation, which is fast gaining popularity.

BLOOMS of this perpetual-flowering American carnation measure as much as four inches across, and have anything up to 60 petals—compared with the usual 25 petals.

The original Sim carnation was produced from one single seedling in America, just before the war. A Danish nursery (Stormley Hansen, of Copenhagen) then cultivated it on a large scale from American roots and cuttings.

Agriculturist G. F. Purdy, of Mount Tamborine, Qld., introduced it to Australia eight years ago. He imported 600 rooted plants—from Denmark because of dollar restrictions—and got a 90 per cent. strike.

He now has plants flown regularly from Denmark. Within four days of delivery he gets a 100 per cent. strike.

From his imports of Sim carnations Mr. Purdy has "sported" five new varieties—offshoots of the parent flower which occur when transplanted in different soil and climate.

"It's only in its first generation that it sports in this manner," he said. "Once it settles down and becomes an old Australian it seems to conform to type."

"There are 60 sports of the Sim throughout the world, including my five."

Mr. Purdy named one of his sports Lady Slim, with her permission, when the former Governor-General and his wife visited his nurseries.

"We have another sport which has a gorgeous dusky-pink complexion like Princess Alexandra's," said Mrs. Purdy. "We're going to apply for permission to name it after her."

"My wife is my foreman," Mr. Purdy said. "We employ seven people to tidy up the beds and help pick the buds off. People used to think I picked the buds off to prevent anyone striking my carnations, but this is not the case."

"If you want a good flower you must take the other buds off the stem, just leaving the first one."

Orders pour in to Mr. Purdy's nursery from all over Australia for both cut flowers and roots of the Sim carnation. He also sends roots to New Guinea and

New Zealand, packed in peat moss and sealed bags.

"Mine is a quarantine nursery, so I don't have any difficulty," he said.

Pointers to growing Sim carnations:

- Heavy or sandy soil; lime well and manure about 2 months before planting.
- Good drainage is essential; beds should be about 3ft. wide and built up about 6in. above path level.

GARDENING

● Before transplanting fix 5ft. or 6ft. stakes about 18in. apart in beds, and plant about 2in. from stake. When the young plants grow to 6in. tall remove tops to make the bush branch out.

● Never plant too deeply. Only cover the root system and press firmly to secure. Pig-wire rings 32in. high are

recommended to enclose the bush.

● Best means of propagation is by slipping—easy, provided the cutting beds are kept moist until root growth is established. Transplant after about 8 weeks.

● When buds begin to show, remove all except one from each cane, to produce large quality flowers.

● The William Sim.

● Pest prevention. Snails and slugs may be checked with a meta bait. Thrips and aphids are easily beaten by using a proprietary preparation. A fungicide is an excellent deterrent to collar rot and rust. Collar rot, however, is usually caused by bad drainage and planting too deeply.

The number of flowers to each plant over a season can average 70 to 80.

"The Sim's popularity has been amazing," Mr. Purdy said.

"Two years ago I brought back 40,000 plants from the Stormley-Hansen nurseries in Denmark. Of course I've had to lease more land. I can grow 30,000 plants to two acres."

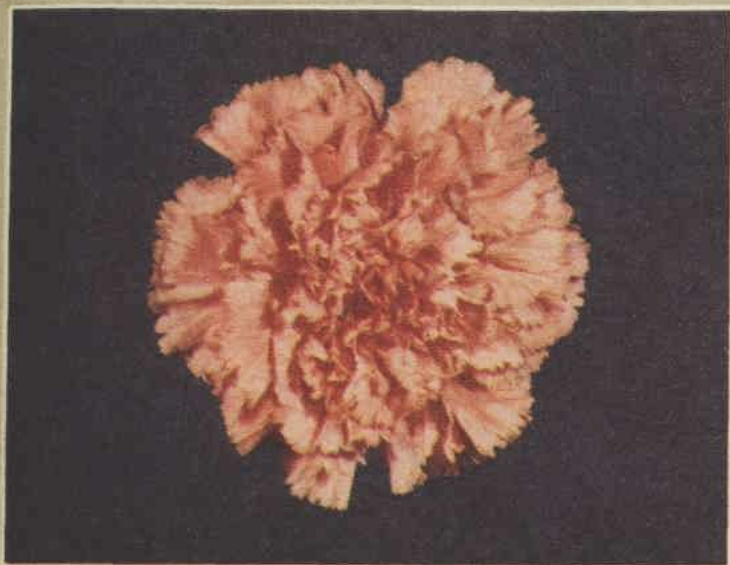
"In spring I cut 600 dozen carnations a week, but there are flowers nodding in the beds all the year round."

Pictures on these pages, by staff photographer Don Cameron, are of Sim carnations grown at Sutherland, N.S.W., by Mr. B. Morehead and Mr. Lionel Skewes.

Due to these growers, Sim carnations will be exhibited in the grandiflora section of the Royal Easter Show in 1961. They have already been shown in Queensland and Victoria.

NEXT WEEK: HEDGES and WINDBREAKS

THE SIM CARNATION



• *Portrait Sim* (above), one of the beautiful and variegated members of the increasingly popular Sim family.

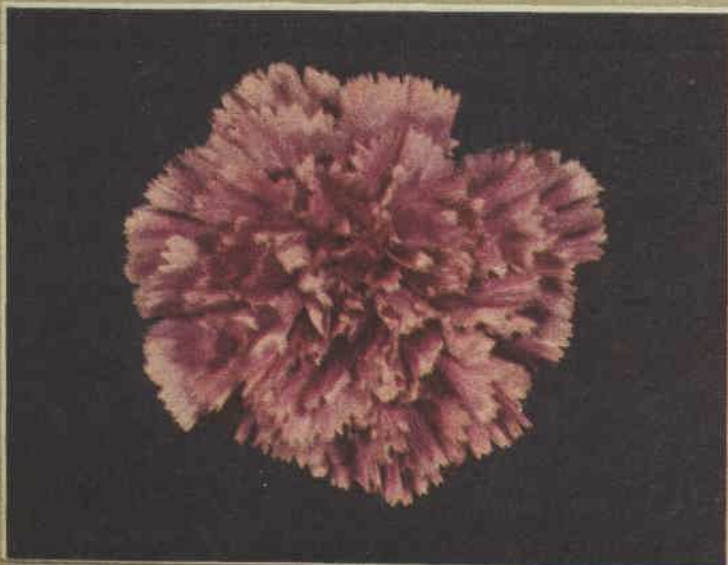


• *Tangerine Sim* (above), popular for its rich and rare color. Flowers of the Sim variety also have a delightful perfume.

• Arrangement of Sim carnations by Mrs. Mitzie Lean, daughter of Mr. Lionel Skeeves, a keen N.S.W. grower. Pictures of single specimens show the actual size of blooms.



• *Orchid Beauty Sim*, below, one of the most unusual. The blooms have long-lasting qualities when picked.



• *Yellow Sim*, below, noted for its strange coloring. Sim carnations range from brilliant tones to pastels.





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A.R. TABS

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MODERN MOTOR

Every Month
2/6 from your Newsagent.

"What about the Humber and Frith in it?"

"What about it? Somebody guided it over the cliff. Couldn't it've been her as easy as anybody else?"

"Mind, it was her that told us she left the phone for ten or fifteen minutes." Grogan reminded him: "To search for some papers for Hambledon."

"Knew it was smarter, maybe, to tell us herself than wait for Hambledon to tell it."

"And it was her that told us those dresses were missing. If she'd seen that letter in the morning, like you say, she must've thought for sure that Watson had footed the bill for them. She'd have been a fool ever to speak of them, and she's no fool."

Manning chewed on this silently, and in a minute Grogan went on: "No . . . you could just as well say that Watson had had what fun he wanted with the girl, and that she was trying to push things too far, wreck his marriage, and he lost his head and killed her. You might just as well say — he tossed the papers aside with a disgusted hand — 'that some smart guy's got away with murder, and that he's going to live a 'highly respectable life from now onwards and never do anything worse than step off a bus without paying his fare.'"

A bad guess on the inspector's part, as the events of that afternoon were to demonstrate.

Jess had been shopping and she put her parcels in the car ready to drive home. Pulling out of the traffic, she turned into Craigmont Road. The trees and shade closed in on her, and it was then that she thought of the two small cumquat trees that she had asked Lucas to buy and plant.

Lucas' cottage was in a turning off the road. It was a primitive two-roomed dwelling that he had put up himself thirty years ago, before architects and builders had seen the locality's beauty and potential value.

Jess parked at the side of the road and got out and walked down the track.

Lucas had just got in from a day's work and was watering his garden. He was such a picture of traditional peace that Jess felt reluctant to approach him and disturb him. His small, lean body in loosely belted pants and blue shirt stood contentedly rooted, seeming as much a part of the garden as the summer flowers all around him. His antique car was at rest in the yard, with his tools sticking rakishly out of the rear window and his cat asleep on the running-board.

When he caught sight of Jess he propped the hose through the handle of a spade and came to meet her.

Jess said: "I looked in to ask you about those cumquat trees, Mr. Lucas."

"I hadn't forgotten them," he murmured in his soft, blurred speech. "I got them from the nursery."

"Good. Thank you."

"Oh, yes; I got two nice little trees, pretty even they are, two years old. They charged you seventeen and sixpence each. They're in kerosene tins. I left them in your bush-house."

"Did you? I didn't know that."

"Yes, I popped 'em in there the other evening. I was coming along tonight to put 'em in for you."

"Tonight? Isn't it a bit late?"

"No. Plenty o' light still. On'y take me half an hour."

He turned off the hose and followed her along the track to her car.

When they reached the house, Jess went down to the bush-house with him and admired the two shapely glossy-leaved citrus trees. The bush-house was on the third level, tucked away to the left on the confines of the garden. It was made of brushwood and housed seed-boxes, Jess' indoor plants, and bulbs under sacks waiting

Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 21

for planting. The air in there as she stood talking with Lucas was warm and moist, fit home for the orchids and tropical plants and cyclamens. Earlier they had decided where the trees should be planted. In her mind's eye she had seen these two down by the pool against the scarlet hibiscus.

LEAVING him,

Jess went up to the house. She entered by the door from the terrace into the dining-room.

Netta was in there pouring herself a gin and lime. Jess took her parcels out to the kitchen where Anna was preparing dinner, then came back and joined Netta for a drink.

On her way to Maureen's after lunch today, Jess had dropped Netta in town, and Netta now told her that by chance she had met Keith at the station on his way home and had come with him in the taxi.

"Keith home already, is he?"

"Yes, we've been in half an hour. He's in the drawing-room reading the paper."

"Oh, is he?" Jess said, in a strictly neutral tone. She sipped, looked down, turned the bracelet on her wrist, sipped again.

"In the drawing-room? He must've heard the car, heard her talking to Lucas below. He hadn't come out to speak to her."

"You look tired, Jess," Netta said. "Have a lie down before dinner, dear. I'll see to anything."

"Thank you, Netta. There's nothing to do, actually." Jess put down her half-finished

drink, went out to the kitchen again, collected things to lay the table. She had a brief colloquy with Anna about the dinner, suggesting a cocktail sauce for the oysters, peering into the oven and into a saucepan here and there.

Anna, a proved expert, always received Jess' attentions in the kitchen with flattering agreement. Her Nordic calm was soothing after the stridency of Netta's voice and manner. Alcohol, which Netta rarely indulged in, was apt to put a sharper edge on them. She was pouring her second drink as Jess came in with the tray of knives and forks.

"Were you talking to someone outside?" she asked. "I thought I heard you speaking to someone."

"I was. To Lucas."

"Lucas?"

"I dropped in on my way home and picked him up. He has come to plant the cumquats."

"Oh!" Netta went to the door and looked out. "Did you tell him where to put them?"

Jess sighed. "Yes, Netta, I did. We arranged that the last time he was here."

"Hope he has got it well in mind, then. He can make the silliest blunders. And surely it's getting too dark to be planting."

"No, it's not dark yet," Jess said patiently.

"H'm, near enough, I'd say."

Jess let her have her way. Actually, it was that shadowy no-man's-land in time when those who are out of doors think it's still quite light and

those inside in lighted rooms peer out, wondering how the others can see to work. This was what Netta was expressing in her usual dogmatic fashion.

"What an hour to come along to do a job like that! He'll only be hurrying and botch it. You're like your mother, Jess. Everybody's going to do right until you discover they've done wrong!"

She followed up with various instances of this family weakness, while Jess put the place mats, the knives, and forks on the table. Three places — only two, soon, thank goodness! But that expectation carried with it another, that she and Keith alone would find nothing to say to each other, or would hear their own voices like the voices of strangers making polite conversation.

The telephone rang. Jess went out into the hall and answered it.

It was Roger. His loud voice struck resonantly on her ear. "Jess . . . how are you?"

"I'm all right, Roger. And you?"

"Oh . . . well . . . yes . . . I suppose you could say so. Are you sure everything's all right there?"

"Perfectly," she lied, knowing what kind of all rightness he was inquiring about.

"I was wondering," he went on, "I mean, would it be all right if I — if I dropped in for dinner?"

"Of course, come along."

A pause. "How about Keith?"

"I don't think you need worry, Roger."

"Needn't I! I worried plenty after those damn policemen trapped me into talking a lot of hot air about him and — and Cathy. I'd had a few drinks or I'd never have fallen for their line of talk."

"I know, I know."

"I don't want to go back home leaving any kind of bad feeling between us, but if you think Keith'd rather I —"

"Now, listen, Roger, come straight along. We'll be expecting you."

"Well — thanks. I'm in town, I'm speaking from a call box at the G.P.O. I will, then."

JESS put down the receiver and went along to the drawing-room. As she came up to the door she saw that Keith was sitting with the paper in his hand and his eyes lowered to it, but there was a troubled expression on his face and she knew it wasn't caused by any item of news he had been reading.

He put down the paper and got up stiffly as she came in.

"That was Roger on the telephone," Her tone was formal.

"Roger, was it? What about?"

"He wants to come out for dinner."

He gave her a quick glance. "For dinner tonight?"

"Yes." She paused a minute, seeing the sudden anxiety that flashed into his face, the fear of some fresh imbrogio on Roger's arrival. "He's feeling a little guilty, I think, over what he was led into saying to the detectives. He feels it would've been better to keep it to himself."

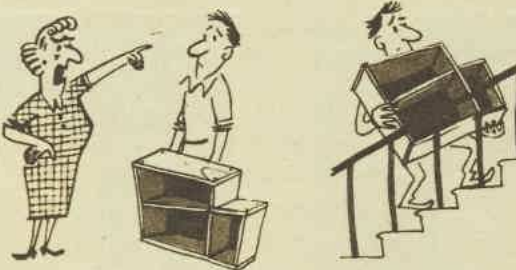
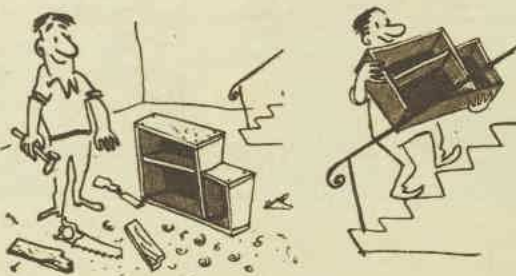
Keith turned another page of his paper and creased it carefully down the back. "There was nothing to 'keep,'" he said precisely.

"No. Well, I told him we'd be quite pleased to see him."

"Of course, why not? I'm sure he realises that his suspicions were based on nothing."

To page 52

Question of taste!



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Nothing at all." There was a faint emphasis on the word *he*. She met his glance blankly. Her doubt held her in a frozen grip. She said: "You'll be here to give him a drink, then. I've got one or two things to do." Turning, she left the room and went out to the kitchen, told Anna that there would be four for dinner, went back into the dining-room and set another place.

The room was empty. Netta's half-finished drink was still on the table. As Jess finished what

she was doing, Netta came in again. She had changed into her old gardening clothes. She said: "I thought I'd go down and see what Lucas is up to."

Jess had a momentary impulse to say: Oh, for heaven's sake leave him alone! Lucas was a shy sensitive little man, and like all such people was best when left to his own de-

Continuing . . . SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 50

vices. Still, in his quiet way he was as stubborn as Netta and would doubtless manage to ignore her stream of advice and get on with the job.

Left alone, Jess stood a moment looking after Netta till the stocky figure had disappeared down the steps, then she took up her bag and went into her bedroom.

When questioned later, Jess wasn't able to say with any exactness how long she was in there. She had felt it might be as well to keep out of sight as long as possible, so that when Roger arrived he would find Keith alone.

In that way they might more easily bridge the not very comfortable moment between them.

She took off her clothes, had a shower, and slipped on another dress, the first her hand lighted on, a black shantung in which she felt she looked pale and drab. Wear it tonight. What did it matter? It was with almost a sullen indifference that she pulled it over her head and down over her waist and hips, avoiding her own reflection in the glass. Her hair had got damp in the shower and, not waiting for its wave to dry and come back, she combed it with flat impatient strokes. Without interest she rattled in the box of costume jewellery on the dressing-table for the chunky gold necklace she wore with this dress.

Carrying it over to the door that opened on to the terrace, she stood with upraised arms, struggling with the difficult clasp.

Netta's voice, coming up from the bottom of the garden, struck on her inattentive ear: "This tree's a little bigger than the other. Funny how they can never give you two exactly alike when you order a pair from the nursery. Personally, I always put them on their mettle and say I'll wait till they can . . . Don't you think the smaller one should be planted on the eastern side?"

Whether Lucas thought so or not was inaudible to Jess. Apparently not, because —

Netta's voice again: "Oh, well, it's quite obvious that the smaller one would be better where the morning sun can get it."

Damn these clasps! They were always the weak spot in this kind of rubbishy jewellery. "Not that it's so much smaller," Netta was saying, "but it doesn't look so sturdy, does it? However, if you've made up your mind . . ."

A THING which Lucas was well able to do, thank goodness, and obviously had done, and with probably reason enough, which he wouldn't even bother to state.

"Have you got the tin cutters?"

A pause, no doubt filled, down there, by Lucas' muttered negative.

"Oh, you haven't? Well, I've always found it's better to cut the tin. That way you don't disturb the roots. The spade, then . . . so long as you get it in close to the side . . . Mind, mind! I'll take it."

The little clasp slipped into place and the cold metal settled round Jess' neck.

She moved away from the window, went to the wardrobe, and took down a hanger and hung up the dress she had been wearing. Back in the open doorway with hand mirror and lipstick — she hadn't switched on the lights in the room yet — her eyes were half on her mouth as she painted it and half on the silvery gleam that still hung on the opposite horizon,

green and remote, and on the uneven line of the far hill, with tree-tops and, here and there, discreetly a roof-top. Almost complete silence except for the constant unheard hum of traffic on the distant highway. Another sweet and tender evening . . .

It was split asunder a moment later by that shocking deafening sound so close at hand: The report of a gun.

Inquiry into the killing of Norman Lucas.

Norman Lucas, aged fifty-nine, jobbing gardener by trade, sole occupant of the cottage in a turning off Craigmont Road, his only relation a mother of seventy-nine living in an old women's rest home. Norman Lucas, single man, so single, in fact, that in all the seven years he had been coming to work for the Watsons no mention of a woman had ever crossed his lips, though many a talk over morning tea he and Jess had

FROM THE BIBLE

• "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

— 1 Samuel 16:7.

Samuel had been told by God to go and choose a king for Israel. He saw all the sons of Jesse but one, the one who became King David. Lest Samuel may have been tempted to choose a king from these handsome men, God warned him not to be influenced by outward appearance, for He, the Lord, would look on the man's inner life rather than his outward appearance.

had together. Talk of weather, of seasons, of soils and fertilisers, of plants, plants and their enemies, which you would have sworn were the only enemies Lucas himself had ever had.

Drink had never lured him. He just couldn't seem to carry it, was the way he put it. Gambling, no, not for him. Norman Lucas, probably the mildest, the most inoffensive little man that walked the earth, the unlikeliest target, you would have thought, for an assassin's bullet. Only one false step he had taken, and that was to bring two small trees to the Watsons' house, apparently on one fatal evening.

Jess voiced this assumption: "It must have been the night Cathy was killed that he brought them here. He must've seen someone — and that someone —" she spoke haltingly, still dazed by this new catastrophe, — "that someone was afraid, perhaps, that they'd been seen. He could've just caught sight of this person on the drive . . . or in the garden . . . someone who claimed afterwards not to have been there."

Roger had walked in soon after the arrival of the police; soon after Keith and Jess, rushing down, had found Lucas lying dead and Netta fixed like a figure of stone at the tap by the bush-house.

Keith had got there first. Jess, with pounding heart, running down the slope, had seen him rise and take a step towards her, make that very gesture he had made coming in from the terrace a few nights ago, hands outstretched to push her away, to keep her from seeing.

But she knew; she knew at once and halted, whispering: "No! No, no, no!" over and over again, as though a deter-

mined refusal to believe could undo the thing already done.

No one had screamed, hardly an exclamation had been uttered. Jess felt she would always see the garden as at that moment in the rapidly growing darkness: the rocks, the pool, the blood-red flowers of the hibiscus; would always keep inside herself that hush that seemed to spread out from its still centre, the body of Lucas, face downwards over the toppled cumquat tree.

In a brittle unnatural voice, Keith recounted to the police how he had supported Netta up from the garden, being so close to the shooting she had been the worst bowled over of the three. In fact, she had seemed on the point of collapse, and his wife, he said, had given her a sedative and a drink; and then he had got on the telephone to the C.I.B. Then the Hambletons and the Tullochs had come in, brought by the sound of the shot.

Certainly Netta, huddled in a garden chair, looked not unlike the victim of some disaster herself, with earth-stained hands and her forehead streaked with mud where she had raked at her hair.

The terrace lights were on, but they were dimmed by the crude glare that came up from the garden, where men of the homicide squad, moving slowly about Lucas' body, kneeling, grouping, stooping, and rising, were like shirt-sleeved hiero-

phants engaged in some mysterious ritual of death.

There had been little difficulty in reconstructing the crime. The gun on which there had been no fingerprints, was found on the floor of the bush-house. The walls were of loosely-meshed brushwood, through which it would have been easy to thrust the barrel and take aim; and at thirty yards' distance, Lucas, outlined against the last gleam from the sky, had been an easy mark.

Keith had identified the gun as his, bought by him for an occasional duck-shooting holiday with his partner. It had lain in its case in the billiard-room, the box of cartridges beside it, among a collection of golf clubs and tennis racquets and fishing rods, implements of games and sports at which Keith wasn't an expert and which he had little time for.

He said, walking to and fro, frowning as though the thought were unbearable. "If only I'd had it under lock and key! I haven't used it for a year or more. I'd almost forgotten I had it. I should've had it locked away somewhere safely."

"You can hardly be blamed for that," Roger said. "Guns! In the country they decorate every verandah, you can see them standing by the kitchen stove, as much in the picture as the kettle."

Grogan said: "That's right, and hardly a day passes, does it, but what there's a fatal accident?"

"Couldn't say," Roger said, staring across at the inspector

To page 53

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with bovine hostility, as though challenging him to uncover any fatal gun accident in his past!

"You changed your mind about going back up home, Mr. Clements?"

"Yes, gave it away for the moment," Roger said stolidly. "Thought I'd come out and have some dinner with my friends. Wish I had gone now. Wouldn't've been in on this."

"Just what time did you leave your hotel? All you folks understand these are routine inquiries," Grogan said, looking round in the friendliest fashion.

Roger repeated Grogan's question: "What time did I leave the hotel? Couldn't tell you that exactly, but if it gives you any help you can go every step of the way with me after I left it. First, I went along to a bar where I expected a man I knew to be. He wasn't there and I had a couple of drinks. I strolled down the street at a loose end, then went into the G.P.O. and telephoned Mrs. Watson and asked if it was all right for me to come to dinner. She said yes."

"Did you get a taxi right out?"

"No, I came by train." Grogan looked at him meditatively, sadly. Taxi-shy tonight, eh? Or what? Phoned from a public call box. At the G.P.O. or the one near the end of Craigmont Road? But a feller that'd think that one out wouldn't leave any fingerprints on the receiver.

"And you, Mr. Hambleton?" he asked. "You and your wife heard the shot plainly?"

"Heard it! In this stillness it went echoing round the place. On the instant I thought some lad was having a pot shot at a rabbit. Near as it is to town, there are a few rabbits down there."

"Where were you when you heard it?"

"Sitting on the verandah in the front. I heard the bang and

my wife came out and said, 'That sounds very near.' I said, 'It does, too,' and threw down my paper and we hurried over. Oddly enough, as though she had some sort of intuition, my wife said, 'I hope nothing further, nothing dreadful, has happened.'

"What made you think that, Mrs. Hambleton?" She lifted her enormous blue eyes to his. "It wasn't thought."



"I won him in a marble game,"

I felt it — here," she said, and pressed a lovely hand to a lovelier bosom. "I suppose some part of me was aware that after all that's been there was nothing too dreadful to happen."

Grogan clucked sympathetically. "My word! I'll say! You folks are having a tough time. How soon after you heard the shot did you join your husband?"

"At once. At once."

Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 52

"You did? But look now, Mr. Watson said a while ago that they'd helped Miss Palfreyman up from the garden, she being shocked like, and his wife tried to calm her down with a drink and a sedative. Then he phoned us. Well, that would've taken 'em six or seven minutes. All of that, Mr. Watson, wouldn't you say?"

"I — yes, I suppose so," Keith conceded uncomfortably. "And then it was, he said, you and your husband appeared. Yet Mr. Hambleton says he threw down his paper and the two of you came right over. How's that, now?"

Percy gave a little laugh. "I see we'll have to try and be a bit more exact in our estimation of time and what-not. I can only say I had the impression that the moment my wife came out we hurried across. I suppose we must've stood discussing the shot for a few minutes. Sorry, inspector. Sorry if I misled you."

"That's all right, Mr. Hambleton," Grogan said with ready affability. "You see, it's just that we have to get a very clear picture of the course of events. We're not on the scene, you see, so it's up to you people to build it up for us."

Bettina said, in her reedy, plaintive voice: "My husband and I can't build up much for you. When the shooting occurred we were in our room playing the gramophone. We had on Shostakovich's Lenin-grad Symphony and didn't hear the shot. My father-in-law came in and told us."

"The racket you were making, I'm surprised I heard it,"

Mr. Tulloch said curtly. "I could hardly concentrate on my paper in the drawing-room."

Grogan turned back to Jess. "What you were saying, Mrs. Watson—and it could be you were right — that Lucas knew more than he'll ever be able to tell us, more than he knew he knew himself, maybe, not having put some two and two together — well, can you call to mind the very words he used when he mentioned he'd brought the trees here earlier?"

"I think I can remember," she told him. "He said, 'I dropped in and left them in your bush-house the other evening.' That's as nearly as I can remember."

"Anyhow, you're quite sure, are you, that he used the word 'evening,' not 'night'?"

"Yes, I'm quite sure of that."

"Was he working here at all this week?"

"No."

"What about at your place, Mr. Hambleton?"

Percy straightened up, hunched his shoulders, thrust deeper his hands into his coat-pockets, shook his head. "No. He was due with us tomorrow."

"Mr. Tulloch?"

"I didn't employ the man. I don't have a gardener. My place is mostly shrubs and lawns. I don't go in for flowers. I look after it myself." He fired off the brief sentences self-righteously, as though expecting praise.

"You see, what I was thinking of," Grogan said, "if a feller says evening it's got a pretty wide meaning. It can

To page 55

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 28, 1960

mean, say, five-thirty, before he goes home to his tea, or it can mean after he has had it, early in the night."

Jess said: "It looks as though it was 'after' when he brought them, that he turned in at his cottage after a day's work somewhere else, had his evening meal, and trundled up here with the tins afterwards."

"Yes . . . There's one point, though. Would he've left them here as early as the Monday

Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

without telling you? The best part of a week without water. See?"

"Yes, there's that," Jess murmured, and thought: Such a conscientious little man, too, who looked after his plants as

a devoted mother looks after her children.

Percy said, "What's so odd about it all is this: If the person who killed Cathy

from page 53

thought Lucas had caught a glimpse of him that night and that he'd have to get rid of him, why didn't he go down and do it one of these evenings since? This poor little bloke lived quite alone in that cottage of his. He could've been murdered ten times over and nobody been seen coming or going, the body not even discovered for days perhaps."

"Oh, but," Jess said quickly, "suppose this person wasn't at all sure that Lucas had seen them?"

"Eh?" Percy blinked round at her.

"I mean, perhaps they'd dismissed that idea from their mind. Then this evening here comes Lucas driving home with me in the car and suddenly panic seizes them—fear, guilt—and they think Lucas has seen something and I'm bringing him here for him to make a statement to the police."

Grogan said, "H'm, then shooting him'd be shutting the door when the steed's stolen, wouldn't it? If maybe he'd already told you what—or even who—he'd seen, Mrs. Watson."

"He didn't, of course," she said quickly. "We never even mentioned the tragedy, though we hadn't met since it happened. He was such a sensitive little soul. He might've thought it was bad manners to try and probe me for details the minute we met."

It seemed to Jess at that moment that the chance of discovering the perpetrator of these three ruthless killings was receding. That first impulse she had had, immediately after Cathy's death, not to help the police, that had passed. Then, she had thought, Cathy—a moment's madness, a brainstorm

on somebody's part, with that horrible sharp-pointed little knife so handy. And the moment afterwards they had regretted it, perhaps, with an agony of remorse that was going to poison their whole life. Why punish them more? she had weakly, stupidly, flabbily thought. And Duncan Frith. Perhaps they hadn't known he was asleep in the back of the car when they'd steered it over the Lookout in some panic-stricken attempt to cloud the issue, the motive for killing Cathy.

But this—Lucas lying dead down there . . . by only turning her head she could still see the blue of his shirt as he lay . . . and remember the rest. No sin to be laid at his door. He hadn't quarrelled with friends and forged names and played people false . . .

Jess was brought back from these bitter reflections by hearing the inspector speaking to Netta. Netta, the one person who had been actually present at Lucas' death, had been allowed to sit there up to now, a listener, unquestioned.

He gave voice to a few soothing phrases about not troubling her more than he could help, and then said, "Do you think you could manage to tell us, Miss Palfreyman, just what you saw and heard down there in the garden?"

Netta looked up at him stupidly. Her light grey eyes were wide and vacant. She pressed her hands to her temples and shook her head. "Me? I—don't know anything . . . I didn't see—or hear—anything . . . till there was that deafening report at my elbow."

"Yes, a 12-gauge double-barrelled shotgun makes a fine bang close to. How long had you been out there, would you say, when Lucas was shot?"

To page 58

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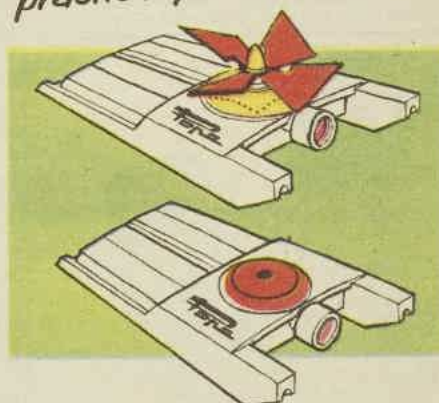


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"I—when Mrs. Watson told me he'd come to plant the trees I said how late it was... and that I'd give him a hand. Perhaps I've rather considered myself a more expert gardener than he. I went down... he'd already got the holes dug, and—"

"While you were there together," Grogan asked, "did Lucas say anything about this girl being murdered up here? Or the feller being pushed over the cliff in that car?"

"No... We only spoke about the trees, where each one should go. I helped him get one of them out of the tin. We were so concentrated on what we were doing. He spread the roots, and I went to turn on the hose. It was attached to the tap by the bush-house, and then—and then..." Her voice faded out again, her shoulders sagged.

Jess had been following a train of thought, and she said suddenly to Grogan: "You said that the shot was fired from inside the bush-house?"

"That's right, the muzzle of the gun had been pushed through a hole made in the brushwood, and another peephole made above to take aim."

"Yes, I see. And, of course, anyone could've gone into the billiard room just now and got it. The room was empty, my husband was in the drawing-room, and I was in my bedroom. But all the same, I'm wondering if somebody slipped in and took it yesterday afternoon and hid it in the bush-house, perhaps under that old pile of sacks."

Grogan looked at her inquiringly. "Any grounds for thinking that?" he asked.

"Well... yes. It was something that happened at dusk yesterday. At least, it's only a tiny thing, and even that I can't be sure of!"

She told him of the incident of going back into the billiard room thinking she saw a light there, and finding none but seeing that the opposite door, which she had thought to be shut, was open.

He said: "What made you think it was shut?"

Continuing...

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 55

"Because," she said slowly, "Mrs. Hambledon and I had been in there, talking only a little while before. When she left I came out by the door into the garden and she went out by the door into the drive, and I thought that she shut it after her. Do you remember, Elaine?"

"Sorry, I don't. There'd have to be some very exceptional circumstances before you'd remember a thing like that, somebody ill, or asleep. You and I in each other's house—we come and go so freely—"

"Yes, I know," Jess said, disregarding the faint fretfulness of Elaine's tone. "But I'm pretty

● We make our
friends; we make our
enemies; but God makes
our next-door neighbor.

— G. K. Chesterton

sure I saw you shut it," and her thought added, shut it with rather a decided snap because you were sore with Keith, and still more sore with me for having caught you out doing something not at all to your credit.

"Was there nobody else in the house that could've gone in and out after you and Mrs. Hambledon left?" Grogan asked.

"Well, Miss Palfreyman was lying down—"

"I wasn't in the billiard room all day yesterday," Netta put in.

"—and my husband didn't get home till later. He came straight into the dining-room, anyhow. Of course, I could've been mistaken about Mrs. Hambledon having shut the door. But if I wasn't, it certainly looks as though that was the time when someone, knowing the gun was there, went in and got it."

"Would you reckon many people knew it was there?"

"Naturally. There were dozens of people in there only the other night, when we gave the party for Cathy. It was in full view, lying beside one of the bookcases."

It was soon after this that Grogan went down into the garden.

The fields open to the police for inquiry into Lucas' death were bare to the point of barrenness. True, the nurseryman at Pennant Hills was able to state that Lucas had picked up the trees there at five o'clock on the Monday afternoon. Yes, he'd put them into his car and said to charge them to Mr. Watson, of Craigmont Road, but he hadn't given any indication of when he meant to take them there.

The cottage where he had lived was inspected that evening with little hope and no result. The riot of nature around its walls, dripping ferns and shrubs and clinging creepers, was in sharp contrast to the bleak order inside. There, living had been reduced to a minimum, one of everything and that of the plainest, whereas with his plot of earth and a few packets of seeds Lucas had created a heaven of color and form.

Languidly, the detectives examined his few possessions; went from the first small room to the second; opened the one cupboard; inspected the one best suit; observed on the evidence of safe and shelves that he ate at home, not in eating-houses or milk bars. If Lucas had seen or heard something on Monday night it seemed to have remained shut away in the convolutions of his untroubled, incurious brain to be blown to pieces by a shotgun.

With an admirable attempt at composure, after the Tullochs and the Hambledons had gone, Jess went into the kitchen and re-heated the casserole

Anna had left. She kept her eyes away from the garden, where the last activities around Lucas' body were going on. Keith came in and put a whisky and soda in her hand. She lifted it and sipped it gratefully. They said things that carefully strove to keep their frozen despair from cracking wide open.

"Roger still here?" she asked.

"Yes, he's staying on."

"Where's Netta?"

"In the bath, I think."

"Tell her dinner's just about ready. Or I'll take her some into her room if she'd rather."

She took the casserole out of the oven and carried it into the dining-room.

Keith and Roger were standing, silent, glass in hand, at the sideboard. Keith had pulled shut the sliding doors and drawn the long curtains across, the way they never were in summer. The low table light was on. The room had its winter look, cosy, intimate, when everything had been shut out but the pleasure of sharing good food and drink and talk and laughter.

Jess stood a moment in the doorway, staring. A good try, Keith, she thought, but this thing's got you beat! You can't shut this out!

Netta came in. She had taken off her muddy clothes and bathed and put on a light wrap—a shapeless garment of dark, flowered silk. She almost crept into the room and sat down in the chair Keith pulled out for her.

Her dazed quiet made Jess glance at her anxiously. No longer was she the brisk, capable personality of indeterminate age who had come to stay a few weeks ago. In her dressing-gown now she looked what Jess had never thought her—a little old woman.

This quiet didn't last long.

To page 60

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apple pieces on top. Brush with tablespoon melted butter. Bake in hot oven (450 degs. F.) about 20 minutes.

BAKED BEANS — TROPIC STYLE



One (15 oz.) can GOLDEN CIRCLE choice Pineapple Pieces, 1 large can baked beans. Drain pineapple pieces and stir into baked beans. Turn into greased casserole. Season with pepper and mustard. Bake in moderate oven till bubbling hot. Note.—This recipe can be varied by adding any of the following: 1 cup grated onion, 1 cup chopped red or green capsicum, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pieces of cooked bacon, or small cocktail sausages.



tomato sauce, sprinkle lightly brown sugar. Heat 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Spoon over sausages and rice.

GLAZED PINEAPPLE & SAUSAGES

One (29 oz.) can GOLDEN CIRCLE choice Pineapple Pieces, 1 lb. pork or beef sausages, butter, tomato sauce, brown sugar and 3 cups cooked rice. Place rice in buttered casserole. Brown sausages in frypan; drain and place on top of rice. Cover with Glazed Pineapple; bake in moderate oven until bubbling hot. Glazed Pineapple: Drain syrup from pineapple. Melt spoonful butter in pan, add pineapple pieces. Sprinkle generously



with butter, sprinkle top brown sugar. Bake hot oven (425 degs. F.) about 25 minutes. Serve warm with cream or custard.

PINEAPPLE POCKETBOOKS

One (29 oz.) can GOLDEN CIRCLE choice Pineapple Pieces, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, rich short pastry. Drain syrup from pineapple. Roll pastry thinly, cut in 6-inch squares; place spoonful pineapple pieces on each, add dab of butter and sprinkle brown sugar. Fold into pocketbook shape, seal edges. Place in greased casserole. Pour over pineapple syrup, add any remaining pineapple pieces. Dot

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the one and only**

MARMITE



Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 58

Netta took the plate Keith handed her, let him pour wine into her glass, accepted bread from Roger, lifted her knife and fork.

Then suddenly the knife and fork fell back on the table with a clatter. She took a deep breath, gripped the table edge with both hands, and sat up straight in her chair.

Agape, the three stared at her.

"It was me!" she said in a trembling whisper. "It was me!"

Jess got up and hurried round to her, put her hands on her shoulders. "Netta, don't — don't!" This was the last straw, for Netta to go up the wall and accuse herself!

But Netta shook off the hand and sprang to her feet, pushing the table from her, capsizing a glass. Staring around wildly she cried: "I tell you it was me. Surely everyone should have realised it was me!"

Just then, in the glare of the police lamps, for the last time Norman Lucas was leaving the garden which he had so painstakingly helped to create.

As he was lifted on to the stretcher, Grogan beckoned to Manning, who was standing some little distance away. Manning strolled over.

Jerking a thumb down at the body, Grogan said: "That give you any fresh ideas, Les?"

For a minute Manning stared at it, too. Then he said: "Yeah . . . that's right. H'm. My word. So he does. I'll say! What do you know?"

"Yes," Grogan said thoughtfully, "it certainly would appear that this poor little bloke met his death because he had the bad luck to look too like somebody else."

They turned and went up to the house.

If Netta had been an unwilling witness when questioned earlier that evening, she was making up for it now when, in the dining-room, she confronted the two detectives. Standing by the table, her grey hair wild, her grey eyes wilder, she poured out a panic-stricken flow of words:

"It was me! Of course! Me they thought they were shooting! Me they were trying to kill. I was the target of this murderer. Not Lucas — not Lucas at all — but me! They waited there inside that place, while we were working, with the gun trained on me! They've tried once, they'll try again. Why, every moment I'm in danger! And what can you do when you don't know who, and you don't know why, and — and you don't know how? A knife one day and a gun the next!" Her voice was mounting towards hysteria.

Grogan pulled her up sharply: "That'll do, Miss Palfreyman. Half a minute. Just answer a few questions and we'll look after you. Let's try and get a clear picture. Now you were out there when Lucas comes to plant these trees —"

"No, no, no," she corrected him in a fury of impatience: "Not out there! I'd only got in from town half an hour before. But seeing it was getting late I thought I'd give him a hand, and I changed into my old things and went down."

"You went out specially to help him?"

"I did, of course, why not?" "And you were standing close together, stooping over the tin with the tree in it?"

"Yes. Yes, and —"

"And you were talking away about what you were doing."

"Yes, of course. And, oh! now when I think —"

Grogan flapped down her interruption. "And it was getting late and you were both

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YOUR BOOKSHELF

with JOYCE HALSTEAD

"A Time in Rome"

Elizabeth Bowen (Longmans).

A master of prose style writes about the Eternal City. She stayed for three months and, map in hand, went exploring on foot, discovering ancient churches tucked behind courtyards, dutifully inspecting the Forum, observing the city from its hills, taking in its atmosphere. This is not a guide-book in the true sense of the word; rather it is, as Miss Bowen herself explains, just scribbles on the margin of her own guide-book. It records sensations rather than sights, evokes the past from the ochre-colored buildings. It is an experience of Rome — Rome miserable on a wet day, when one may as well give up the sights — except perhaps for seeing the rain slant through the hole in the roof of the Pantheon — and go to a cinema; Rome in the early afternoon, when the city is empty for siesta; Rome in the sunlight which gives the light brown city a constant golden glow. Miss Bowen's reading list provides a guide to serious study of Rome.

"The Heart in the Centre"

James Glennon (Rigby).

David, an executive in a Sydney engineering firm, is unhappy in his marriage with Carrell, beautiful, spoiled, selfish. Carrell, also unhappy, is drinking too much; then meets much-married Jerry, an American journalist in Australia to write travel articles. Meanwhile, David is finding comfort in the calm friendship of his secretary, Judith. In due course, Jerry and Carrell fall in love; David and Judith, on a business trip to the "Centre," discover the truth — they, too, are in love. It looks like working out when Carrell has a disfiguring car accident, turns back for comfort to David, now torn between duty and love. The Australian scene is well described and the characters are convincing in this quite absorbing story.

hurrying through with the job before it got too dark to see, and then you wanted the water and you said you'd turn on the tap and—"

"No!" she shrieked. "That's just what didn't happen."

"No, no, it was this way. I said to him, 'Turn on the hose, please, Mr. Lucas, it's attached to the tap by the bush-house. I'll hold the tree in place.' But he was a contrary little man, he didn't like to be told anything, and he just muttered, 'I'll hold the tree, you turn it on.' So I didn't care which I did. I hurried across to the tap, and then as I put my hand on it—" Her body stiffened, her eyes shut tightly as though she expected to hear again that devastating noise. "That report!" she shuddered. "That explosion!"

"Now, hold on, hold on. You mean it was this way? You think this person waiting with the gun, heard you tell him to turn on the water, and didn't catch his low-voiced reply telling you to do it? That's how you think it happened?"

"Yes. Yes."

"And in the heat of the moment, all het up waiting to fire—now it's getting real dark—they see a trousered figure—"

Her eyes flew wide. "Exactly! The same height, grey hair, a pale blue shirt."

"—and this figure comes towards them. But they're not looking at that. They're looking at the one they think is you, back turned, crouching by the little tree, twenty-five to thirty yards away."

"Of course that's what I mean. It's crystal clear now."

Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 60

Jess broke in: "You see, Miss Palfreyman's voice is so carrying. A part of the time I was at the window in my bedroom, and when she spoke I could hear every word she said, but I couldn't hear his voice once . . . though I knew he must be

criminating that he didn't realise was so. Well, looks like you're in that position now."

"But impossible, impossible! Jess—Keith," she appealed to



"And take that 6-0, 6-1, 6-0 smirk off your face."

answering because of what she said."

Netta was saying: "But why should anyone want to kill me? What have I done?"

"Well, now," Grogan reminded her, "earlier on, Mrs. Watson said that Lucas must've seen something on the night of the murder, something in-

them indignantly. "—the night Cathy was killed—you remember? I left the three of you here and went to bed. Dinner was hardly over. Anybody might have seen something, but not me . . . not me."

Keith nodded. "I remember, Netta. You went to your room twenty minutes, or even half an hour, before Cathy was killed."

"I did, didn't I? I was worn out. You gave me a brandy and I took a sleeping-pill and fell into a deep sleep. You had to wake me."

Confirming this, Keith said: "Yes, I knocked at your door but you didn't answer. I went in and spoke, and at last I went up to the bed and put my hand on your shoulder."

"Thank heaven you remember! I was fast asleep, fast asleep. Though what use is that to me if someone thinks I saw something!" she wailed.

MANNING, sigh-

ing deeply, took a step nearer the table. "Look," he said patiently, "what about before you got into bed? Your room faces up the hill, doesn't it, towards the road? Was your blind up or down?"

"Down, of course. I pulled it down the moment I went in."

"Right. Then say that just then this person—that shortly after kills the girl—was on the road or on the drive, coming down to the house?"

"I told you I saw no one."

"No, but how say they saw you? See? Standing there in your lighted room and thought you'd seen them."

"It must be so . . . it must be so," she panted. "It could only have been then. And anyone could know that almost every evening since I've been staying here I go down into the garden and potter around doing odd jobs."

"So they lay for you tonight with the gun hidden and ready."

"Yes, it was a good moment to choose," Grogan agreed thoughtfully. "Dusk, no one able to see them coming or going, and a quick and easy getaway out of the bush-house down behind the rocks and trees, with the door opening downhill like it does."

"I must go away," she panted. "I must go straight back home on the next plane." "You won't have to worry tonight, Miss Palfreyman. We'll have a police guard on the place."

Later that night, at Central Lane after a lengthy conference with the superintendent, Grogan and Manning, back in Grogan's office, found themselves in total agreement.

"Yes," Grogan brooded, "it'd all look very fishy but for the one point: the gun being taken and hidden the day before."

"If it was," Manning warned him to remember.

"If it was, true. That's right. The old girl comes in tired from town this afternoon, and just has to go down and do a bit of backseat driving with a bloke that knows his job a sight better than she does—"

"Nobody knows their job better than what she does!" Manning said savagely.

"Maybe. But it's not even her own garden!" Grogan brought his feet to the floor with a thump. "Dinner almost ready and she takes all the trouble to go into her room and change into clothes pretty near the double of his. She raises that voice of hers loud enough for Mrs. Watson in her bedroom to be able to say she heard it, then she hurries away, and when Watson and his wife rush out after the shot she's standing like a statue with her hand on the tap outside the bush-house. It isn't until hours later when she's supposed to have recovered from the shock that she starts to yell out, 'It's me they were trying to kill!'"

Hands in his pockets, jingling loose coins, the inspector took a turn across the room and back. "But like I say, if the gun was taken out of the billiard-room yesterday evening it looks very unlikely that it was her that fired it. She couldn't have known that Mrs. Watson was going to bring Lucas home to give her an opportunity to put on this bit of play-acting and all. Like Hambleton says, anyone who'd meant to kill Lucas would surely have taken the gun to his cottage and done the job there. O.K.?"

Manning nodded morosely. They went over the ins and outs of this for some time, and much more.

Had old Tulloch quarrelled with the girl about the ownership of the car? If anyone thought more of a dollar than he seemed to—

Did young Tulloch take the pawn ticket to her that night and did she threaten to expose him?

Did his wife find he'd been into the girl's bedroom the night before, not to steal a ring but to make love to her?

Did Hambleton give her the fruit knife in the morning?

No one ever saw her with it, but—

Was his wife not such a great friend of Mrs. Watson's as of Watson's, and the girl after him, too?

Who loved Duncan Frith? Clements and his jealousy? The Watsons themselves, at the centre of the storm?

Finally, Manning got up, yawned, stretched himself, and shook down his trouser legs, preparatory to calling it a day.

Grogan, sitting at his desk again, was turning over the pile of papers of the case. Suddenly his hand paused at a page, his eyes narrowed, drawn to one phrase on a typewritten sheet. He read—re-read it.

"Look, Les," he said. Manning came across and peered over his shoulder. "It's only a little thing—could be a slip of the tongue—but I reckon it might be as well to follow it up."

The morning that dawned on at least three houses in Craigmont Road gave the lie to many a firmly held belief in the virtues of sleep. The sleep of the night past had brought no counsel, it had not proved to be kind nature's sweet restorer, nor had it knitted up the ravelled sleeve of care.

In his elegantly ordered bedroom, Percy dragged himself

she enjoys every weekend



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How well do you eat?

You could eat three large meals every day—and still suffer from malnutrition!

"Three square meals a day" may have been plenty in grandfather's time when he lived on plain, honest food that was home-grown and home-cooked.

But today, by the time it reaches our tables, much of our food has had essential vitamins and minerals processed out of it.

Quantity alone is not enough.

Unless the quality of your diet is improved to meet your minimum daily requirement of vitamins and minerals, tiredness, depression, loss of energy and lowered resistance to illness (the symptoms of vitamin deficiency) are likely to occur.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 28, 1960

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the toothpaste with
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Stripe toothpaste contains an active concentration of Hexachlorophene freshly added as you squeeze the tube. It's in the stripes.

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Stripe really brightens your teeth. It keeps your mouth and breath fresh all day—tastes good, too! The active Hexachlorophene in Stripe attacks and destroys decay germs, helps preserve your teeth years longer.

WHY THE RED STRIPES? They give you an *active* concentration of germ-fighting Hexachlorophene. It is added freshly as you squeeze the tube. It rids your mouth and teeth of millions of odour and decay-causing germs other toothpastes leave

behind. Use Stripe and your teeth will be brighter, whiter, better protected against decay. Your breath will stay sweet and fresh all day.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 28, 1960

out of bed and crawled into dressing-gown and slippers. His long face was sorrowful. He opened his door softly and went into the dining-room. There he wandered aimlessly for a minute, then poured out a stiff brandy.

It was the first time in years that Percy had failed to peel and eat a before-breakfast apple.

He swallowed down the brandy and went into Elaine's room.

Elaine was still in bed, still asleep, lying hunched up with her face buried in the pillow. Though Percy made not a sound as he tiptoed in, Elaine's head lifted and her eyes flew wide.

A spate of questions were shot at him: "Percy—what is it? Has anything happened? What's the matter?"

Percy, laden with the guilt of one who has murdered sleep, stood at the foot of the bed and tried to soothe her. He had just thought that it was getting late, and that she might be awake and wanting a cup of tea.

She pulled the sheet up round her neck and burrowed into the pillow again. "I don't want any tea, thank you. I don't want anything. I don't want to be disturbed. I'm not going to get up. Shut the door after you, Percy. And take the receiver off the telephone before you leave the house."

He still stood there at the foot of the bed, six-feet-two of misery in his grey silk dressing-gown.

She stared round at him, her

Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

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enormous eyes like searchlights on him. "What's wrong with you, Percy? You look ghastly. Didn't you sleep?"

"Not much." He blotted out his face with a large hand. "And every time I dropped off I dreamt that Netta had gone round the bend. Nearly there now, if you ask me! Dreamt she told the police she'd seen that knife on my table the day Cathy was murdered."

Leaving Elaine agape at him, he turned and slithered out of the room.

T

HE Tullocks, father and son and daughter-in-law, met around the breakfast table, but ate little and spoke less. Two newspapers aided the trio's separateness, one held in front of Vance, and one propped against his father's toast-rack. Bettina, sitting between the two men, was peaked and silent and visibly lacking appetite. She broke her toast, but neglected to eat it, poured tea into her cup till it brimmed over.

Mr. Tulloch put down his cup, folded his napkin and stood up. He said, addressing Bettina with the first words he had spoken since his brief good morning: "Why did you say you and Vance were playing the Leningrad Symphony last night?"

"Well," Bettina said. "We didn't want to have any part

of this inquiry, did we? — sight, sound, or smell. We didn't get there till after the Hambleton, and you'd have thought everyone should've bolted there the second the gun went off, the way the police were talking!"

Briskly, Mr. Tulloch pushed in his chair. "I see . . . very wise . . . very far-sighted. But it's a pity you didn't choose some record you happen to possess."

Vance looked up. "What? We've got that one. I bought it only a few months ago."

"It's not there now. I looked this morning."

"Eh?" Slowly, Vance's expression altered. "No . . . by gosh! . . . neither it is. I remember now. I lent it to a bloke in the office."

"I advise you to get it back," Mr. Tulloch said. "These detectives don't appear to leave much unchecked."

Jess sat up on the edge of her bed and felt about for her slippers. She found them, thrust her feet into them, then sat forward, elbows on knees, and dropped her dark ruffled head in her hands.

R

ESISTING the temptation to telephone her mother and say she was flying up home today, she went into the bathroom. The alternating hot and cold shower failed in its shock therapy. Back in the bedroom she dressed and then hurried out to the kitchen.

Keith was in there, and around him were full-sized preparations for a meal.

She stood limply in the doorway, unable to link the sane smells of coffee and bacon, and the sight of frying eggs, with the gone-to-madness state of their lives. Unable, too, to link with things as they were Keith's look of orderly righteousness. There at the stove he stood in his grey flannel pants and white shirt, with hair brushed and bright, and his skin its usual clear ivory tone. The latest night, a heavy party, never left him looking worn and ravaged.

Feeling both of these herself, and with Cathy's shadow between them, Jess told herself she hated him, hated him for this effortless attraction of his that was always making other women run after him.

She forced herself to say in an ordinary tone: "I'll take over. You'll be late."

He emptied a bottle of milk into a saucepan. "I'm not going to town," he said.

"Why not? You can't go stopping at home every time there's a murder in the house!" There was a dangerous unsteadiness in her voice.

Keith said promptly: "I've made the coffee, breakfast's in the oven."

"Just a slice of toast-mortem and a glass of grapeshot for me," she quavered, and gripped the bench, half-way between hysterical laughter and tears.

"That'll do!" Keith pulled her up. "Go in and sit down and I'll bring you some food."

Clutching at her wobbling control, Jess left the kitchen and went along to Netta's door.

With relief, Jess saw that the other was quite composed this morning. Packing and telephoning and writing last-minute notes had apparently had a steadying effect on Netta. As Jess entered, Netta went on shaking skirts and folding them and laying them in the suitcases. The bedside lamp was on. Jess went to open the shutters.

Netta stopped her. "Leave them, Jess. I feel safer with

them that way." It was clear the composure was only skin-deep.

"The garden's alive with policemen," Jess reminded her. "Perhaps. But I shan't feel really safe till I'm sixteen thousand feet up in the air."

"You got your seat on the plane all right?" she asked.

"What time does it leave?" "Twelve-ten. But I'm going to ask Keith to run in this morning and pick up my ticket."

"Of course. He's not going to the office today."

"Good," Netta said vaguely, dropping a pair of shoes into a shoe-bag and fitting them into a case.

Jess spied something fallen behind a chair. She stooped and picked up a pair of rough, leather gloves. Driving gloves.

Or gardening gloves? "Don't forget these," she said, holding them out.

Netta took them and rammed them into a bag.

Jess shut her eyes in one moment's shrinking from the extremes to which thought could go. Had Netta been wearing these gloves last night when she went down to the garden?

Soon after breakfast that morning Roger received a telephone call from Cathy's father.

Mr. Simpson wanted to know if Roger would care to meet him, for a drink, for lunch.

Uneasily, Roger shifted his broad shoulders in the too-snugly fitting coat. He didn't quite know. He thought he'd be able to. Finally, cornered, he asked what time, and where.



"You could do wonders with this house. All it takes is a little imagination and years of backbreaking toil."

Mr. Simpson began: "How about—" then broke off, and asked him to wait a minute. Someone was knocking.

A minute only and he was back. It was the police, he said, wanting a word with him, about something they seemed to think might be of help. He'd ring Roger back when they left.

Slowly, thoughtfully, Roger put down the receiver, took out cigarettes, lighted one, and sat down by the telephone to wait for Mr. Simpson's second call.

Contrary to what he had told Jess, Keith did go into his office that morning. After picking up Netta's ticket, he walked round there, went up in the lift, and sat down at his desk. He put in a call to Melbourne, an urgent call.

The talk was brief. At the end of it he left his office and went back to where his car was parked.

Grogan and Manning stayed talking with Mr. Simpson for

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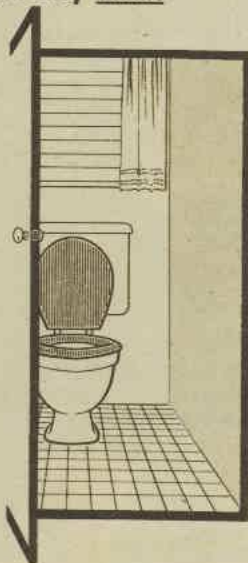


Your friends may not talk about your lavatory, but can you be sure what they think?

Now, there's a new, easy way to keep your toilet bowl fresh and bright—HARPIC!

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard water is removed—the entire lavatory bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling.

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Harpic cleans round the S-bend — where no brush can reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as below, the water, because Harpic stays on the sides of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long. When flushed away next morning, the entire porcelain is sparkling clean.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 28, 1960

Page 62



Hollywood bedspreads are the prettiest of all . . .

(the most practical, too !)

Bring Springtime into your bedroom with a beautiful bedspread by Hollywood. Elegant — formal — classic — romantic — choose the bedspread which is especially *you*. And for all its look of luxury, Hollywood Chenille is so practical — washes beautifully, no crushing, no ironing, no fuss. Here are but four from the lavish Hollywood range — at your favourite store, *now*.



'Llama'

(Design No. 5074.) No. 1 best seller — gorgeous fringed throwover in exciting "Wyndlan," Hollywood's own all-nylon yarn — luxurious as mink, yet washes like a dream. 19 heavenly colours. D.B. and 3 ft. sizes.



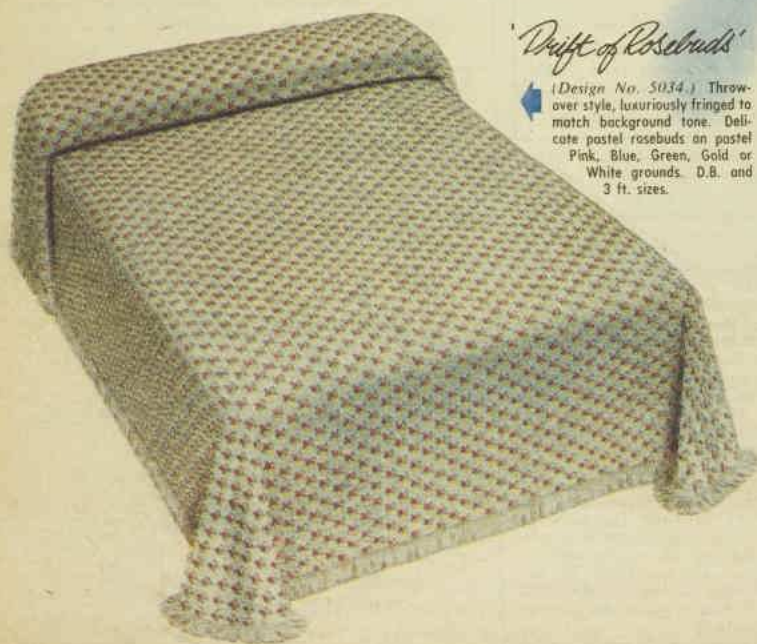
'Edouard'

(Design No. 5073.) Elegant throwover, of classic simplicity, in "Wyndlan," Hollywood's 100% nylon chenille. 19 wonderful colours. D.B. and 3 ft. sizes. Also available in all cotton. (Design No. 504.)



'Starshell'

(Design No. 506.) Throwover in deeper, richer "Hi-tuff" chenille, all-over design flecked with black. 19 background colours. D.B. and 3 ft. sizes. Also available without black stipple. (Design No. 505.)



'Drift of Rosebuds'

(Design No. 5034.) Throwover style, luxuriously fringed to match background tone. Delicate pastel rosebuds on pastel Pink, Blue, Green, Gold or White grounds. D.B. and 3 ft. sizes.

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UNABLE to pay her rent, Debbie Reynolds (centre) is thrown out of her dingy room by her blustering landlady, Kay Medford (on steps). Also featured in the film are three top jazz musicians — Joe Bushkin, Sam Butera, Gerry Mulligan.



ANGERED at her refusal to report for "duty," ruthless dance-hall owner Don Rickles gives hostess Debbie Reynolds a sadistic verbal lashing as he reclaims her jewels to show she's nothing without him.

BADLY beaten up by Rickles' strong-arm boys, struggling jazz musician Tony Curtis is comforted by fellow-lodger Debbie Reynolds.

'THE RAT RACE'

● In the Paramount drama "The Rat Race," dime-a-dance girl Debbie Reynolds and small-town saxophonist Tony Curtis find happiness while battling for survival in an unfriendly New York.



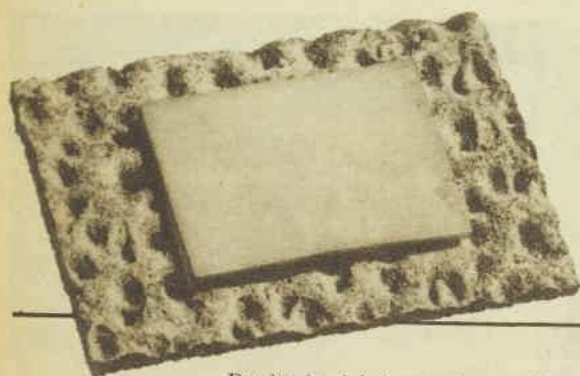
This Summer...

BE A TRIM, YOUTHFUL RYVITA FAMILY



THE CHILDREN—full of fun and energy. DAD—trimmer, younger-looking than ever. YOU—proud of your new slim figure. "TEENA"—slim, attractive, vital.

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This Summer, make Ryvita your daily family bread. Serve plenty of cool, light, sustaining meals and snacks built around the whole-rye goodness of Ryvita Crispbread. You and Dad will see unwanted inches disappear and notice a new vitality in all your family.



New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★★ SONS AND LOVERS

Drama, with Trevor Howard, Dean Stockwell, Wendy Hiller, Mary Ure. Century, Sydney.

THIS film is based on D. H. Lawrence's classic of a sensitive boy's youth-to-manhood years.

Misfit dreamer Dean Stockwell grows up in a bleak Midlands village of Edwardian England with a stifling mother (Wendy Hiller) encouraging his art, and a brutish father scorning it.

In the family background is the death of one son in a mine disaster and the escape of another to a London white-collar job.

Heather Sears poignantly plays the Puritan farmgirl dominated by her "sex-is-ugly" mother.

Through all the film, ace camerawork creates a desolate, coal-dust atmosphere.

But it's Dean Stockwell's show. The drama of a confused, anguished youth searching for truth has seldom been so penetratingly told on the screen.

In a word... **SENSATIONAL.**

★ TONKA

Adventure, with Sal Mineo, Philip Carey. In color. Liberty, Sydney.

A DISNEY pot-boiler for the goodie-baddie junior market.

Disney's hero—despite Sal Mineo's top billing—is Tonka, a sleek chestnut stallion.

Long sequences show Tonka being broken in by a youthful Indian (Mineo). But when the tribe bully claims him, Mineo tearfully turns Tonka free.

Captured by palefaces, Tonka is sold to U.S. cavalry officer Philip Carey, who

treats him with respect. Common love for Tonka brings Mineo and Carey together—in peaceful parley and on the battlefield.

The film is so brutal in spots it's a possible nightmare-maker. Disney oversteps in his spine-chilling cruelty to Tonka, and General Custer's last stand is ludicrous. Hideous deaths reduce the cast to a handful.

Mineo's cast of features makes him a convincing young brave, and Carey cuts a cute Yankee figure.

In a word... **DISAPPOINTING.**

Movie gossip


ACTOR Laurence Harvey is in trouble. A group of Columbia Picture stockholders intend to protest against his new nine-year-nine-film contract at the next meeting. They claim the studio, which isn't in the best financial standing, shouldn't be handing out such contracts, and that the only reason Harvey landed the deal was because of his friendship with Joan Cohen—widow of the late studio president, Harry Cohen.

★ ★ ★
DOROTHY LAMOUR is probably one of the most popular stars who have voluntarily retired. Her fan mail is still pouring in. Dorothy—as Mrs. William Howard—lives contentedly in Baltimore, Maryland. She has a major interest in a cosmetic firm, but "this is only to give me something to do with my spare time." Miss Lamour will emerge from retirement next year for one final fling. With old team mates Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, she'll make "Road to Hong Kong"—the first in the "Road" series to be made in nine years.



FRANCE'S Number One screen idol, Yves Montand, escorts his proud wife, Simone Signoret, to a Hollywood preview of "Let's Make Love," in which Yves co-starred with Marilyn Monroe.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 28, 1960

whirl  into your loveliest summer with

'TERYLENE'



Skirts all flutter with pleats . . .
 coin-spots and colours ablaze in the sun . . .
 the most elegant styles . . . lighthearted days . . .
 It's a gay summer whirl with 'Terylene'
 From swirling skirts of permanent pleats to slim sheaths
 for sophisticates, 'Terylene' looks after itself —
 in the most glamorous way. Even the daintiest styles
 and delicate pastels drip-dry and need no ironing.
 Spend a lovely, pampered summer with 'Terylene'
 You can take for granted its care-free ways, because
'TERYLENE' keeps its promise.



Imperial Chemical Industries of
 Australia & New Zealand Limited

How lovely you look tomorrow *depends*



depends on how well you clean your face tonight

... and cleansing means more than just soap and water



Tonight...

Hat by Fiona Hats, South Yarra

discover how POND'S COLD CREAM cleanses completely
—whisks out dirt and make-up

Did you realise

● Modern make-up is designed to **stay on**. You can't wash it off with water — you can't clean it off with soap alone.

What do you do?

● You cream it away with light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream — that's the one **sure** way to whisk out stale make-up of any kind — and everyday dirt, too.

Deep-cleanses

● Pond's Cold Cream works down between the upper skin cells, where dirt hides, and literally floats it out. Pond's leaves your skin soft, smooth — and gloriously clean.

cleanses and cools your skin—relaxes you.



Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's.
Tubes 2/11; Jars — 5/3 and 8/11

SOCIAL

ROUNDAABOUT

By MARY COLES

IM envious of the "ringside view" Mrs. W. C. Wentworth and Mrs. D. E. Costa will have of Mr. "K." and other personalities at the stirring United Nations General Assembly meetings in New York. They will attend the sessions as wives of Australian delegates and will also be on the spot for the American Presidential elections, to be held on Melbourne Cup Day.

Mrs. Costa flew to the United States with her husband about ten days ago.

Mrs. Wentworth is leaving by air on September 25 to join her husband there, after the youngest members of the family, John and Georgina, have returned to boarding-school.

This will be Mrs. Wentworth's first visit to America since her marriage at Reno in 1935.

During their three months' stay in New York the Wentworths are looking forward to their eldest daughter, Jane, flying over from Europe to see them. She has been abroad for two years doing various secretarial jobs, and also recently gaining her Diplôme des Langues Françaises in Paris.

To add to Mrs. Wentworth's pre-departure whirl from Sydney, she has had the job of packing up family effects at the house they have been renting at Fairlight, because on their return home they'll live at Newport, where they have bought land at a lovely spot overlooking Pittwater.

DECORATIVE Mrs. David Rosen admits the family radiogram hasn't stopped playing since her return from New York with the entire soundtrack of the Broadway musical "The Sound of Music." She says it has some "fabulous" numbers—"Doh, Ray, Me," "My Favorite Things," and "Sixteen Going on Seventeen." Starring Mary Martin, it's a musical saga of the famous von Trapp family singers, and was the last production Rodgers and Hammerstein did together.

In Honolulu, where she had three weeks, Mrs. Rosen bought dreamy resort wear, including a "tea-timer." It is a tawny silk-finished cotton sheath dress with side-splits which reveal matching, tightly tailored trousers the exact length of the short skirt.

WEDDING plans for just-engaged Janice Benham, of "West Mooki," Quirindi, and Dr. Vincent Higgins hinge on when they can get a ship booking to take them abroad late in November. They'll honeymoon in Europe before Dr. Higgins settles down to hard study doing post-graduate work in London.

Another romance of country interest is the engagement of Yvonne Moffatt, of "Fortrose," Armidale, and John Roberts, of Armidale. Both Yvonne and John are University of New England Science graduates. John got his B.Sc. with first-class honors in geology.

ALTHOUGH it's still 'a man's world,' a silent revolution is going on and women are quietly stepping into jobs at the top," claims Mrs. Phyllis Burke. She is president of the Divisional Union of N.S.W. Soroptimist Clubs, which are meeting at a conference at the Hotel Metropole on October 8. Proving her point, she listed the high bracket business status of some of the speakers at the conference. "There'll be Marjorie Hardie—managing director of one of the State's leading camera-importing firms. Gwen Nelson, another speaker, is chief executive officer of a market-research organisation; Mrs. Pauline Blinkhorn is general manager of a clothing firm, and Mrs. Hilda Tomkinson is a director of a canvas-making company."

PETTE Rosalind Lowe kept her gloves on (they were pretty jade-green ones matching the embroidery on her white organza cheong sam) at the cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Wang in honor of the Chinese Consul-General, Mr. Pao-Tai Tien, and his wife at the Nankin Restaurant. But they came off in a flash (to reveal a super-diamond solitaire on her left hand) towards the end of the function when Mr. Tien announced Rosalind's engagement to the Wangs' son, Wai. An old Chinese custom observed by Wai's mother to celebrate the romance was making four gifts to Rosalind: a set of gold earrings, necklace, and brooch—and a length of red brocade.

WITH everything flowering in the garden at "Springmead Farm," Major and Mrs. Paddy Russell's home at Minto, the setting will be perfect for the Sunday luncheon they're having on October 2. About eighty friends will be entertained at a buffet meal on the terrace. It's safe to hazard that the Spring Racing Carnival will loom largely in the table talk, with the party sandwiched in between the running of the Epsom and the Metropolitan meetings at Randwick.

RACES AT NYNGAN

● Visitors from far and near thronged Nyngan for the recent opening of a new air terminal building by the Minister for Air, Senator Paltridge. It was followed by the annual meeting of the Nyngan Combined Race Club at the racecourse adjoining the aerodrome. A barbecue and dance in the racecourse pavilion ended the festivities on a cheery note.



PRESIDENT of the Nyngan Combined Race Club, Mr. S. G. Trothe, and his wife had a word of encouragement for their horse Antonious, which later won the First Progressive Handicap at the meeting.



CHEERY TRIO. From left: Lillian Vanges, Julie Power, and Hazel Priest, of Nyngan, placing their bets with bookmaker Gerald Kilby, of Bourke.



YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASTS at the meeting were Carolyn Carter and her sister Elizabeth (on the right), who came from Young to attend the opening of the new air terminal and races.



IN PAVILION. From left: Catherine Powell, Beverley Rolfe, and Margaret Rolfe, of Nyngan, chat between races.

MULLENGUDGERY visitors Mrs. R. J. Pritchard and Mrs. G. J. Walsh (on the right) enjoying an alfresco cup of tea.



STUDYING form in the Saddling Paddock. From left: Mrs. M. Warren, Mrs. J. C. Smart, and Mrs. E. J. Trothe.



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Delicious to taste! Golden Roast is light-roasted
to capture the s-m-o-o-t-h, satisfying flavour of
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There's *every* reason to make Golden Roast
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N973/60

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 28, 1960

Star of happy family TV show to retire

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Beautiful Donna Reed, star of her own Donna Reed Show, plans to retire from acting for a year to go into the business of big-time TV production with her real-life husband, Tony Owens.

TO do this, the Owens (Tony is co-producer of the Donna Reed Show) plan to scuttle production on their successful, warm-hearted family show about the life and adventures of Dr. Alex Stone, his wife, and two children.

Donna says that the show in which she plays Mrs. Stone is about the best thing to happen to her as far as her career goes, but that still makes no difference.

"Tony and I believe in the old show business motto—'always leave them asking for more,'" she said.

"I love my role as Donna Stone. I get many letters from all round the world in appreciation of our show.

"But I don't want to spend the next five years of my life playing the same role, and our business associates believe the series can continue that long.

"Tony and I are itching to get going with our production plans, and I want to be in on everything from the ground floor.

"The first show we have planned is an adventure series, 'Port of Macao,' without me in it. We have lots of other stories just gathering dust on the shelf.

"I might do occasional guest appearances on our shows and a few others, but I'd like to retire from acting for a year, if for no other reason than to see if I can do it.

"Tony and I have never had such fun as we are having now on the show, so we want to continue our business partnership, too.

"Then there's money. If we can have three or four series in production, the re-runs themselves can support the family for years to come.

"We hope the children will never have to worry about anything. Our current show has already made it possible for us to establish trust funds for them."

The Owens' have four children—Penny Jane, 13, Tony, 12, Tim, 11, and the baby, Mary, 2. They are a very closely-knit family and their life centres on their home in Beverly Hills.

"That's another thing," Donna said. "Maybe if I give up acting for a while, I'll have more time to be at home and even do some of the cooking."

"After all, I once won a blue ribbon at the Iowa State Fair for my cakes. I don't think I've lost my touch."

Fortunately for Australia,



HAPPY FAMILY in the Donna Reed Show. Donna Reed, who plays Donna Stone, Carl Betz, who plays Dr. Alex Stone, and Shelley Fabares and Paul Petersen, who are their TV family.

there are plenty of episodes of the Donna Reed Show "in the can"—TV jargon for already made—to be assured of years of enjoyment still.

The Donna Reed show incidentally is known by cast and crew as "Mother Knows Best." Donna has proved week after week that she does know best, so her decision to go into other fields is probably wise.

I WAS fascinated in a recent documentary about Japan, to catch a glimpse of Marshal Dillon holding forth in Japanese to Miss Kitty in the bar of the Long Branch.

Now a letter from Rome

TELEVISION PARADE

tells of another Australian equally fascinated by Perry Mason speaking fluent Italian as he wins his cases on Rome's TV.

In Italy, she says, TV is controlled entirely by the Government and is transmitted only from 4.30 until 9.30 p.m.

Ordinary programmes, such as Perry Mason, are shown until 8 p.m. when there is a 30-minute interval.

This is followed by a half-hour news session at 8.30 p.m. and then in one lick, the advertising for the day, when ads flick on and off for 30 minutes solid.

During the interval before the news, Italy's TV shows not a test pattern but a still of fish, birds, or an old painting.

MY poor friend Chester (Dennis Weaver), of "Gunsmoke," Marshal Dillon's lame sidekick, has been embarrassed mightily by curious women fans.

With Miss Kitty (Amanda Blake) and Doc (Milburn Stone), Chester has been on a personal appearance tour of rodeos and country fairs.

"Everywhere I go," Chester said, "there are at least a half-dozen curious women who want to pull my pants-leg up to see if it is really injured. They giggle doing it."

Chester says gratefully that his fans have made him a star,

but he draws the line at this kind of fan worship.

"Ah think this is carrying curiosity just a bit too far," Chester said.

★ ★ ★

SUFFERING briefly from TV nerves, I'm going back to the talking-type wireless to listen to the news in peace—just straight news not fancied up with facial grimaces or fancy presentation.

Like one of my favorite characters, Sgt. Joe Friday of "Dragnet," I just want the facts, unvarnished, when it comes to news.

I am avoiding Chuck Faulkner. His make-up worries me.

I always expect his outer face of make-up to crack like

eggshells and fall on the desk in a million pieces when he says with a flourish of facial muscles: "Ladies and gentlemen, good evening. This—is the news."

Young Mr. Saunders, of Channel 7, doesn't suffer from make-up troubles but with news written in the most irritating way I know.

What is today? A Day When so-and-so and so-and-so goes on; and tomorrow is A Day When such-and-such will happen.

The other night a new news writer gave poor Mr. Saunders a remark to read that slayed me.

He'd been talking about fires, and the hard work of firemen. He went on to talk about tomorrow, which for once wasn't "a day when," but a day that was expected to be another "firefull" day.

Perhaps I didn't hear properly, but I think I did.

This finally cancelled out Mr. Saunders and his news with me, and as 7 p.m., when ABC-TV stars one of its news readers, doesn't suit me, I'm refuelling right back to the radio.

★ ★ ★

WARNER ANDERSON, just about the toughest and slickest San Francisco police inspector (Ben of "San Francisco Beat"), doesn't take his work home with him.

Warner sheds his detective badge at weekends, climbs into his overalls, and gets to work for his own pleasure and profit.

"When we moved into this house ten years ago, it had only six rooms," Anderson said. "Five more rooms have been completed and another one is on the way."

The main part of this activity went into building a separate wing for the Andersons' son Michael, now 19.

Warner got the wing finished just as Michael moved into the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, outside Boston, where he's studying engineering.

"Even though the wing isn't being used right now, I have gained a world of pleasure out of constructing it," he said.

To this, his wife, Leeta, adds: "Warner only remembers all the fun he had working, but none of the difficulties, hammered fingers, sore backs, stiff muscles."

Warner says his gardening adventures have been just as rewarding.

His red and white roses have won prizes at flower shows all over the United States. They are his pride and joy.

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For Baby's Delicate cleansing needs



New . . . hygienic ready-to-use Johnson's Cotton Buds are made specially for baby's safety . . . and your convenience — Can't slip, twist or come off.

● Baby Soft! Made of purest cotton, tight spun to stay firm.

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OF THE
NEW



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hosiery to perfect proportion ...*

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Here is the seamless hosiery you've dreamed of! Holeproof Seamless caresses your legs in perfect fit, beautifies as never before. Here, for the first time, is seamless hosiery shaped to fit your legs perfectly. Latest American equipment, using the exclusive Perm-a-fit process, moulds the knitted nylon to a pre-determined shape which is set in for the life of the stocking. Your legs never looked lovelier, your ankles never so trimly beautiful.

JOY—400 needle 15-denier micro-mesh sheers. SHEER NOTHING—400 needle all-occasion sheers ... **9/11** FIBS—plain knit. NINON—micro-mesh knit. Exquisite 15-denier sheers ... **12/11** FOR YOU—flawless nylons packed in beautiful suede wrapped box. A lovely gift ... **21/-**

Demand for Holeproof Seamless is so great some styles may be hard to obtain. Every effort is being made to produce more of Australia's most popular seamless Hosiery.

AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST MAKERS OF LOVELY LOVELY THINGS TO WEAR ...



HOLEPROOF

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 28, 1960



Feud made him star overnight

● Donald May, smiling happily above in his Western accoutrements, is one of the TV actors who found fame through a feud.

THE feud was between handsome blond actor Wayne Preston and Warner Bros. The seconds left the ring when Preston demanded more money for his starring role as Chris Colt in the popular Western "Colt .45."

Warners suspended Preston overnight and put May in the series while they battled with Preston. It lasted only four episodes of "Colt .45," but it was long enough to make May a co-star with Preston for the show's duration.

May plays Sam Colt, Jun., Chris Colt's cousin and son of famous gun-

smith Sam Colt, who gave the world the revolver that has mown down more men in the West than most other guns.

Wayne Preston in his role of Chris Colt plays the firearms company's travelling salesman in the West. He uses his gun-salesman job as a cover for work for U.S. Army Intelligence.

Cousin Sam (Donald May) walked into the series and had an overnight popularity with viewers. When Preston returned to the Warner fold, May was retained to keep fans happy.

TELEVISION

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 28, 1960

Just wear a smile
and a Jantzen



Smile...you'll feel the sun was made for you in Jantzen play-clothes. Italian-inspired neat cotton-knit shirts, sparkled with stripes in new cable, waffle, twill knits. Shorts, slacks in many lengths. Cool comfort...easy-care.

SHOWN: WAFFLE STRIPE COTTON-KNIT SHIRT, 3-BUTTON TRIM, S-M-L 45/...
TAPERED SAILCLOTH SLACKS, TWO POCKETS, 24-30 69/11. (PRICES VARY BY SOME STORES.)

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your tender care and safe, proven

Lactogen ensure baby's future health.

Lactogen—the balanced milk formula

PREPARED IN TWO MINUTES!



1. Pour required quantity of warm (previously boiled) water into clean jug.



2. Sprinkle measured amount of powder on top of water.



3. Stir briskly with a clean fork.



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To Lactogen Dept., Nestlé's, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Newcastle or Hobart. Please send me (post free) a copy of the Lactogen "Your Baby" Book.

NAME

ADDRESS



Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

from page 63

not more than twenty minutes. It was ten o'clock when they left.

It was ten o'clock, too, when Netta remembered that she had left two jumpers and a skirt at the dry cleaners. Coming into Jess' room she announced the fact.

Jess looked up from her bed-making. "Don't worry, I'll pick them up on Monday and post them to you."

"That won't do. I may be wanting them. Bettina usually goes in to shop about this time on Friday morning," she said. "I'll give her a ring and ask her to call for them and bring them back before I leave."

"I wish you wouldn't bother. I'll get a taxi and run in," Jess hurriedly threw on the pillows and smoothed them.

But Netta was dialling the Tullochs' number. Already dressed in a navy-blue silk suit and a frail-looking white hat that sat oddly on the closely cut grey hair, she flipped at the dial with a snapping finger. Her expression of annoyance deepened.

Mr. Tulloch, at the other end, was sorry, but he couldn't help her. Bettina had taken the car and left an hour ago to do the weekend shopping.

So at a quarter-past ten Jess got into a taxi and drove up to the local shopping centre.

As she got out at the dry cleaners, she saw the Tullochs' car drawn up at the fruiterers next door, and just at that moment Bettina came out of the shop with her arms full of parcels. She dumped them into the car, then turned and saw Jess.

In a skimpy cotton dress with her bare feet thrust into flapping sandals, and her hair limp and stringy, Bettina's appearance had crossed the borderline between casualness and neglect. Jess recognised on Bettina's face the same look of paper-white weariness that she knew was stamped on her own, a sickness, a tension that she felt must mark them both—them all—forever! How were any of them going to live normal lives again? And yet—the bag of oranges, the pineapple, the cucumber! And she herself—a cleaner's ticket in her hand for two jumpers and a grey tweed skirt.

DRAWING together like conspirators, they stood for a few minutes beside the open door of the car and said the things that apparently had to be said, that neither of them wanted to say, that couldn't begin within a million miles to express the inexpressible.

Bettina said: "I'm just going home. Have you got much to do?"

"No, just to get some things here for Netta."

"I'll wait for you then."

Jess paid off her taxi and went into the shop.

There, frustration awaited her. Or was it her nervous state that made her react in this exaggerated way to the smallest check?

The girl brought the garments forward on their hangers.

Jess frowned at them. "Miss Palfreyman said one was brown and one ice-blue," she protested. "That's pale green."

"This is the one. There's the number."

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"I'm almost sure she said ice-blue. Could you have made a mistake?"

"I don't think so."

"I think I'd better ring and ask her. May I use your telephone?"

Five minutes later Jess came out of the shop with the box under her arm. She hurried across the pavement and got in beside Bettina.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, but I had to ring Netta."

"That's all right," Bettina let in the clutch, leant out the window, waiting her chance to slip into the stream of traffic.

"She has gone all to pieces again," Jess said, worry growing in her voice.

"What about?"

"She's saying she doesn't even know if she'll be able to get away."

"Why not? What's going to hold her up?"

"The police, she thinks."

"The police?"

"Yes, they've been on the telephone to her. They rang just after I left. They're coming out."

"Oh, oh! What did they want with her?"

JESS shrugged. "It seems they were reading back the statement she made on Monday night. Kept on and on, she says. Something about what Cathy was wearing when Netta got in . . . when she was squeezing oranges. Step on it, Bett, I must get home as quickly as possible. I'd like to reach her before they do."

"It's Friday morning, not so easy with all this traffic," Bettina sounded her horn and passed a semi-trailer with three inches to spare.

At the top of the street where the shops ended the traffic was thinner and the car shot forward along the highway.

"Bett—don't get us copped!" Jess said nervously. "A built-up area. There's a police car coming along behind us now."

With her eyes on the speedometer she saw the needle swinging up. Fifty. Sixty. Madness to be doing this just now. What could be worse than to be pulled up and booked at this minute?

She said again, with a nervous laugh: "Oh, for Pete's sake . . . I said I wanted to get home quickly, but I said I wanted to get home!"

Bettina took no notice of the protest. Her foot went down harder. She sailed through the red lights at a crossing, driving as though the road were hers and not another car on it. Mr. Tulloch's sedate sedan overtook on double lines and at blind corners . . . overtook, overtook . . .

The corner of Craigmont Road, with the big clump of trees masking it, came into sight. Wrenching at the wheel, Bettina swung into it at a perilous angle on protesting tyres.

The she-oaks and wattles were rushing past them in a haze of boughs and tree trunks. Loose stones flew up, striking the car in a bombardment, dust rose in clouds. Awash at their feet, oranges from the burst bags went careering from one side to the other. Speed gathering under her foot every second, Bettina sat hunched over the wheel, her damp dark hair clinging to her temples, her eyes widely staring. On the winding uneven dirt road the madly driven car rocketed and shot about like a bucking horse.

To page 76

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 28, 1960

Continuing . . .

SWEET NIGHT FOR MURDER

whom she'd known before she'd married Tulloch and whom no girl in her senses that wanted comfort and security would think of leaving her husband for."

"Of course . . . of course!" Jess shook her head in wonderment at her own blindness. "Duncan's brief visits here! Not to see Cathy but hoping to find Bettina. I suppose he wouldn't dare to be too constant a caller at the Tullochs."

"That's about it. And Cathy'd have a lot of power over her, wouldn't she, if she knew the secret?"

"Well, about this frock. Questioned on the telephone this morning, Miss Pallfreyman stated that the word was no slip of the tongue on her part. At a quarter to five on the Monday, Cathy had been wearing the pale green linen frock she'd gone out in the morning in. It's clear Mrs. Tulloch never saw her in the afternoon at all. This is the way it must've been:

"After dinner that night, Mrs. Tulloch comes up here. No one about. She slips into her friend's empty bedroom and packs up the evening-dress and the blue wool suit."

"Why didn't she slip away again without letting Cathy know?" Jess pondered aloud.

"Well, I guess she went to the terrace to try to get her to change out of the black-and-white suit and let her take it, too. But, by gosh! Cathy must've felt injured, now. Here she was, keeping the old man's secret about his share of the car they'd won, and keeping Bettina's secret about those weekends with Frith, so why couldn't she be accommodated for a few months with the price of these clothes? It's not hard to see how deadly that row'd blow up, is it? In a real temper she must've said to her friend: 'All right, you snatch these things away from me and see what I can tell about you to Vance and his old dad!'

"A threat of blackmail — it's a very dangerous weapon. It can turn the person threat-

from page 76

ened into a raging fury. The worst bit of luck for Cathy was that she'd had a fancy to cut some fruit with that pretty little knife she'd wheedled out of Hambledon that morning. There it was, lying ready to the hand of this insanely uncontrolled young woman. If it hadn't been for that they might have had a bit of a slapping match and nothing more. But before she knows what she's doing, she has done it, and rushes away.

"We can't know for sure, but it's my belief she never knew Frith was in that car when she steered it over the cliff-top. I think she did that



"Great news, dear . . . I found your wallet!"

to send us off on a false trail."

"The shooting of Lucas," Keith said, "in mistake for Netta — that was deliberate."

"My word! No two ways about that. Miss Pallfreyman says that up on the road the other afternoon she and Mrs. Tulloch were chatting away, about the murder, of course, and she happened to say how pretty Cathy had looked that afternoon late, in the kitchen, in her green frock. The other must've thought she hadn't mentioned that to the police, and she panicked and decided to get rid of her in case she did."

"Yes . . . yes." The inspec-

tor stood up. "And the last thing we discovered while she was out shopping this morning. It was a pretty long shot on my part, but I went to the Tullochs' house with a search warrant in my pocket. Old Mr. Tulloch, questioned, remembered that when his daughter-in-law came in to dinner on the Monday evening, she'd been wearing a full red skirt and a white cotton sweater. When you and I, Mr. Watson, saw her up at the top there a few hours later she didn't have on a red skirt, you may remember."

"No . . . I believe you're right. I think she was all in white."

"Yes. Why do you reckon she'd changed? Blood on the skirt? I think so. The red skirt's missing now, anyhow. Gone up in flames, I guess." He reached for his hat. "Well, I'll be getting along. Not too soon, no doubt, for you folks. You must be wanting to wipe our faces clean off the slate and our thumbprints off the bell push."

But lying on her bed later still that afternoon, Jess was wondering how she would ever gather herself together and find zest again for everyday living.

Keith came in, came across to the bed, stooped, and slipped an arm under her head. He said: "Darling, you asked how clear I made it to poor little Cathy—"

"Keith — don't." She tried to stop him.

"— that she couldn't be in Melbourne when I was."

"I don't want to hear any more about it."

He gave a little smile. "Don't you? Quite sure?"

"Quite . . . quite."

"I thought you might some day . . . start to think about it. If I should ever trump your ace or — or forget to post your letters! Anyhow, I telephoned the hotel this morning and discovered that Cathy had written cancelling her room there, so clear had I made it to her!"

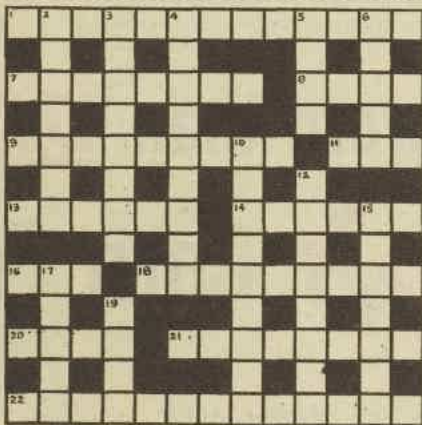
I don't want to hear any more about it, Jess had said, but hearing this she put up both her arms and drew his head down to hers.

(Copyright)

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Armory for mailed fist (13).
7. Some are white, but even those are red (8).
8. Absent from certain stones (4).
9. Is it a mare? Yes; yet it's a composite plant (9).
11. It is never the last word (3).
13. A fastener in beer, growing on a high mountain (6).
14. Has no means of support (6).
16. Part of a line taken back is nothing (3).
18. Race which conquered Italy in the 5th century (9).
20. According to the Ecclesiastes it maketh merry (4).
21. Sharkskin and a kind of leather (8).
22. Anything of it is excellent (3, 5, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Ant Rule (Anagr., 9).
3. Mice cost beautifying (8).
4. Keen sails (Anagr., 9).
5. Identical (4).
6. This German city has sense (5).
10. To bring in an insect is
12. Country behind the Iron Curtain (8).
15. Most remote (7).
17. It can be a bull, a stew, or 8 across (5).
19. Glazed earthenware of Dutch origin (4).



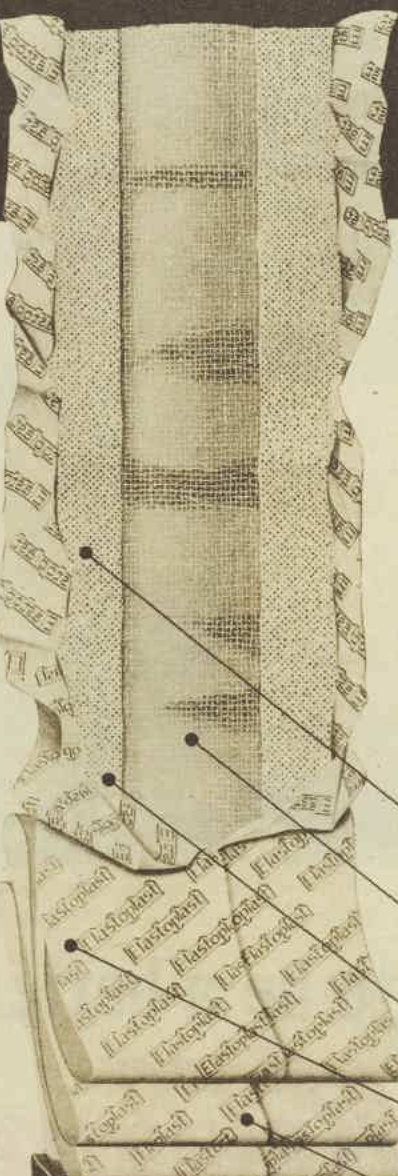
Solution of last week's crossword.

Elastoplast

one yard

DRESSING STRIP

CUT TO SIZE!... Dress large or small wounds easily in seconds!



Elastoplast Dressing Strip can be quickly cut to any size.



Flesh-coloured fabric is inconspicuous. Its e-l-a-s-t-i-c stretch means extra comfort, too.



Especially suitable for all hard-to-bandage places.

1

COMFORT The comfortable elastic fabric stretches as flexibly as your own skin . . . is positively adhesive . . . holds firmly at a touch.

2

PROTECTION Continuous medicated pad, running full length of strip, is treated with the effective antiseptic, 'Domiphen Bromide' that soothes and heals.

3

VENTILATION Porous adhesive fabric allows air-movement through the dressing . . . lets wound breathe . . . thus aiding natural healing.

4

SAFETY A plastic cover protects the dressing for its complete one-yard length and ensures surgical cleanliness always.

5

ECONOMY There's no wastage with Elastoplast one-yard dressing . . . cut off as much or as little dressing as needed to cover the wound.

Elastoplast

DRESSING STRIP

2 1/2 in x 1 yd

New ventilated to let wounds breathe!

Elastoplast Dressing Strip is available in one-yard lengths and 1 1/2, 2 1/2 and 3-inch widths. Keep it in the home, for safety's sake.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Elastoplast is a product of Smith & Nephew, famous the world over for surgical dressings and first aid



"Tempting?" "Tantalizing?" — no, even those words are not good enough! This reporter knows there ought to be a better word than "delicious" — just for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They deserve it!

There ought to be a better word than **"DELICIOUS"...** just for **Kellogg's** Corn Flakes

NEWS ITEM: WORLD-WIDE RELEASE

Everywhere, every morning, people of all ages enjoy the baffling taste sensation of crisp, golden Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Baffling? Yes — for years now, many have tried to copy that world-famous flavour — but all have failed. The corn comes from Nature — but the flavour is a well-kept Kellogg's secret,

because Kellogg's do wonders with corn. (And did you know that corn is Nature's favourite grain?)

*yes! so difficult
to describe*

*ever since Kellogg's
started making
Corn Flakes*

*full of energy
from the sun!*

Better tasting, more sustaining because **Kellogg's** do wonders with corn



*Registered Trade Mark.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 28, 1960

F5877. — This attractive dress has tiny puffed sleeves, Peter Pan collar, and pin-tucked panels on the bodice. Sizes 4-10 years. Requires 2½-3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.
 F5860. — Frilled cap sleeves and attractive pin-tucked bodice are features of this party dress. Sizes 8-14 years. Requires 3½-4yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.
 F5940. — Boy's bikini swimsuit. Sizes 2-8 years. Requires ½-1yd. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5923. — Versatile three-piece outfit for the junior Miss consists of skirt, blouse, and shorts. The blouse has an attractive contrast trim on the collar and is finished with a bow.

Sizes 6-12 years. Skirt requires 1½-2½yds. 36in. material. Blouse requires 1½-1¾yds. 36in. material and ¾yd. 36in. contrast. Shorts require 1-1½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F5873. — Bare-topped sundress has full skirt and pretty bodice frill. Sizes 6-12 years. Requires 2½-3yds. 36in. material and 4yds. lace edging. Price 3/-.
 F5862. — Gay, full-skirted frock has a shawl collar with braid edging. Sizes 4-10 years. Requires 2½-3yds. 36in. material and 4yds. edging. Price 3/-.
 F5876. — Pretty sleeveless frock has round neck and full skirt. Sizes 2-8 years. Requires 1½-2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 2348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Needlework Notions

No. 339—BOW-TRIMMED DRESS
 Attractive floral cotton bow-trimmed frock is available cut out ready to make. Colors are blue and lilac, turquoise and grey, tan and mint-green. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 54/6. 36 and 38in. bust 56/6. Postage 3/6 extra.

No. 340—BLOUSE AND SKIRT
 Smart separates for summer days are cut out ready to sew in poplin material. Colors are lilac, blue, green, pale blue, grey, and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 49/11. 36 and 38in. bust 52/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 341—DUCHESS SET
 Unusual fan-shaped duchesse set is available cut out and clearly traced ready to embroider on white and cream Irish linen. Price 2/6. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 342—GINGHAM FROCK
 Pretty frock features a white yoke with small flower motif clearly traced ready to embroider. The dress is available cut out ready to make in pink, blue, green, lemon, and lilac (all with white) checked gingham. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Price 28/6. Postage 3/- extra.
 Full making instructions are given with all cut-out garments.

* Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning September 26



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

* Lucky number this week, 2.
 * Lucky color for love, white.
 * Gambling colors, white, black.
 * Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
 * Luck in partnerships.

* If entering a sporting contest, choose your partner with care. A new friend or neighbor is likely to team with you for outings or the pursuit of interests you share. If single, fancy-free, a member of the opposite sex may come into your life. In a few cases an old associate or an old flame returns to your orbit and brings you pleasant outings.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 6.
 * Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
 * Gambling colors, navy, white.
 * Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
 * Luck in ordinary routine.

* You may not set the world on fire this week or be mentioned among those present, but you'll accomplish a tremendous amount of work. Clean the slate of those time-consuming odds and ends in preparation for a new deal. Soon you'll turn over the page, become involved with new activities and people. At present take action wherever possible.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

* Lucky number this week, 5.
 * Lucky color for love, green.
 * Gambling colors, green, rose.
 * Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
 * Luck in love.

* Your sign is romantic but mercurial. You may fancy yourself in love with two people and find it hard to make up your mind which makes most. Some of you may be called upon to decide soon, or you'll find yourself discarded by both as a right-headed, insincere person. Don't try to play off one against the other. Jealousy could be dangerous now.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 4.
 * Lucky color for love, orange.
 * Gambling colors, orange, brown.
 * Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
 * Luck at home.

* If there has been any friction in the domestic circle it should disappear. Conflicts between different generations, particularly parents and children, can be resolved with tact and common-sense. Your advice may be sought by a member of the household. There could be an increase in the housekeeping money, which would enable you to gratify a wish.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 23

* Lucky number this week, 3.
 * Lucky color for love, mauve.
 * Gambling colors, mauve, orange.
 * Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
 * Luck in a contract.

* A paper to sign could be of first-rate importance. It could be a business agreement, a title deed to property, or the marriage register, depending on your hopes and wishes. A verbal arrangement could result in exchange of services with a neighbor. Your activities will be influenced by this agreement. In some cases the man-in-your-life is affected.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 8.
 * Lucky color for love, black.
 * Gambling colors, black, gold.
 * Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
 * Luck in finances.

* Those looking for a job have chosen the right moment, whether paid or voluntary. You may discover a profitable sideline or part-time work. If you come in contact with the public in a business capacity there's good news ahead. If in love, you are likely to go shopping for your future home. You stretch your cash to cover a bit of luxury.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 9.
 * Lucky color for love, rose.
 * Gambling colors, rose, mauve.
 * Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
 * Luck in magnetic personality.

* What you accomplish this week will be due to the impression you make on those around you. Vitality should be high, energy boundless. Your natural taste for dress will be helpful. Seek favors, gain support for cherished plans, conciliate opponents. If in the throes of a love affair, developments — an engagement or understanding — can be expected.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 6.
 * Lucky color for love, lt. blue.
 * Gambling colors, lt. blue, rose.
 * Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
 * Luck in unravelling a mystery.

* If you've been puzzled by an intriguing problem, the solution may be near at hand. Here's your chance to track down any secrets. You may be anxious to find out what a certain person would like for a birthday present and do a bit of detective work. Should a friend turn against you, you can, by discovering the cause, heal the breach.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

* Lucky number this week, 3.
 * Lucky color for love, violet.
 * Gambling colors, violet, green.
 * Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
 * Luck in out-of-doors.

* Spend all the time you can in the open. Your sign is usually good at sports. If you play any game, practice to improve your skill. All outings, picnics, expeditions to places not often visited will bring happy hours. Group trips will be most successful. If young, romance blossoms in new scenes. Older people make short journeys with a purpose.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 1.
 * Lucky color for love, brown.
 * Gambling colors, brown, green.
 * Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
 * Luck in your career.

* If in paid employment you may be promoted to a higher post with increased pay. If a voluntary worker you may head an important committee or deputation, or act in a matter which brings you before the public. In the social field you may help to organize an official or semi-official occasion. Your home may see very little of you.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 9.
 * Lucky color for love, red.
 * Gambling colors, red, grey.
 * Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
 * Luck in study.

* If a candidate sitting for examinations, get cracking. Leaving it to the last minute, hoping you'll slide through, could be fatal. If you are starting a new enterprise, learn all you can before the actual start; you'll save time and worry. Arm yourself with facts rather than wishful thinking. Don't boast of your superior knowledge.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

* Lucky number this week, 1.
 * Lucky color for love, yellow.
 * Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
 * Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
 * Luck in treasure trove.

* Treasure trove can take many forms. It can be an odd article in a second-hand shop or an auction mart, or something hardly good enough to use but too good to throw away. It could be that a friend has a book or is an authority on a subject which fascinates you. If you're in love it could be an unusual present for the man in your life.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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